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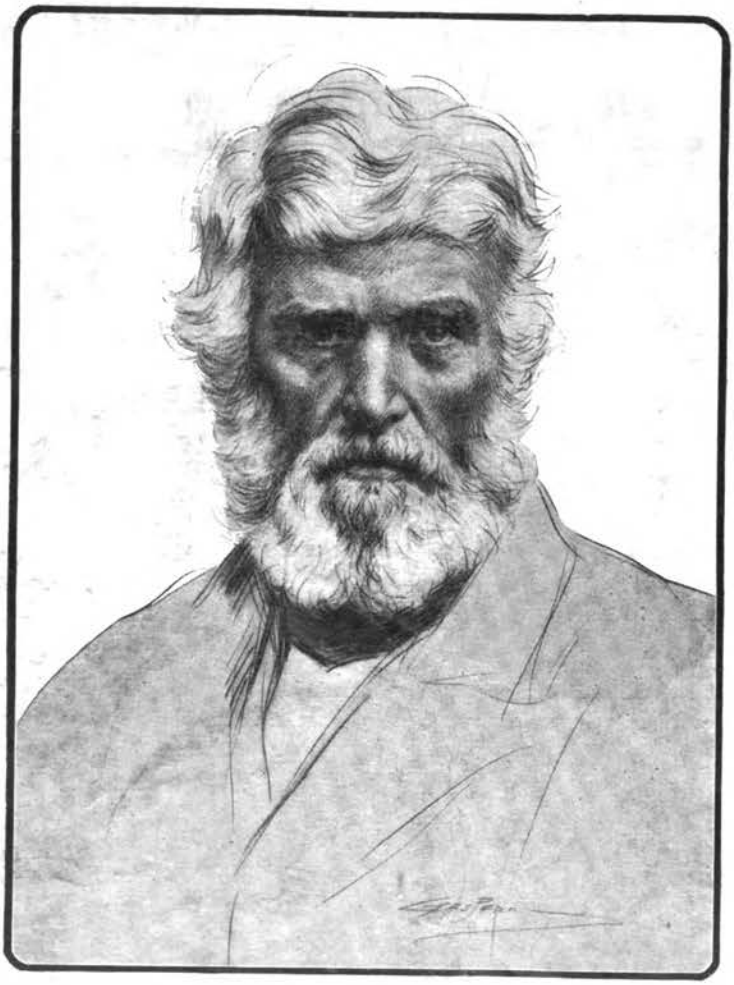
THE FRA

(NOT FOR MUMMIES)

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. III JUNE, 1909 No. 3

f. # 1-2



PUBLISHED·MONTHLY·BY·ELBERT·HUBBARD
EAST·AURORA·ERIE·COUNTY·NEW·YORK
25·CENTS·A·COPY·2·DOLLARS·A·YEAR

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Integrity in Watch Making

Any manufacturer may produce a watch that will "look" way up. And for a year or so it will probably tell time. Perchance, with a little skillful boosting, 't will sell—and sell. But your manufacturer who makes a watch with a deeper purpose than a soon sale and a quick get-away, challenges immortality. The men who stay in the game are those sincere, honest, honorable fellows that work for more than an immediate cash return ❧ Not one layman in ten thousand knows the whys and wherefores of a watch movement, and so only a concern's reputation, its integrity, protects the purchaser. The name Elgin always and ever safeguards your best interests.

The Elgin Watch

Elgin Folks have made the "Reliable Elgin" at the one place for thirty-five years. In all that time, an unworthy watch has never left their works. Close to the Line have they hewn. Scorning tremendous possible mushroom profits, ignoring tight-market advantages, Elgin People build watches that "never come home to roost." Every watch shipped from the Elgin Factory goes from it for all time. Elgin Watches satisfy. An Elgin is never cranky, sulky or spasmodic. Forty-four years of intelligent effort recommends it. The Elgin tells time—right time, all the time ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Write for Elgin Free Literature, A History of the Elgin Watch, Many Illustrations, a Price-List and General Pointers. Write Today ❧ ❧ ❧

The Elgin National Watch Company

ELGIN, ILLINOIS, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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TIME AND TIME-SAVERS

¶If you chance to be in the Ablution Department of the 20th Century Limited some morning as it rolls into Chicago, note the busy business men who are taking advantage of the last five minutes for a fresh shave. Also note that every man-jack uses a Gillette. A remarkable coincidence you will say. It is that and more. It is a study in evolution.

¶Men of a Higher Plane who value Time and its possibilities use the Gillette. It typifies the 20th Century Idea of conserved energy. It is a part of the Era of speed, efficiency and common-sense economics. ¶A man who can afford and appreciate the 20th Century Limited, can afford and appreciate the Best Razor. That 's why the Gillette finds a favored place in the traveling bag of astute progressive, up-to-the-minute Citizens. A Gillette saves both your time and your vocabulary. ¶Clean, sure, sharp, satisfying, it minimizes the effort and delivers you unscarred, unsullied at the Journey's End.

A NEW STYLE GILLETTE—THE TRAVELING COMPANION

IT FITS THE POCKET AND THE POCKETBOOK

Men who travel cannot risk the Old Fashioned Razor with the train rocking away the miles. A Gillette is safe swift and sympathetic. ¶On your next trip, whether over-night or for the Summer, pack a Gillette Pocket Edition You 'll then be Master of the Shaving situation. ¶This pocket-case is made in gold, silver or gun-metal. Plain polished or richly engraved. Handle and blade box each triple silver-plated or 14 K. gold-plated—*the blades are fine.* Prices, $5 to $7.50, on sale everywhere. ¶You should know GILLETTE Shaving Brush—a new brush of GILLETTE quality—bristles gripped in hard rubber: and GILLETTE Shaving Stick—a shaving soap worthy of the GILLETTE Safety Razor.

New York, Times Bldg.
Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.
London Office, 17 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.

GILLETTE SALES CO.
549 Kimball Building, Boston
Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris

Canadian Office
63 St. Alexander St.
Montreal

Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING NO HONING

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OUR friend's is as holy a shrine as any God's, to be approached with sacred love and awe. Veneration is the measure of love. One friend answers ambiguously, and sometimes before the question is propounded, like the oracle of Delphi. He forbears to ask explanation, but doubts and surmises darkly with full faith, as we silently ponder our fates ✍ In no presence are we so susceptible to shame. Our hour is a sabbath; our abode, a temple; our gifts, peace offerings; our conversation, a communion; our silence a prayer. In profanity we are absent; in holiness, near; in sin estranged; in innocence, reconciled.—Thoreau.

✍

HERE'S a lusty and loud victory to every noble Soul in the midst of conflict! Not one is struggling alone—for I am there! I help! I strengthen! I lift you up with my inspiring cry of Victory! Victory! On to final Victory! Here's a Glad Cheer to you.—Maud Pratt-Chase.

✍

A MEDICAL school is not a scientific school, except just so far as medicine itself is a science ✍ On the natural history side, medicine is a science; on the curative side, chiefly an art. This is implied in Hufeland's aphorism: "The physician must generalize the disease and individualize the patient."—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

✍

IF you don't like your job, don't worry—some other fellow will soon have it.—Mike Kinney.

✍

Motto of a Fifth Avenue Miss: Lie abed until ten o'clock in the morning and the rest of the day will take care of itself.

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WHILE the authority of woman has been felt in all of the various avenues of our lives, it has been an authority without responsibility, and that is demoralizing to any nation. Influence without responsibility is a corrupt factor in legislation, and no nation can rest securely with this fault in its structure. By bringing the mother's vote into our political life we secure the assistance of a progressive force full of encouragement for the future of the State. The mother will consider far more than the father the morality of the man in office who will make and enforce the laws under which her children shall live, and she will use her influence and her vote to secure the best sort of office-holder for the municipal good. ¶ There is a great deal of municipal housekeeping to be done which women can do far better than men. They have demonstrated their ability as school directors, factory inspectors and tenement house commissioners. Why, then, should they not have equal suffrage? ¶ The laws are made for posterity, and surely no one will refuse to acknowledge that the mothers of our race know what the children need. The vote for all is demanded more for the sake of the children, who are our future citizens, than for the exercise of any franchise. It is the cry of the loftiest principle in humanity, the spirit of justice, fairness, generosity and unselfishness. It is an appeal for the future citizen upon whom we place our hope and faith that we ask for the establishment of equal suffrage in America.—Mrs. Mackey.



This Housewife Knows

She buys leaf lard. She knows that leaf lard is to ordinary lard what cream is to milk. She has used all kinds of lard.

But she has found, through experience, that leaf lard makes a vast difference in cooking.

She uses it now in place of butter because it doesn't cook so dry. And she uses but two-thirds as much as of other lards. That is essential, else the food is too rich!

She has found that leaf lard is not only better, but, if used rightly, is the most economical. So she always *insists* on leaf lard.

Labels Today Must Be Truthful

At first she often failed to get leaf lard for there was no way to tell except by results, what really was leaf lard.

Today the law forbids misbranding. If a maker says "leaf lard" on a label he must have leaf lard in the pail. One can depend upon that.

Some labels say "Pure Lard"—some even say "Leaf Brand." But the label must say "Leaf Lard"—neither "Leaf Brand" nor "Pure Lard" is leaf lard.

If you know about labels *and read them* you cannot be mistaken.

Armour's
"Simon Pure"
Leaf Lard

Sealed Under Government Inspection

Every pail of Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard is sealed across the top with a strip of tin showing that Government officers have inspected the contents. No other lard comes to the housewife with such a seal intact.

So no other lard can be depended upon to the same extent. We make it from that dainty bit of fat that surrounds the hog's kidneys.

We make it in an open kettle just as it used to be made on the farm.

But we use open jacketed kettles and we employ infinite skill.

Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard has a wonderful flavor that all other lards lack.

We make other lards in this better way, but our best is that labeled "Armour's 'Simon Pure' Leaf Lard."

Enough of this lard can not be made to supply more than one-tenth of the people, because there is not enough of leaf fat. So leaf lard goes only to those who insist on it.

Once try Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard, Madam, and you'll *always* insist on it.

For you have never tasted such pastry as you can make with it. All you need do is to buy a pail with a label that says "Armour's 'Simon Pure' Leaf Lard."

Don't take any other. See what the best lard can accomplish.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

All Nature is a symbol of Spirit.

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Friendship

Happy is the House that shelters a Friend!—*Emerson*

HENRY THOREAU was a Harvard man and a Writer.
He was also a Gardener, a Surveyor, a Naturalist, a Pencil-Maker, a School-Teacher, a Boat-Builder and a Jack-of-All-Jobs.
He knew Walt Whitman, Emerson, Horace Greeley, Bronson Alcott, Hawthorne, George William Curtis and other literary Immortals of the period.
Yet Thoreau was a man of great simplicity. For several years he lived the life of a recluse, in a single-roomed hut by Walden Pond. His wants were few—plain food and rough clothing. He never used tobacco nor intoxicating liquors. As an Epicurean, he was a cipher. Once at a Concord dinner-table, 't is told, when asked his preference in dishes, he said, "The nearest."
But Thoreau loved Good Tea.
Every Friday Evening, regardless of the weather, he would walk from Walden Pond to Concord, arriving punctually at four P. M., to take tea with Emerson.
¶ Thoreau might be a Happy Hermit for six days of the week, but he knew that to hold his balance true, he must occasionally meet with his fellows—for "Fellowship is Heaven." Thoreau also understood that a cup of good, gently stimulating tea kept life above the dead-level, and was a boon to literary achievement.
Around the tea-table of Emerson, with Margaret Fuller, Bronson Alcott, Dr. Ripley, Chas. A. Dana and Hawthorne, Thoreau helped evolve the famous Transcendental School of Literature. The sweet friendship and the kind philosophy of this little group subsequently crystallized into one of Emerson's Essays —"Friendship." Thoreau also wrote an immortal Essay on the same subject.
Good Tea has many virtues, and not the least, the one that welds together masterful minds. It stimulates the imagination and prompts the intellect. Just so surely as the anvil-hammer draws the spark, good Tea vitalizes the Thought germ, and gives to the speech an added brilliancy.
Today the "Best Tea" sold in this country is imported by A Schilling & Co., of Frisco. To secure the trade of Elite Tea Drinkers, the Schilling Folks have experimented—and again experimented. The blend that now bears their "Perfection" Mark challenges comparison.

Schilling's Best Crown Teas

Four Flavors	Japan English Breakfast Ceylon Oolong	$1.20 lb.

You can readily afford to buy Crown Tea—it has more than twice the strength of ordinary tea, and its superb quality and "taste" exceed description.
Order today by mail, an experimental pound—brew it, serve it—apply the tongue test.
Schilling & Co. will return your money if you don't like Crown Tea.
Sent Postpaid wherever you are in the World.

A SCHILLING & COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

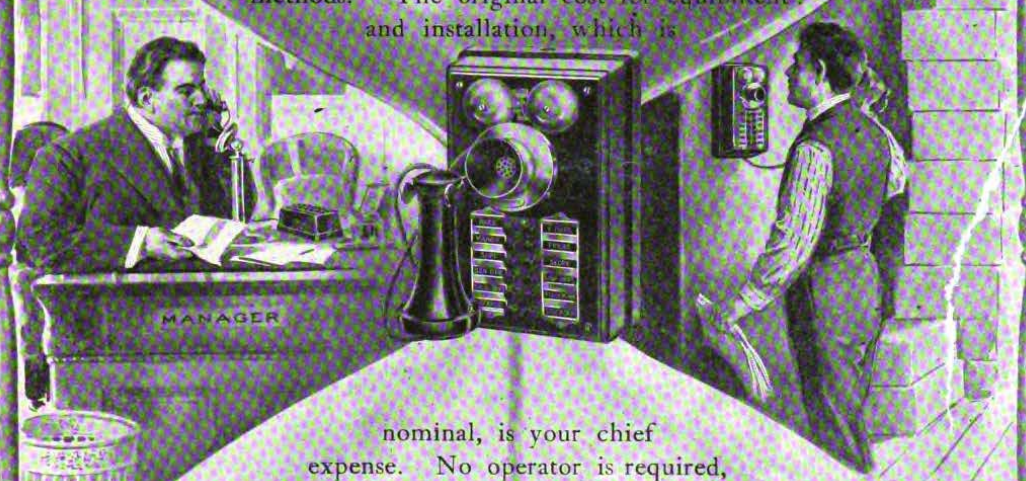
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A Western Electric Intercommunicating Telephone System

saves the valuable minutes lost by the walking and messenger methods of the past.

The Sands of Time

run slowly, when such a system connects the different departments of your organization. This system enables you to accomplish more in the crowded day. It completes your scheme of economical and effective business methods. The original cost for equipment and installation, which is



nominal, is your chief expense. No operator is required, so there is no operating expense. Our intercommunicating Telephones are of the same standard quality as the celebrated "Bell" Telephones of which we are the manufacturers.

Write our nearest house, to-day for Bulletin No. 8542 and suggestions.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Eastern
New York
Philadelphia
Boston
Pittsburg
Atlanta

Central
Chicago
Indianapolis
Cincinnati
Minneapolis

The world's oldest and largest telephone manufacturer. There are over **4,000,000 Western Electric Telephones** in use in the United States to-day.
Intercommunicating Telephones a Specialty
Northern Electric and Mfg. Co., Ltd., Montreal and Winnipeg.

Western
Saint Louis
Kansas City
Denver
Dallas
Omaha

Pacific
San Francisco
Los Angeles
Seattle
Salt Lake City

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The Health Habit



DID it ever occur to you that Spring and Summer are Nature's chosen time to rebuild and revitalize the body and eliminate all abnormal conditions we call disease? Spring and Summer are the time when plants take up such substances from the earth as will make the best blood, bone and brain—which means Health.

If you are on the decline—ailing, sick, weak, suffering—it is no fault of provident Nature. She furnishes you the building material. Your inability to use it, as she intended in the great cosmic scheme, must be charged to your own ignorance or to your childish obedience to a perverted appetite.

The Chemistry of the Human Body and the Chemistry of Food have been pursued and taught for many centuries as two distinct and separate branches of science, and yet singly and alone, both of these branches of learning are mere theories, worthless and unuseable. The Chemistry of the Human Body is only half of a great science—the Chemistry of Food is the other half of the same science. Taken together they compose the most important science before the civilized world, because they deal directly with energy, vitality, longevity, life and happiness.

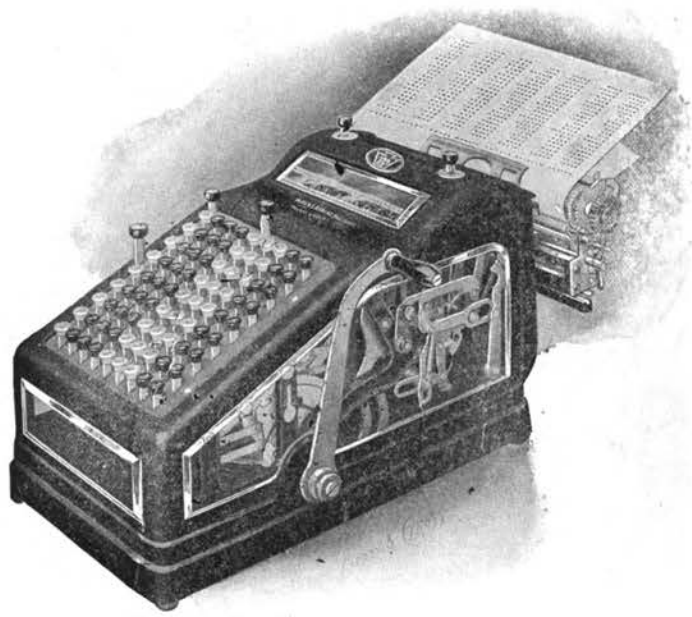
I have made a long and careful study of the Chemistry of Food and the Chemistry of the Human Body, and have united these two sciences making of them THE SCIENCE OF APPLIED FOOD CHEMISTRY.

If you want to learn more about these things, write for my new book, "How Foods Cure." It will be sent free.

Eugene Christian, Suite 45, 7 E. 41st St., New York

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Three Courts Decide for The Wales Visible

The Court of Father Time:

A machine that can't stand the Test of Time; a machine that can't stand the probe of an intelligent investigator—earns no place for itself in your office. One pup in a litter may be a Thoroughbred—and another a Cur. It takes more than a single specimen to qualify a breed. ¶ THE WALES ADDING MACHINE COMPANY points with pride to machines years old that have never missed a day's work, dozens of them; that have never done a slipshod job; nor balked, nor sulked in the emergency. Such Adding Machines guarantee a standard of manufacture and invite your confidence. You can't err when you buy a Wales Visible—Time and Loyal service commend it.

The Court of Specialists:

For years successful Bankers and Business Men have used the Wales Visible. These Men are Money Makers on their ability to recognize Merit. In the World of Business, Selection governs Progress. To appreciate that a certain Adding Machine will double the Efficiency of an Entire Office Force—means a rung nearer the top. ¶ An Unconvinced Man places the Wales in his office "On Trial"—and in a month's time it becomes a prized possession. The Wales invites the Supreme Test—and wins. ¶ 'T is a simple proposition, Pure Merit meets Undoubted Needs and establishes an affinity. All that The Wales asks is a Get-Together-Session. *Its Work convinces—not the Salesman's Talk.*

The Court of Law:

Recently we proclaimed our independence and individuality in a Law Court. Arrayed against us was the Trust, with a desperate determination either to spike our guns or secure control of our product. For, be it understood, the Trust Machine *does not do* Visible Work. And an Adding Machine that works under cover is like a Second-Story-Man—it gets results somehow, sometimes, but its methods are uncertain and its position in Good Society insecure. There can be no communion of feeling, no perfect co-operation between machine and operator when both work in the Dark. A business man naturally turns to the Helper that has nothing to conceal. ¶ Now the Trust appreciates its own weakness—for a High-Grade "Visible" means ultimate death for their "Under-Cover" Machine. So they sought to absorb The Wales Visible—without success. Judge Halsey, Equity Court, Luzerne County, Pa., by his decision on February 6th last (in our favor) called off their dogs.

The Wales Visible Adding Machine Folks prefer to do without the "protection" of the Combine—and to continue to make *The Best Adding Machine on the Market.*

AN IDEAL OFFICE ASSISTANT

A Wales Visible knows no quitting time, never arrives late, and never complains of overwork during the "Rush" Season. Lunch-hours, vacations, and the sorrows of the "morning-after" are strictly tabu. If you are a Business Man or a Banker, let us send you Descriptive Literature.

THE ADDER MACHINE CO., FACTORY AND GENERAL OFFICES WILKESBARRE, PENNA.

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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The College Boy

Keeps his Nerves steady for sport—His Brain clear for study—on

POSTUM

"There 's a Reason"

Let a change from coffee to Postum tell its own tale of better feelings.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

THE highest type of the orthodox Christian does not forget; neither does he learn. He neither advances nor recedes ✍ He is a living fossil embedded in that rock called faith. He makes no effort to better his condition, because all his strength is exhausted in keeping other people from improving theirs.—Ingersoll

✍

AT rare moments I think with profound joy that before a dozen or fifteen years, at most, I shall know what that darkness is—the tomb; and I feel with a sort of certainty that my hope of light will not be disappointed.—Victor Hugo.

✍

HERE is a fact that is worth remembering: East Aurora has the only First-class Post-office in the United States in a village of less than two thousand, five hundred inhabitants ✍ Four-fifths of the mail that comes here is for The Roycrofters. Our business has been built upon mail orders ✍ The people who buy of us will buy of you if your advertisement is in THE FRA. We will be glad to help you prepare copy that will pull—may we? Answer.

✍

AFTER all these long years of flickering hope, I am prepared to contend that the indiscriminate maiming and slaughter of animal life with which these bacteriological methods of research and experimentation have been inseparably associated, cannot be proved to have saved one single life, or lessened in any appreciable degree the load of human suffering.—George Wilson, M. D., LL. D.

✍

God Almighty first planted a garden.—Bacon.

✍

Men who make themselves useful are needed.

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Stein-Bloch
Summer Clothes

¶ As the Season Proves the Styles



WHETHER it is a business suit for a Summer morning, for the board-walk or the links, or a lightweight overcoat or a raincoat for a cool evening, the judgment exercised by your Stein-Bloch commissioners and designers at the season's start, today stands justified.

¶ We were at pains to discover the really fashionable thought for the business man—for men of all ages whose associations demand that they be well dressed—and who value economy.

¶ We have adapted the time-honored Stein-Bloch tailoring methods to these correctly judged styles and fabrics.

¶ See them at your best clothier's. They will fit you with more fashion than any other clothes in America, either made-to-order or ready-to-wear.

WRITE FOR "SMARTNESS"—FILLED WITH SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION PHOTOGRAPHS

THIS LABEL IN A COAT REPRESENTS FIFTY-FOUR YEARS OF KNOWING HOW

The Stein-Bloch Co. Wholesale Tailors

The STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY

Tailors for Men

Rochester, N. Y. Offices and Shops. | Chicago 1022 Republic Bldg. | New York Fifth Ave. Bldg.

London Agency, Selfridge & Co., Ltd., Oxford Street, W.

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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PROCLAMATION

WE desire all of our subscribers, without regard to sex, race or previous condition of mental servitude, to avail themselves of *Offer Number One.* And do it now! Nothing is too good for the Elect! ¶If you are already a subscriber to THE FRA, thank Billiken and send One Dollar, accepting this Offer Number One, which will push on your subscription to THE FRA for six months. This also secures you twelve copies of the incomparable "Philistine" Magazine, back numbers; six "Little Journeys," and also the Busy Man's Library, consisting of fourteen Booklets, written by Elbert Hubbard. ¶ These Magazines and Booklets will supply you much mental nutriment, and you can then pass them along to the morally halt, and the mentally lame, and have the sweet consciousness of benefiting your race. ¶ We especially hope that all Life Members will accept this privilege of coming in on Offer Number One, as we look to them largely to further the True Faith. We are not trying to raise a million dollars for Foreign Missions, but we will be glad if we can help civilize America, through the doctrines of Health and Happiness; and Head, Hand and Heart. Come in on Offer Number One. ¶Done by the Bursar in the Fifteenth Year from the founding of The Roycroft Shop

THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

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OFFER NUMBER ONE

Special Clubbing Rate For Quick Reply

Six months' subscription to THE FRA Magazine
Twelve copies (Back Numbers) of THE PHILISTINE
Six copies of the LITTLE JOURNEYS

ONE DOLLAR FOR ALL

FRIENDS:—

I accept Offer Number One, and enclose One Dollar to pay for six months' subscription to THE FRA Magazine, twelve back numbers of THE PHILISTINE Magazine, and six of the LITTLE JOURNEYS, all by mail, postage prepaid

Name_____

Town_____

Date_____ State_____

Also, gratis, as a premium with above, The Roycroft Library, consisting of Fourteen Booklets written by ELBERT HUBBARD

1. A Message to Garcia. 2. The Boy from Missouri Valley. 3. How I Found My Brother. 4. Helpful Hints for Business Helpers. 5. Get Out or Get In Line. 6. The Cigarettist. 7. Pasteboard Proclivities. 8. The Roycroft Shop—A History. 9. How to Get Others to Do Your Work. 10. Help Yourself by Helping the House. 11. One Man's Opinion. 12. The Hundred Point Man. 13. A Word to the Business Man. 14. From a Business College to the White House.

One Dollar for the whole, each and all of the Magazines and Booklets herein named. A missionary move! Simply send a One Dollar Bill and say you accept Offer Number One. We pay postage or express

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

THE MESSAGE TO GARCIA IS ONLY ONE OF THE ABOVE GOOD THINGS

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Summer Advertisers

EAST AURORA will hold five Conventions this Summer. Starting with the Merry Publicity Men, and ending with the Woman Suffrage Convention, throngs of the Intellectually Elect will commune during the hot months, 'neath the shelter of the Home Peristyle

CONVENTION OF ADVERTISERS
June the First to Sixth

SOCIALISTIC CONVENTION
June the Twentieth to Thirtieth

ROYCROFT CONVENTION
July the First to Tenth

NEW THOUGHT CONVENTION
August the First to Tenth

WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION
August the Twentieth to Thirtieth

This then would seem to be a splendid season for Wise Advertisers to approach with a Good Proposition people whose convolutions are not corroded. ¶Such Folks lend Class to your following. Win them today and they are with you for all time. ¶THE FRA will be the Magazine on the Spot. Its Advertising Pages are Open to all (and only) High-Grade Advertisers

WRITE NOW FOR RATE CARD AND VIBRATIONS

THE FRA ADVERTISING DEPT.
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

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THE UNDERWOOD "VISIBLE"
Converted the "Blind Writer"

IT 'S only fair to judge the Present Day typewriter situation by the events of the past ❧ As the pioneer Visible, the Underwood had to educate a public and fight against faulty impressions created by less progressive competitors who were featuring "blind writers." The Underwood people always believed in the principle of open and above-board work. They appreciated the confidence that a good Visible created in the operator—the small chance for error, and the saving in time. With the work before the eye surely the fingers could not play tricks. So in the face of tremendous opposition, on the part of the Human Air-brakes, they stuck to their policy and plans, and worked for

THE IDEAL VISIBLE
The Underwood of Today

To prove how correct were their early beliefs, every typewriter manufacturer of any importance has since produced a kind of "visible" in an attempt to rival the Original. But of course, such advents scarcely caused a ripple on the surface of The Underwood Sales. For Intelligent Buyers pierce the veil of pretense and discover Pure Merit in their search for the superior Typewriter. The Best, the Safest, the Speediest, the Surest Machine does not fear competition—even from Copyists. ¶ Compare the Underwood with the Other Machine —try it—and let its work—its service decide you. ¶ If you are a Business Man, a Professional Man, a Literary Man, a Playwright—whether you handle great contracts or merely personal correspondence, The Underwood "Visible" will do your work better, longer, with less annoyance, than any other Machine on the Market. LET US PROVE OUR CLAIMS. Free Literature to FRA Followers. Address

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER COMPANY, City Hall Park—West, New York City



WRINKLES

wherever they occur symbolize shabbiness or age. Superior Garters cannot smooth furrows from the forehead of decrepitude, but they can and do unpucker the crease from sagging sox and promote beauty in the halo of hosiery between the instep and the trouser-cuff. ¶ Serenity shuns the man who cannot cross his legs for fear of showing a shoe top shrouded in convolutions of stocking. You cannot confidently approach any proposition when your flesh is galled by a rusting buckle, and a spineless garter-grip makes your dignity shudder ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

PARIS GARTERS

forestall the ubiquitous ruck which Gravitation and your Anatomy constantly conspire to create. Under all conditions they hold their own. ¶ A pair of Paris Garters transforms ankle appearance like an Alchemist. Their elevating influence is felt from the moment you don them. Golfiacs, and such, who trudge through the Great Outdoors eliminate much nuisance by wearing Paris Garters. ¶ If your dealer is not a Parisian, send us a quarter for the "Wrinkle Eradicator" Garter ❧ We also make a fifty-cent variety for particular people who like things de luxe ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

A. Stein & Company
Make Them at
180 Center Avenue
Chicago, Illinois



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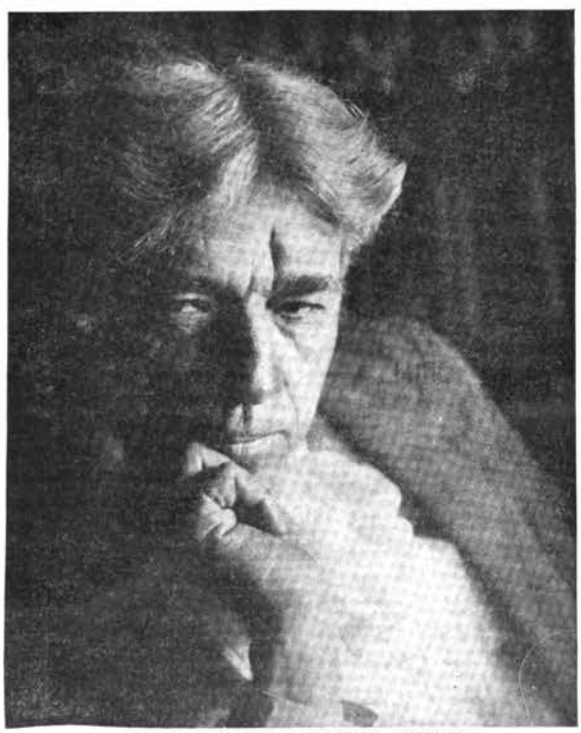
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The Annual Roycroft Convention

occurs at East Aurora, Erie County, New York, July 1st to 10th, 1909, inclusive. On this very pleasant occasion, there will be present many men and women of quality, honest, simple, sincere and friendly folks who have thoughts and know how to express them. ¶ The Musical Events provided this year are the best we have ever had—which is saying much. Two formal Programs daily, with walks and talks afield, betimes, and much good-fellowship and flow of soul. ¶ To guests at The Roycroft Inn there is no charge for admittance to any of our classes, lectures or entertainments. ¶ You are invited to be present. The rates at The Inn are Two Dollars a day and up, according to apartments, American Plan. ¶ A postal card, stating about when you will arrive, will be appreciated

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

Tell them you saw it in **THE FRA**

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THE FRA

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. 3 JUNE No. 3

¶ A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS, BUT IT MAY ACQUIRE POLISH

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign, Two Dollars and Forty Cents

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

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TRADE-MARK REGISTERED

THE OPEN ROAD

AFOOT WITH THE FRA



ARISTOTLE lived four hundred years before Christ. He was a native of Macedonia, which was then a province of Greece.

When a boy of seventeen he walked to Athens, a distance of over two hundred miles, in order to attend the School of Plato. Aristotle had been a mountain guide, and a mountain climber, so a little walk of two hundred miles was nothing to him. All of his life he was an out-of-doors man. He was a lover of animals, especially of horses. He wrote a book on the horse—a book of three thousand pages. In the book he said all there is to say on the subject, and any man who now writes on the horse, quotes Aristotle, knowingly or not.

Plato and Aristotle were associated as pupil and teacher and then as fellow teachers for over thirty years. They finally separated on the relative value of poetry versus science.

The world needs its poets, but it needs the scientist more.

Science is the classified knowledge of the common people. Science shows us how to make our poetry practical, working it up into life and using it to irrigate the waste places of our lives.

¶ Poets are plentiful—especially on Boston Common—but scientists are rare as white blackbirds

Aristotle was the world's first scientist. He made the world's first geological collection; the first herbarium; and the first zoological garden, barring that of Noah.

Very much of our present scientific terminology goes back to Aristotle. We call the plants by

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the names that Aristotle gave them. ¶ We have busts in bronze of Aristotle, modeled in wax from life, by his pupils.

His head was not remarkable for size, neither were his features handsome. He was always a countryman, always a workingman. His form was lean and bony, his hands large and strong. And while his face was seamed with deep lines, his mood was one of happiness and sweet content.

The plan of teaching adopted by Aristotle was so simple that the School Board of Athens could not understand it, and finally Aristotle was exiled from Athens. He taught by setting his pupils to work; they collected natural specimens, and talked about them. He was the friend and companion of his pupils. Instead of disciplining them, he loved them.

People in the best society of Athens said that Aristotle lacked dignity, hence their displeasure and the suggestion that he move on.

I want here to quote simply one remark of Aristotle's. It is this, "The land that produces beautiful flowers, and luscious fruits, will also produce noble men and women."

That is to say, man is a product of soil and sunshine, just as much as is the tree. Man's body is over seventy per cent water. Man gets his strength from the food evolved from the ground, and more, perhaps, from the electricity in the atmosphere.

Now Aristotle loved horses. He trained horses to do his bidding. And he argued with Alexander, his pupil, that a horse was a product of nature, and as a man could train horses, so could he also train trees and flowers. And while man himself is a product of Nature, he yet has the power to fashion and form Nature and utilize the forces of Nature. Thus does man make, in great degree, his own environment. ¶ The climate of Greece is the climate of California. There are towering mountains, and wide stretching arid plains. The snow falls upon the mountains, and man through his scientific skill can water the land which Nature has neglected.

Thus did Aristotle make the waste places provide flowers and fruits.

And then it was he said, "The land that produces beautiful flowers and luscious fruits will also produce noble men and women."

Alfred Russel Wallace says that man's first education came through the domestication of animals. Through the responsibility of caring for animals, and the exercise of forethought for their protection he evolves himself. Friedrich Froebel, who was a forester before he was a school-teacher, said that through the care of flowers and trees, men evolved their own spiritual natures. Years after he had said this, Froebel was surprised to find that Aristotle, twenty-three centuries before, had said the same thing.

Prayers for rain are good, but an irrigating ditch is more reliable. Providence has to be re-enforced by intellect before we get the highest good. God certainly needs man, for God's fruits and flowers cannot compare with those where man has brought human system, science and love, to bear.

Darwin does not say that man descended from the monkey. He does say, however, that man and the monkey had a common ancestor. Long centuries ago there were two brothers that lived in the woods. One took to the plains and became a man. The other one remained in the woods, and is a monkey yet.

Where Nature is too lavish in her gifts man does not grow. In order to evolve and advance man must do his part, meeting the Dame at least half-way.

If Nature does too much for you, it is exactly the same as if your parents supplied all of your wants. That monkey in the woods lived on nuts and berries, and a hollow tree was his house. ¶ The brother on the plains had to build a house. He exercised his ingenuity and worked. He passed through the savage stage where he lived on the wild products of Nature. Then he caught a cub wolf and it grew up and lived with him, helping him catch game. Then to domesticate goats and sheep and cattle was to make food and skins for clothing reasonably sure. ¶ So man passes out from the savage stage to that of the nomad who herds his cattle and sheep in the valleys where there is water and pasturage.

To ride an ox, horse or camel comes along as a natural result.

Then to plant seeds and sow grain in order to feed the horses and cattle, and incidentally to make bread for himself, rather than depend upon the chance bounty of Nature, follows in due course.

So man evolves from a shepherd into a farmer: from the nomad into an agriculturist.

To depend upon the rainfall for water to make the grain grow and flowers blossom is the first

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and only way of which man knows. Then in times of drought he will carry water to moisten the parched ground.

Next it occurs to him to make an irrigating ditch and divert a stream.

Then it is, and not till then, that flowers and fruits of the finest forms become possible. ¶ And the thought and labor required to provide the water, evolves the man.

So Nature lures men on to the struggle for things, and eventually it comes to the worker that he himself has grown and evolved through the struggle.

Well did Aristotle say, that "the land that produces beautiful flowers and luscious fruits, will also produce noble men and women." And in the production of the finest flowers and fruits, man finds his own soul.

The nations that have made the greatest impress have been those that lived in dry and arid districts, and not those located amid the bounteous natural gifts that exist along the coast and near the swamps and jungles where things grow lush and lusty. Wild animals, venomous serpents and poisonous plants are there also, to neutralize the natural advantages

But on the arid plains the dangers of miasma and disease are minimized. By the aid of irrigation man controls the supply of moisture. He plants the things he cares for. He selects, rejects, crosses, breeds and devotes his talents to scientific cultivation.

Egypt was a land of canals. Assyria grew great, prospered and ruled the world because she knew how to apply water to desert land, where God supplied the sunshine.

Egypt and Assyria went down to their death when their citizens forsook the gardens and flocked to the cities to have a good time, leaving the land where grew the flowers and fruits, to slaves.

Greece grew great on the tax collected from men who knew how to irrigate. The climate and soil of Greece are the same as that of California —vast mountains and arid plains.

Through the garden of Plato ran a diverted stream whose waters were cold and sparkling from the mountains.

Plato was under the ditch; for Academus who owned the ranch had banked his all on a canal, which finally made him one of the millionaires of Athens.

Here it was that Aristotle lived, where the sky was blue three hundred days in the year, amid the lavish and laughing luxuriance of land, where God supplied the sunshine and man the water. And here it was that he wrote, "The land that produces beautiful flowers and luscious fruits, will also produce noble men and women."

The only bad Indian is a dead Indian—whether he is alive or not!



HEN I lectured at San Francisco, Luther Burbank came down from his home at Santa Rosa, fifty-two miles away to hear me. ¶ He had never heard me speak —this you say accounts for his being there.

Very well, Terese, we will let that pass.

There was an audience of nearly two thousand people. ¶ There were doctors, lawyers, a few preachers, a celebrated assistant prosecuting attorney, many business men, college professors from Berkeley, teachers from graded-schools, many young folks—alert and receptive, eager, generous—and a goodly sprinkling of men with tanned faces and calloused hands.

I sat a moment there on the stage waiting for the last few stragglers to find their seats. And as I sat there the audience took psychic snapshots at me, and I also sprung a few dry plates on them.

James Whitcomb Riley once told me that when he is about to begin a spiel he always expects to commence in a squeak or a squawk. He doubted himself—would memory fail, voice go on a strike, and thought sit silent, stupid, sullen in the brain cells?

I know the feeling. And what an atrocious, brazen, brass-plated presumption on the part of any man to call from fields, parks, libraries, and homes of the great, the good and the strong of a big city and ask them to sit still and listen to him prate for two hours concerning this and that

Something like this swept over me as I sat looking into the faces of that four-thousand-eyed something called an audience, at Van Ness Theatre, that beautiful Sunday afternoon in San Francisco.

And as the sense of guilt mounted to my cheek

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of alleged adamantine, mine eyes looked into the eyes of Luther Burbank, there on the right aisle, fifth row back. Just the one glance and we seemed to understand each other. That quick look changed all the current of my thought. Just before, I was trying to swing my lariat over the coming speech and at the same time mentally offering any man in the audience a hundred dollars to come forward and take my job

I now suddenly felt a sense of peace sweep over me. I was back to the wall and secure.

Luther Burbank, who never goes to church, who has no time for plays or parties, who, through sense of duty denies himself to visitors, had come to hear me speak! Oho! and yet again, oho!

His eyes looked level into mine—he smiled a welcome, friendly, kindly, generous, assuring smile.

A speech is a collaboration between speaker and listener. If you get much from an oration it is because you have brought much.

Luther Burbank is a sensitive-plant. The man who can not talk to him has no message for mankind

I spoke for two hours—a heart to heart talk—with the introduction cut and the peroration omitted

I acknowledge it was a great talk—where the thoughts were not padded nor the illustrations lugged in by the ears.

Luther Burbank keyed the discourse.

No one in the audience, so far as I could detect, was aware of his presence. The man fits into a crowd like a guinea-chick in a meadow.

The next day I saw Burbank in his own garden, there at Santa Rosa. A modest man with iron-gray hair, furrowed face of tan, with blue eyes, that would be weary and sad were it not for the smiling mouth whose corners do not turn down.

¶ A gentle gentleman, low-voiced, quiet, kindly, with a welling heart of love. On Broadway, no one would see him, and on Fifth Avenue no one would turn and look. His form is slender, and smart folks, sudden and quick in conclusion, might glance at the slender form and say the man is sickly. But the discerning behold that he is the type that lives long, because he lives well. His is the strength of the silken cord that bound the god Thor when all the chains broke. He is always at work, always busy, always thinking, planning, doing, dissatisfied with the past, facing the East with eager hope.

¶ He is curious as a child, sensitive as a girl in love, strong as a man, persistent as gravitation and gifted like a god.

His hands are sinewy and strong—the hands of a sculptor. His clothes are easy and inexpensive.

¶ Children would go to him instinctively. Women would trust him.

Luther Burbank was born in Massachusetts, and those prime virtues of New England—industry and economy—are his in rare degree.

¶ No matter how much money he might possess, Luther Burbank's mode of life would not change.

He is wedded to his work. His mother, aged ninety-six, is one of his household. His sister is his housekeeper. Two fine, intelligent young women, bookkeepers and stenographers, make up the balance of the family.

They all work—even the good mother reaching out toward the last lap of her century run, is busy. In fact, I rather guess that is the secret of her long life—an active interest in things,with plenty of responsibility for ballast.

It is a very busy household, with every day crammed with work. The stiff, formal and pedantic are beautifully absent.

These people are doing things, so they do not have to pose or pretend.

Henry Thoreau said: "The character of Jesus was essentially feminine." That is to say, the love that could embrace a world was mother-love, carried one step further. The same could truthfully be said of Luther Burbank.

Much has been written in an exaggerated way of Burbank's achievements, but the fact is, his genius is of a kind in which we can all share, and is not difficult to comprehend.

Genius, in his case, is a great capacity for hard work. Fused with this capacity is great love, great delicacy, great persistency.

Among scientists there is almost as much bigotry and dogmatism as there is among theologians.

There is canned science as well as canned religion. In truth, most so-called scientists are teachers of text-books—purveyors in canned goods

Even among the Big Five—Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer, Wallace and Darwin—there were a few slight spots on the sun. Only one of that immortal quintette was ninety-nine and ninety-nine one-hundreths fine.

That man was Charles Darwin.

In the heart of Darwin there was no room for

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doubt, distrust, jealousy or hate. He was without guile. He loved Nature with a high and holy passion. He had no other gods before her.
¶ The honesty of Darwin, his reverence for truth, the modesty of his claims set him apart as the High Priest of Science. In all the realm of physical research, Darwin seemed to have but one compeer and that was Aristotle.
Now there is a trinity, for Luther Burbank is one with these. He is a citizen of the Celestial City of Fine Minds.
Theology and metaphysics have their jargon and jibberish. They pull the strings that make the puppets dance, and beneath their lingo they hide their ignorance. The pseudo-scientists can no more be cornered in argument and caught than you can corral an evangelist.
¶ The tactics of the inkfish are not covered by copyright. With Luther Burbank the clap-trap of science is beautifully missing. The tricks of the sciolist are absent.
The most beautiful words I heard him utter were these, "I do not know." He makes no effort to explain things he does not understand.
¶ He lives out his life in the light.
It is a joy to think that the bounty of Andrew Carnegie has made this great and gentle soul free from bread and butter cares so he can give his days to science, and the race.
"The land that produces beautiful flowers and luscious fruits will also produce noble men and women," said Aristotle. Also, in producing beautiful flowers and luscious fruits, men and women become noble.
The finest product of the life and work of Luther Burbank is Luther Burbank.

In life, decomposition is recomposition. Let the rotten theology go.



IT is the unusual that gives opportunity.
Genius consists in snatching success from the jaws of defeat. The men of the world who have done big things, extraordinary things, unexpected things, and thus carved their names deep in the granite of time, all at times faced tremendous odds. Ed. Geers wins his races on the home-stretch, and often within fifty feet of the wire.
An earthquake need not be an object of quest, but when it comes the folks who do not run away, are the winners. Financial, domestic, theological, social, pedagogic earthquakes, rightly accepted, lead on to fame and fortune.
¶ In truth, nothing less than an earthquake will shake most of us loose from the dead past.
¶ Blessed be earthquakes, provided of course that we do not contrive to get buried under the debris and stay there.
My opinion is that San Francisco is going to set the world a pace in architecture, commerce, ethics, and municipal well-being.
Her so-called disasters drove out the unfit—the weak, the sickly, the cowardly—all those with lime in their bones and uric acid in their ego. Free transportation, and good riddance were given them. Thousands embraced the opportunity. They regarded San Francisco as a good place to get out of, and so recommended it.
¶ Those who remained banded themselves into a sort of unconscious brotherhood. As the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church, so does calamity cement human hearts.
It was the danger of the Persian Invasion that united Greece and made the glory of Athens possible
The petty, the absurd, the trivial, the whimsical, disappear in time of stress.
Trouble tries us.
The strong are always those who have stood by open graves, and heard the clods echo on dead hopes and treasures priceless.
The earthquake is heroic treatment for melancholia. If it does not kill the patient he gets well.
¶ An earthquake stops introspection, and makes corns, toothache and that tired feeling, matters of the dim and distant past. Lassitude and a torpid habit of liver do not exist during the seismic season.
The San Francisco fire burned up a great accumulation of old junk. It destroyed old joss-houses, outworn idols, thieves' quarters, ancient mercantile habits—musty, dusty and old. The things that men and women could not throw away, Fate freed them from, in an hour.
¶ Business men cling to the dead and outworn, quite as much as do housekeepers—or the clergy. In San Francisco, destiny ordered a new deal. And there on the Pacific a new life, a new civilization has begun.
Just one point in way of positive proof: San Francisco now has a lower death rate than any city of over a hundred thousand inhabitants in America. Fire has purified her. The winds from

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the west sweep over her. Water and tears have washed her streets.

Also she inaugurated a campaign of rough on rats that destroyed two million of the rodent rogues. Most hopeful sign of all—it was a doctor led the charge on the rats, and he did not write his prescription in Latin.

All the doctors in the city were pressed into the service ❧ ❧

San Francisco has not only shown us how to get rid of rats, but she has shown us how to make use of doctors. The way the parties with the pointed whiskers charged the rats was beautiful to see!

Every house and building was examined. Floors were ripped up and replaced by concrete. The wooden sidewalk, that first proud achievement of the pioneer town, was sent by the board ❧ ❧

The prejudice against rats that existed in the mind of Hamlet, now lives in all San Francisco.

¶ Next to rats, the modern Franciscan hates a grafter. The man with a taint on his methods has no show now in San Francisco. He may have been on the bias once—that is forgiven and forgotten—today he must be on the dead-level, or his fate is one with the rodents.

There is no room in San Francisco for either a rat or a rogue.

This does n't mean that San Francisco has turned Puritan and is a sort of Zion City. In fact she is quite otherwise.

The ethical change is not one of emotionalism.

¶ The whole Zeitgeist of the town has declared that the man or woman who preys on society is on the wrong tack, and has got to cut it out, or get out.

Graft is a fool policy. Help yourself by helping others, or it 's you for the rat-biscuit—and you yourself supply the biscuit.

I here give it as my private opinion that while this grafting business in San Francisco was doubtless bad enough, yet it was n't as bad as some newspapers and some politicians tried to make out.

If San Francisco had been morally worm-eaten, she would never have shown the resiliency which she has.

She must have been sound at the core.

The grafter was exceptional. There has been much of the loud and brazen ballyhoo about the graft prosecutions.

The chance to shine as a saint and make capital by showing how bad other men are is a very old proposition. It is a sort of negative kind of virtue, at the best. Alone, it will never make a small city great, nor set the sails of the Ship of State. Success does not consist in showing how bad your competitor is. The things that make San Francisco great are her commercial ideals, aided by her art and architecture. Her mayor is a poet; and the Governor of California is a hundred-point Commonsense man. No city of her size in America has so many complete and beautiful buildings as this city at the Golden Gate. No city in the world has her oneness of ambition and aim. This high aspiration and youthful health are the mintage of misfortune. Courage is her clean-up, and this courage has given her an almost unlimited credit in the business bourse of the world. She has siphoned every good thing her way, as the right mental attitude always does.

San Francisco has eliminated the weak and the superfluous ❧ ❧

She has conserved the best.

The fittest have survived.

So here we get a combination of so-called disasters, bravely met, transformed into a condition that evolves and fosters the highest good ❧ ❧

There is one feature of the 'Frisco fire which I have not seen commented on. It is this: The first effect of the disaster was to drive people out of the city. Families used to affluence, lived in tents in the parks and among the hills that line the bay. Instead of hardship and discomfort, lo! they found the simple life not only endurable, but happy and healthful.

The shack gradually took the place of the tent, and now the cabin is giving way to the bungalow. Hundreds who once lived in mansions, now wonder why they ever did.

The result is, there are no congested districts in San Francisco. From a tenement to a tent, lessened children's diseases one half, an eminent physician told me.

The moral seems to be that to get rid of your rotting tenements, use the torch. Thousands of San Franciscans own homes now who before the fire were paying rent. A cabin and God's acre all your own, are better than an imitation palace owned by the other fellow. To own yourself you should own your home.

This scattering of population has exercised a very healthful influence on the price of San Francisco real estate. Business blocks are

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worth now simply what they are worth ❧ Here 's to the men and women, everywhere, who meet misfortune with a smile!

❧

You cannot reform a man who has a great many little faults, but no big ones.

❧



RED HARVEY has passed away, but his spirit abides, and his soul goes marching on.

The Santa Fe runs three fine passenger-trains across the Divide, daily, each way. One of their trains carries a diner, the others stop for meals. They actually stop, stop long enough so you do not have to do ostrich stunts in fletcherizing ❧ The dining-cars on the Santa Fe are under the Fred Harvey management, which means that they approach perfection, but I purposely took a train that stopped for meals.

The anticipation of getting to Majove, Needles, Kingman, Ash Fork, Albuquerque, Las Vegas, Trinidad, Hutchinson, Emporia, broke the journey up into delightful intervals. We travel in life from point to point; from season to season. And on life's little journey it lubricates the way with joy to know that you will soon reach a place where hospitality, good-cheer, good things and good order await.

At Fred Harvey's you are always expected. The girls are ever in their best bib and tucker, spotlessly gowned, manicured, groomed, combed, dental-flossed—bright, healthy, intelligent girls—girls that are never fly, flip nor fresh, but who give you the attention that never obtrudes, but which is hearty and heartfelt. The manager is always a well-bred gentleman, becomingly grave and dignified, well-fed and fairly fat as befits mine host, the honest Boniface in charge.

And this in the Desert, afar from fashion, supposedly the wild and woolly!

You note the immaculate linen, the shining silver, the dainty fruits and flowers, and the tempting and abundant eatables, and your heart is full of admiration for Fred Harvey, great and good, shy and modest, industrious and persistent, restless and brave, who set the world such a pace in catering that the effete and dreamy East can only imitate it.

Richard Cobden, of corn-law fame, said that the ratio of marriages had a direct relationship to the price of corn. Good men are best reached by way of the cuisine, rather than through appeals to the cerebrum. Fred Harvey has exercised a direct influence on vital statistics.

¶ I have it on the reliable authority of Mendelssohn himself, Tourist Agent, that a Fred Harvey girl lasts on the Desert only about six months, when she forfeits her pay, marries a millionaire mine owner or ranchman, and they settle down and are happy ever afterward. The first boy is always and forever named F. H.

At various places along the route the Santa Fe System has built hotels that are in charge of the Fred Harvey Folks. These hotels are not only superb in service, but are models in way of classic architecture. They serve the traveling public, and they are objects of education to all the people who live in the vicinity.

The Santa Fe hotel at Hutchinson, Kansas, is modeled after the general style of Hampton Court. Thus we get a noble specimen of Sir Christopher Wren's work on the prairies of Kansas. Hutchinson is a thriving little city, the center of a rich and progressive district, but it would be a hundred years before any private individual or local company would or could build a hotel equal to this.

The railroad company builds for the future.

¶ These men with prophetic vision know that the traffic will eventually warrant the expenditure, even if it does not now. They set their stakes and the world comes to them.

Thus does the Octopus do for civilization what your detached and individual citizens never can do for themselves.

The Uganda railroad has done more to civilize Africa than all the work of all the missionaries in two thousand years.

Mankind is changed through a change of environment ❧ ❧

The railroad brings the market to your door.

¶ It takes your surplus products, and brings the money back.

In olden time the fort was built on the site of the camp; then the booth and bazaar centered around the fort; and from this grew the city.

¶ Now the cities spring up along the railroads, without the painful processes of destruction, conquest and violence.

The railroad stands for peace, plenty, prosperity —work, education, civilization, enlightenment.

¶ Always and forever, when railroads are prosperous they are building hotels, depots, bridges,

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and extending their lines. The schoolhouse and the railroad go hand in hand. When the railroads are buying equipment, we all thrive. ¶ When the box cars, empty, line the sidings, and the engines are dead, and the incense of commerce no longer rises from the shops, then the railroads conserve, hold back and hedge ❧ ❧

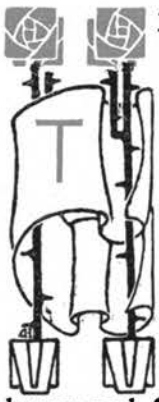
Soon interest defaults, notes go to protest, we lay aside the plans for our new house, your wife turns the old black dress, you cancel orders, hustle to get "an extension," the bread line forms and hell is to pay.

How silly and short-sighted is the policy that would kill initiative and destroy the animation which creates and up-builds!

❧

Ring up your cosmic self on your psychic telephone, and give your Other Self a call down. This is better than taking it out on the family.

❧



THE desire for friendship is strong in every human heart. We crave the companionship of those who understand. The nostalgia of life presses, we sigh for "home," and long for the presence of one who sympathizes with our aspirations, comprehends our hopes and is able to partake of our joys. A thought is not our own until we impart it to another, and the confessional seems a crying need of every human soul. ¶ One can bear grief but it takes two to be glad.

We reach the Divine through some one, and by dividing our joy with this one we double it, and come in touch with the Universal. The sky is never so blue, the birds never sing so blithely, our acquaintances are never so gracious as when we are filled with love for some one else.

Being in harmony with one we are in harmony with all. The lover idealizes and clothes the beloved with virtues that exist only in his imagination. The beloved is consciously or unconsciously aware of this, and endeavors to fulfil the high ideal; and in the contemplation of the transcendent qualities that his mind has created the lover is raised to heights otherwise impossible ❧ ❧

Should the beloved pass from this earth while such a condition of exaltation exists, the conception is indelibly impressed upon the soul, just as the last earthly view is said to be photographed upon the retina of the dead. ¶ The highest earthly relationship is in its very essence fleeting, for men are fallible, and living in a world where the material wants jostle, and time and change play their ceaseless parts, gradual obliteration comes and disillusion enters. But the memory of a sweet affinity once fully possessed, and snapped by fate at its supremest moment, can never die from out the heart. All other troubles are swallowed up in this; and if the individual is of too stern a fibre to be completely crushed into the dust, time will come bearing healing, and the memory of that once ideal condition will chant in his heart a perpetual eucharist.

And I hope the world has passed forever from the nightmare of pity for the dead; they have ceased from their labors and are at rest.

But for the living, when death has entered and removed the best friend, fate has done her worst; the plummet has sounded the depths of grief, and thereafter nothing can inspire terror. ¶ At one fell stroke all petty annoyances and corroding cares are sunk into nothingness. ¶ The memory of a great love lives enshrined in undying amber. It affords a ballast 'gainst all the storms that blow, and although it lends an unutterable sadness, it imparts an unspeakable peace. Where there is this haunting memory of a great love lost, there is also forgiveness, charity and sympathy that make the man brother to all who suffer and endure. ¶ The individual himself is nothing: he has nothing to hope for, nothing to lose, nothing to win, and this constant memory of the high and exalted friendship that was once his is a nourishing source of strength; it constantly purifies the mind and inspires the heart to nobler living and diviner thinking. The man is in communication with Elemental Conditions. ¶ To have known an ideal friendship, and have it fade from your grasp and flee as a shadow before it is touched with the sordid breath of selfishness, or sullied by misunderstanding, is the highest good. And the constant dwelling in sweet, sad recollection on the exalted virtues of the one that is gone, tends to crystallize these very virtues in the heart of him who meditates them ❧ ❧

❧

Motto for a rich widow: Caveat emptor.

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IT was the year Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-nine. Our folks lived at Hudson, in McLean County, Illinois. I was thirteen years old. I was tall for my age and slim. I had a sprinkling of freckles across my nose, distributed in an original design. ¶ One eye was a little more open than the other. My mother called this my critical eye ✍ My legs were slightly curved from much horseback riding. It was not what you call bow-legged, it was simply a slight Greek curve—and the curve, you know, is the line of beauty.

I weighed exactly a hundred pounds—I know: because if I weighed more, I could n't ride in Steve Sealey's horse-race. Steve was our local sporting character. He moved up to Chicago and became the smoothest confidence man that ever happened. I realize that this looks as if I were boasting of our town, but I have to tell the truth. When Stevie died, the Chicago police smiled and took heart. They buried his bones in Potter Palmer's Field. Had he devoted himself to any honest enterprise, he might have rivaled Marshall Field. However, I did not ride in Steve's hippodrome, for my mother put a Baptist kibosh on that horse-race and it was never pulled off.

Three things in my make-up caused me tears of regret and hours of pain—my neck was too long, the freckles needlessly apparent and my hair grew too low on my forehead.

But time is the great adjuster and equalizer. ¶ I now know that a slender build does not spell apoplexy. The freckles have long since disappeared; and as for a high forehead, my forehead now extends nearly to the back of my neck. Deacon Cox of our town bought and shipped live stock to Chicago. Farmers who had a car of steers or hogs would often make their own shipments. In those days we thought it necessary for a man to go with every shipment. ¶ The bill of lading always read "with man in charge."

It was one hundred and twenty-six miles to Chicago. Just why a man had to go with the hogs, I do not know, except it was to keep the hogs from getting lonesome. Perhaps it was to bring back the money, for although Deacon Cox was Postmaster of Hudson, he was very scary about sending money in the mails.

Being a man, or as tall as one, I got the Deacon's permission to go to Chicago with a car-load of hogs. So I boldly announced at dinner one day that I was going to Chicago that night with a car-load of live pork for the Deacon. ¶ My mother dropped her teacup and it broke in a hundred pieces on the floor. To break a teacup then was a calamity, for in those days teacups were teacups.

"You 'll do no such thing," said my father looking at me severely over his glasses from the other side of the table. My sisters four all sang a chorus, "Oh, you must bring something back for us!"

Then I explained that some one had to go. ¶ The Deacon had rheumatism and Charlie Cox, the Deacon's oldest son, was off with the corn-shellers. "You know perfectly well you can't send hogs to Chicago alone," I calmly put in.

The logic was unanswerable. Much good advice was given. The hogs were duly loaded with a maximum of yelling and cracking of whips, and at five-fifteen the daily stock-train whistled, slowed up, was cut and picked up my hogs. ¶ I climbed into the caboose carrying my long stock-pole, for stockmen all carry a hickory gad, you know. I had secured this a week before in Money Creek Timber, having ridden eight miles for it.

Sewed on the inside of my hickory shirt was the bill of lading—"One car-load of hogs, with man in charge, in apparent good order."

This bill of lading was to be given on arrival in Chicago to Johnson and Weeks, who were to sell the hogs at not less than Three Sixty-five a hundred, and a Chicago draft was to be given to me for the proceeds, less freight and two per cent commission to Johnson and Weeks.

I felt that home and friends were fast vanishing as I sat there in the caboose. I listened to the other stockmen tell stories. Then I cut my initials, a heart and an arrow in my hickory gad, as I saw the others doing. When the train stopped, I skinned out and ran ahead to see my live stock, punched them up a few, and ran back to the caboose.

At midnight I ate my lunch. I had never been up as late as that before, but once, and that was when Haven's barn burned. After eating my midnight meal, I lay down on a bench and slept. Evidently I slept several hours, for when I awakened we were nearing Chicago.

¶ I wondered whether the hogs were all right,

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and feared all kind of things including hog-cholera and hog thieves.

When the train stopped I ran ahead anxiously. ¶ The hogs were all right and evidently had never missed my company. I asked a brakeman the way to the Myrick House, a Stock-yards Hotel. It was only a short distance. Mr. Weeks was there waiting for me. I snipped the stitches out of my shirt with my jack-knife and gave him the bill of lading.

In an hour the hogs were unloaded in a pen marked 152 K. In less than another hour they were sold at Three-seventy a hundred. In half an hour more they were weighed and I was given a Chicago draft payable to J. H. Cox for Five Hundred and Fifty-one dollars and eighty-five cents.

Then all I had to do was to present my freight receipt to the live-stock agent at the railroad station, and a ticket to Hudson would be given me ✍ ✍

Weeks kindly sent a boy with me. I caught the one o'clock train out and was home by evening. ¶ I sat up till near midnight telling my mother and sisters all about it.

The following Sunday I was asked to teach a Sunday-school class of little boys on the strength of my having traveled so extensively. The honor conferred made no strain upon my modesty. And although I was a grabber from Grabbville, Grab County, I taught the little grabheimers the beauties of the unselfish life. ¶ I fear we were a bunch of unconscious short-horn hypocrites.

The next week the Deacon had a load of steers to ship. Would I go? By this time I regarded myself as a seasoned stockman, and spoke of, "The last time I was in Chicago." My hickory pole looked seasoned; and this time I called to the freight conductor when the train pulled in: "Please put me a little nearer the caboose than you did last, do you hear?" ¶ And he complied by placing my car next the engine.

I was used to running on the tops of cars, as I often helped in switching at Hudson. But I had never walked along the top of a train going at full speed. I decided I would try it before morning. I punched up my cattle several times during the night by running ahead when the engine stopped to take water.

I ate my lunch at midnight, and then to keep from being disgraced by going to sleep and sleeping until morning, I just buttoned up my coat, pulled my cap close, walked out on the rear platform of the caboose and mosied up the ladder. The long train swung and hunched and wriggled and lurched like a snake in the Garden of Eden. It was dark, but I could see the lantern of the head brakeman a half mile ahead up by the engine. Then when the fireman opened the furnace door, it made a red blaze that illuminated the landscape. I started to go up and see how the head brakeman was getting along, and when the train stopped I 'd climb down and punch up my steers.

I got over a dozen cars, leaping the yawning cavern that separated them. The train was making a thunderous roar. It kept going faster. ¶ The wind seemed to be blowing a hurricane. I sat down and clung to the board walk that ran along the cars, and as I did so my precious hickory gad rolled over the side of the car to perdition, a fate that might soon be my own. ¶ It began to rain, and I grew cold. The train was rocking and rolling worse and worse. I did not then know that walking on moving trains is only a matter of faith. I could hear the bleating of sheep beneath me.

A sudden thought came to me—steers were rambunctious, hogs were almost as bad, but sheep were gentle when cooped up. There was a trap-door through the roof of the car, only a few feet away. I crawled to this on hands and knees and pulling it open, lowered myself cautiously down among my woolly friends. They jumped around a little at first, but soon seemed to like my company. I reassured them. ¶ I huddled down among their all-wool overcoats, using one for a pillow. It was warm down there, and I tried to think of the reasons my father had told me of, why wool retains the heat and cotton not. And as the train thundered along I congratulated myself that I could not roll off and be swept up by the section hands in a horse blanket. I also thought of how, when our folks had a puppy that cried and whined all night, I took a brick, warmed it in the oven and rolling it in a piece of sheep-skin put it in the box for Mister Puppy, and how he then cuddled down and went to sleep. ¶ Next, I imagined I was that particular puppy. And soon I was fast asleep.

When the train stopped it was still dark, but I could see the lights of Chicago twinkling across the prairie, miles and miles. The cattle moohed, the pigs squealed, the sheep bleated. I decided to get out and make a quick scoot for the caboose. I put my toes between the slats of the

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car, climbed up the side and pushed my head against the trap-door.

I pushed harder.

I pushed with all my might. It was a trap-door all right, and refused to budge more than an inch. I knew how it fastened with a hasp and staple. By pushing up with my head and squinting with my critical eye, I could see that a stick had been pushed through the staple. ¶ I worked at that stick with one hand and held on with the other until I broke my knife. Then I climbed down and told my grief to the sheep. They seemed to bleat in reply, "Never mind, little boy, we are all in the same box."

There was no more sleep for me. I stood up and peered out of the slats at the twinkling lights. The wind blew through the car worse than the actual out-of-doors. I had no overcoat —in fact I never had an overcoat until I was twenty-one. No one got cold then. You wore wristlets that you got on the Christmas tree at the Baptist Sunday-school. Or if you were a little older you had a knit comforter with tassels and tails that you put around your neck if the weather was only so-so, and if it was very cold you put it around twice. If it was awfully cold you got off and walked. But here I was in prison

The rails sang and I thought of "snake heads." Then this car had one flat wheel, and pounded along like old man Torrence in our town who had one leg shorter than the other. By and by the engine slowed down and we just crept and crawled

Then the train stopped. It was near daylight but awfully smoky and foggy. I could hear the stockmen coming from the caboose. As they approached, I called lustily, "Let me out of here—let me out of here!"

They came close and held up a lantern peering at me. "He 's trying to steal my sheep," said one of them.

"Let me out of here—let me out of here!"

"He might as well die for a sheep as a lamb," remarked another.

"Let me out—let me out of here!" I roared. ¶ Then they all laughed and I knew that they had discovered where I was, and had played a trick on me by locking me in. One of the men, seeing that I was taking the matter seriously, climbed up and pulled the stick out of the staple. I scrambled out to freedom, while they all roared needlessly and warned me never to try to steal sheep again.

We went over to the Myrick House and got breakfast. When you have been up all night, and in the cold, you do not nibble in the morning: you eat, put in a feed, dispose of the hash. I was pretty well covered with wool and certainly smelled sheepish, even if I did not look so; two facts which my partners, the stockmen, explained to the girl who waited on us. She was an awfully pretty girl and did n't laugh when they told her about how I got locked in the sheep car. I liked her for that. When we went out in the office, Mr. Weeks was there looking for me. The Deacon had written him I was coming. We went out and got my car up to the shute quickly and unloaded. "I 'll take them," said a man with red side-whiskers. ¶ "I 'll take them,"—he said it quick, just like that.

He and Weeks had come to terms. He was a big, hearty, happy looking man, not stout, but strong and quite the boss of them all—I saw that at once.

They told him about how I had got locked in the sheep car. He laughed at the story and looked at me, and then smiled kindly. My heart went out to him—he was n't brutal like the rest. "I was n't trying to steal sheep," I protested

"Of course not—of course not—you were very sensible to find a place of safety the way the wind blew last night! Are you the Deacon's son?"

And then I explained that I was Bert Hubbard and my father was Doctor Hubbard.

"Yes, I know who your father is—he is a relative of Elihu Rogers of Bloomington! Sam Allerton told me about your father."

"Yes, yes," I cried—it was just like getting home, to meet some one who knew our folks. "Do you know the Funks at Funk's Grove?" Yes, I knew the Funks—they raised shorthorns! Also I knew Asa Moore and Dr. Crothers and General Gridley.

"Do you know Judge Davis?" he asked. ¶ And then I explained that not only did I know David Davis, but once at Uncle Elihu's I had sat on his lap.

"I did n't know he had a lap?" said the man with the red side-whiskers.

I flushed scarlet, I suppose, for the man said, "Don't mind, sonny, you are no muttonhead even if you did ride in a sheep car," and he handed me a brand-new one-dollar bill

"But you don't owe me anything!" I protested.

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"Oh, yes, I do. I owe a great debt to all good boys who bring me hogs and cattle. Now you are going to be a man some day—be industrious, saving, honest, and you will always get along!"

Then he gave me two pats on the head and walked away with Mr. Weeks.

"That 's Phil Armour," said a bystander to me. "He buys more stock than a little!"

I was holding the dollar bill in my hands wondering what I would do with it—take it home, or buy things with it for my mother and sisters. It was the first money ever given me that I had n't earned, excepting a penny, given me by a soldier, on his way to the war.

Weeks had n't weighed and figured up the cattle yet, so I followed after them.

They were having a little argument and I heard Phil Armour say, "Look here Weeksey, I buy of you as low as I can, and when I pay a man for stock shipped me direct I pay the man all I can—so there you have it, and no bones, either."

They looked at a few more pens of stock, and then Armour wrote something on a little card and gave it to the man. They weighed my steers, and another man made out a check for them.

¶ I went down-town in a horse-car and bought three handkerchiefs, two yards of ribbon and a ten cent blue necktie for myself. The clerk examined the new dollar bill very carefully and gave me forty cents in change. It was a nice necktie, already tied, with a rubber loop that caught on the collar-button and two points of stiff cardboard that slipped under the points of your paper collar.

Going home on the train that afternoon, I kept thinking of that remark Phil Armour made to Weeks, "I buy of you as low as I can, and I pay the man who ships me direct, all I can."

¶ Here was a pointer—consign to Phil Armour direct, and save the two per cent paid to a commission merchant!

I told the Deacon about this when I got home, and it was discussed at the store from every side. Finally, the Deacon said he would try it. He did it with a string tied to it thus: "Not less than Three-eighty." Phil Armour took the hogs and figured them at four cents, and no commission off.

Just what the Deacon's later experiences were I do not know, for about that time I got a job at the Pantagraph Office in Bloomington. Only once after that I took stock to Chicago and this time it was for Lee Aldrich. There were two car-loads and so we could take two men. A stock-train caboose then was n't the little dinky affair it is now. It was as long as a passenger-car, and usually was filled with as breezy a lot of liars as ever escaped jail. There was a stove in the center of the car with a griddle on it, and some of the stockmen carried a skillet and coffee-pot.

I persuaded mother to let Brudder go, too, as we had two cars. Brud was n't my real brother—only 'dopted. I got him in Bloomington—picked him out of a car-load of orphans. I had intended to select a boy who was big and strong, who could fight and play ball, but instead of picking the best I chose the homeliest and weakest one in the herd. My heart ran away with my head. Later, it turned out that my heart was all right, for Brudder was stronger than he looked and could play ball, although he was a hunchback. He was so strong that he soaked a fellow who was after him with a ball we had cut out of a solid rubber car-spring.

¶ Brudder dropped him all right and then ran away thinking he had killed the man and would be hanged. He ran away and I did not see him for over thirty years, come St. Hyacinthus Day. But before he threw the ball at that man, Mudsock, we went to Chicago together. "Two men in charge, in apparent good order," the bill of lading read.

We were consigned to Armour and Company, and I gave my bill of lading to Phil Armour, in person. He remembered me and asked how the sheep were getting along. I introduced Brudder to him and he shook hands with Brudder just as if he were a man, although Brudder was a sawed-off, four feet high. Mr. Armour said any one would know we were brothers, we looked that much alike. Then he gave us each a brand-new one-dollar bill, and patted us on the occiput. He had a big, flat pocketbook, and did not fold the bills. I never saw so much money in my life; and I never knew a man who knew so many people as Phil Armour did.

It was over twenty years after this, the year of the great Chicago Fair, before I met Philip D. Armour again. I asked him if he remembered giving me a new dollar bill on two separate occasions. He declared that he had never given any man or boy a dollar in his life, unless it was to pay a debt, and even then he never paid his debts if he could possibly avoid it. I fear me Armour was a joker.

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The Roycroft Sunday School Lessons for the Month of June

By Alice Hubbard

General Healt Thought—Get your manna, physical, mental, spiritual, fresh every morning—about six o'clock Manna is stale before noon. The ten o'clock scholar might just as well stay at home.

THOMAS CARLYLE

Lesson LIII—Sunday, June 6th, 1909

In every epoch of the world, the great event, parent of all others, is it not the arrival of a Thinker in the world?



MAN cannot imagine anything that he has not seen. He may build from and combine parts of different known things and make something quite unlike anything made by Nature. But there is always a foundation to build on.

Gods are made by combining the qualities that are admired by the people who make these gods. These gods are made of attributes men delight in, though these attributes are often greatly exaggerated. Man wants power; his God is omnipotent. He likes to know what is going on; his God is omnipresent,etc.

¶ The God which the Scotch feared and upheld was their hero—an impossible Scotchman—who was as terrible and as unrelenting as a Scotch winter, as desperate as a Scotch bog, as pitiless as the sea and as cold as their bridgeless rivers which they often had to ford; he was as merciless as clan pitted against clan.

They wanted their God to combine all qualities of power. Mother-love was one of the forces of which they knew a little, so they ascribed to their God the attribute of love, although the proof of His loving was very doubtful.

They theorized about a God who forgave men sins which they never had committed. Who gave His only begotten Son to die to redeem a world which had never been lost, which was just evolving! He was kind to those who respected His caprice and flattered His mood.

¶ And this God, made by man, proved how inferior is man's workmanship to that of Nature. Man is supposed to make his God in his own image, but as yet man has not seen himself accurately enough to make a God anywhere near his own equal.

The Scotch like all Christian nations, have taken the Hebrew God to work from—to modify and metamorphose as their climate made their characters different.

Spiritually they were ruled by a merciless tyrant and when they dealt out "mercy" and "justice" it was often the mercy and justice Servetus received in Geneva when God, under John Calvin, ruled there.

The Scotch are a doughty people: when they will,they will; and when they won't, they won't.

¶ There is no such thing as your changing the mind of a Scotchman. He may change it for himself, but it will not be worth his while to tell you about it.

The Scotchman can and does keep his own counsel

He is essentially a German, modified and intensified by the hardships of the rigorous climate and country of Scotland.

Scotland is no place for ease and luxury. Scotland has not produced dilettanti nor epicures.

¶ She has given the world more stoics than Greece ever did, and I was going to say more philosophers. However, everything that comes from this severe country is tinged if not saturated with the practical. The people have never been able to get far away from the primitive necessities.

It is said that Nature never intended us to make more than a living. She wants us to be grateful for food, and for the privilege of life. Scotland is very dear to Nature. No surplus wealth comes out of the soil of Scotland. Scotchmen can, however, raise enough oat porridge to make the inhabitants bless the Duke of Argyle for scratching-posts.

It is a country of the survival of the fittest. It is a fight for life.

These conditions have evolved a hardy, stubborn, industrious, primitive, God-fearing people: a people whose intellects are evolved because personal problems present themselves on every hand. In their pioneer days there was no time to call a council and get the concensus of opinion. They must act immediately.

Individualism was developed. Each man and woman thought for himself until his bristling ideas made him as comfortable to others as a chestnut-bur.

The severity of climate and country developed a hard and unrelenting religion. Their God was as pitiless as their north winds in midwinter.

¶ As well ask the piercing storm to be merciful as to ask their God to forgive "unpardonable sins," or to save those who were "foreordained from the foundation of the world" to be lost. Indeed their God was created in the likeness of the elements over which they had no control. His laws were inscrutible: His ways past finding out. He could damn infants to eternal punishment, also any part of the human race that He chose

Life in Scotland was serious and severe—so was its God and its religion.

As man has been able to subdue the elements, control his surroundings and make life easier

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and happier for himself, so his religion has become better and kinder. Steam-heat in our houses, running water, hot and cold, summer and winter, railroads, automobiles, state roads, all these have modified our God. He sends His rain upon the just and the unjust now, and gives everybody a harvest.

Luxury, ease and some license have this one advantage if no other: they make an indulgent, kind, careless God who is quite willing to save everybody even though He puts them in different heavens

"For him who wears shoes is the whole earth covered with leather." And for him who is suffering and dealing with cruel circumstances, everything is stern and severe.

However, the severity of Scotch religion was mitigated a little by Scotch whiskey and Scotch humor

A false man found a religion? Why, a false man cannot build a brick house! If he do not know and follow truly the properties of mortar, burnt clay and what else he works in, it is no house that he makes, but a rubbish-heap. It will not stand for twelve centuries, to lodge a hundred and eighty millions; it will fall straightway.

Lesson LIV—Sunday, June 13, 1909

Worship of a Hero is transcendent admiration of a Great Man. I say great men are still admirable; I say there is, at bottom, nothing else admirable! No nobler feeling than this of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour, and at all hours, the vivifying influence in man's life.



genius is one who is born with the gift of restless energy and who has the ability to focus this power. The genius also has the hungry mind. One lifetime is not enough to satisfy its desires.

The genius is always a learner, and he is always eager. He knows the value of time.

Thomas Carlyle had the hungry, restless mind.

He was born at Ecclefechan, Dumfries, Scotland, December Fourth, Seventeen Hundred and Ninety-seven. His father, James Carlyle, one of five brothers, noted as fighters the country over, was a stone-mason and a small farmer.

¶ Thomas Carlyle was so great a man as never to have attempted to prove a royal line of ancestry for his father. He was, however, boastful that his father was an honest man, and requested that his body be laid beside that of James Carlyle, that he might rest through the ages in such good company.

The mother of Thomas Carlyle was Margaret Aitkin. Thomas was her eldest son.

In pious Scotland, as in all Judea, the first-born son was supposed to be the most precious in God's sight. Therefore, if you wanted to be pleasing to the Almighty, you gave the best to the Lord. This, Margaret Carlyle tried to do.

¶ Whether her offering was pleasing to God or not, we do not know, but we do know that Thomas was not pleased with the altar. He had the spirit which Isaac lacked. He would not be sacrificed to appease an angry God. Jehovah's wrath was nothing to Thomas, but his own life and hopes and aspirations were.

Margaret Carlyle and her boy Thomas planned and plotted that he might go to the great University of Edinburgh. This would make him as great a man as the kingdom afforded. And so the lad started away on foot when he was not yet fourteen and walked from Ecclefechan to Edinburgh, eighty miles, so that he could become a wise man among wise men.

¶ The Carlyles were not rich people by any means and the sending of one child to the Great University meant hardship at home.

¶ The economies of economical Scotch people cannot be understood by Americans. The luxury of the poorest boy at Harvard today would have seemed unforgivable waste to the Carlyles

But the hardships had compensations. There was a keen appreciation of every opportunity that a school and city afforded.

Some one tells how the lad would come home and talk over with his mother the wonders of the university and learning, and how they sat each on a side of the kitchen fireplace, smoking the clay pipe, and together discoursed of the eternal verities.

Margaret Aitkin had the restless eager mind and she had the desire to know. It was a serious thing in those days for a woman to have a longing for knowledge. There was no school for her, no world to explore. "If she would know anything let her ask her husband at home." Margaret wanted to find out ten thousand things that honest James Carlyle knew nothing about, could know nothing of, nor could he imagine them.

Many a woman has taken her college course by the same route that Mrs. Carlyle did—she has sent her son to school and studied with him at home. Mrs. Carlyle could read well. She learned to write that she might be able to send letters to Thomas.

And many a mother has gotten more out of her son's university education than he has. The mother never loses the delusion that she has missed much because she cannot have an "Education."

Wherever there is an opportunity for mind and body to evolve, there is education. This the mother does not know and forever she is

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working and striving and thinking and evolving. The greatest trouble with our colleges is that the student has a surfeit of facts and digestion is impossible ❧ There is a superabundance suddenly, and the student does not know that all he gets out of the school is what thinking he does and the practical application he makes of his thinking.

It was a great thing for Thomas that he had some one to come home to and tell all about the great university studies. He heard twice as much of what the professors said as the other boys did. Why? Because he was listening for two, working for two.

Thomas Carlyle inherited the Scotch tendency to think for himself. Facts which most of the boys conned as class lessons, Carlyle got truth from —the philosophy of history, the psychology of life ❧ ❧

He more than fulfilled his parents' aspirations for him, although possibly not quite in the exalted way their mind had pictured. He became a wise man among not very wise men, for he had a vision beyond their narrow theological horizon ❧ ❧

He was not afraid to follow truth to its lair, no matter how dangerous it looked.

Carlyle thought, and then he wrote out his thoughts and set other people thinking.

Thomas Carlyle was heir to the rugged, stern, relentless qualities of his country; heir of all the ages in his university; heir to the best qualities of his father and mother.

He says of his father, Of all the men I have ever known, he is quite the remarkablest. And of his mother; She has a great deal of wit and originality of mind: beautiful in all that makes the excellence of woman.

Carlyle became a seer of his time. He lived to see his writings recognized as authority, and even that literary executor, Jeffrey, feared a stab from Carlyle's stylus.

The desire of the heart of Carlyle was to know, to evolve. He thought first that knowledge was to be found in universities. He never ceased his search for truth ❧ Fear no seeing man, he says, Know that he is in heaven, whoever else be not; that the arch-enemy is the arch-stupid.

His admiration of Goethe made him learn the German language that he might read the forty volumes of the great poet without losing anything by the translation. The correspondence between the two is as valuable literature as that of Carlyle and Emerson.

He quotes Goethe as saying, "There is just one man unhappy; he who is possessed by some idea which he cannot convert into an action, or still more which restrains and withdraws him from action."

The restless energy of the genius was Carlyle's to the last. Work is for the living. Rest is for the dead, he said.

In Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-four he was given the Prussian Pour le Merite, an order founded by Frederick. This decoration was in recognition of his work, Frederick the Great. And in the same year, he was offered by Disraeli the Grand Cross of the Bath, and a pension. These English honors he gracefully declined, saying that the Knighthood would be an encumbrance to him and that he had an ample abundance, even superabundance of money.

For eighty-six years Carlyle lived—lived and struggled and worked out many of the heroic qualities that were to him the ideals of humanity ❧ ❧

Society is founded on Hero-worship. All dignities of rank, on which human association rests, are what we may call a Heroarchy (Government of Heroes),—or a Hierachy, for it is "sacred" enough withal! The Duke means Dux, Leader; King is Kon-ning, Kan-ning, Man that knows or cans.

Lesson LV—Sunday, June 20th, 1909

Great Men taken up in any way are profitable company.



WE have a perspection on the time of Carlyle and it seems to us the greatest awakening the world has known, save three—the time of Socrates, the age of Michael Angelo, and this Great Present, the greatest time of all times ❧ ❧

The approach to and the beginning of the Eighteenth Century was a period of great activity. Men and women were thinking new thoughts and dreaming better dreams.

Art was awakening from her long sleep; England, prosaic, phlegmatic England was whispering something about literature and painting. Art was searching for the Artist.

"Art seeks the Artist alone. Where he is, there she appears, and remains with him loving and fruitful, turning never aside in moments of hope deferred of insult and of ribald misunderstanding; and when he dies, she sadly takes her flight, though loitering yet in the land, from fond association, but efusing to be consoled."

Art had come to England.

Scientists dared think their thoughts, contrary though they were to the myths and fables insisted upon by theologians.

Bobbie Burns was just gone and his memory had begun to be loved and revered; so were Goldsmith, Johnson and Sheridan, Gibbons and Garrick. Burke, Fox and Pitt had been dealing with national questions and defying monarchs when the occasion required. Napoleon was fast changing the map of Europe and causing the

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world to be thrilled as Cæsar and Alexander had not succeeded in doing.

The Herschels were in England bringing the starry heavens closer to earth with their telescopes and finding Law in the skies.

Sir Joshua Reynolds had founded the Royal Academy of Art in London and painted as no one had done since Van Dyke. Gainsborough, Lawrence, Romney, had all posed and painted Lady Hamilton and Mrs. Sheridan; making the world talk learnedly of Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci, Botticelli, Cellini and Michael Angelo.

¶ Admiral Nelson was demonstrating to the world that a blind eye was quite as useful as an all-seeing one and could serve England sometimes better. He had run up the signal, "England expects every man will do his duty," and emphasized the heroism of all time in his bravery at Trafalgar.

Addison and Steele, Swift, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, had all claimed the attention of the reading and thinking public when Carlyle decided that literature was to be his life-work.

¶ Goethe was the man of thought and letters that Carlyle admired most. He influenced Carlyle more than all others, if any others could be said to have influenced him at all. For the most part Carlyle was an original writer, because he was an independent thinker.

¶ Every star is influenced by all others, and yet most of them keep their course and can be relied upon true to their time. Meteors are few in the heavens, yet very common among writers.

¶ Carlyle was true to his course and blazed a new way for thinking men.

It was a great time to be born and a great age in which to live that Carlyle worked and thought and suffered and experienced.

Lecky and Tyndall were his friends. Leigh Hunt was his neighbor. He knew well John Stuart Mill; in fact, it was Mill who was first to give the recognition that is life itself to a young writer and makes success possible.

The French Revolution was far enough away for Carlyle to see it, possibly better than a writing man had seen it before. He took up his pen and wrote.

Tomes and volumes he read of history and biography before he felt capable for the task.

¶ Then he labored as few writers do or can. Carlyle had imagination but he never allowed it to take the place of fact when fact was truth to him. Days, weeks, months he toiled, and at length Volumes I and II of the French Revolution were written. He gave the copy, the only and original copy, to Mill to read for his judgment upon it. Mill read it and felt it was a great book. But he wanted Mrs. Taylor's opinion, too. So he loaned the MS. to her. A servant in cleaning the library early in the morning picked up all the "paper rubbish" Mrs. Taylor had spent most of the night with, and burned it in the grate. Poor Mrs. Taylor! Poor Mill!! Poor Carlyle!!!

All that two great people could do to compensate, Mrs. Taylor and Mr. Mill did, but what restoration is there for lost copy when there are no notes, no duplicate even in the mind! Carlyle was subdued as by a great grief. He could lose his temper over small things, but this hushed him into a calm. When Mill had left Carlyle's house after telling him the facts and trying to "cheer" him, Carlyle said to his wife—Well, Mill, poor fellow is terribly cut up. We must endeavor to hide from him how very serious the business is to us.

It took him six months to rewrite the volumes.

¶ But then they were all written and added to the wealth of literature.

Sovereigns die and Sovereignties: how all dies, and is for a Time only; is a Time-phantasm, yet reckons itself real!

They are all gone; sunk down, down, with the tumult they made; and the rolling and the trampling of every new generation passes over them; and they hear it not any more forever.

Lesson LVI—Sunday, June 27th, 1909

I found him one of the most simple and frank of men, and became acquainted with him at once. We walked over several miles of hills, and talked upon all the great questions that interest us most. The comfort of meeting a man is that he speaks sincerely; that he feels himself to be so rich, that he is above the meanness of pretending to knowledge which he has not, and Carlyle does not pretend to have solved the great problems, but rather to be an observer of their solution as it goes forward in the world.

—Emerson.



PRIMITIVE thought and primitive language were of primitive things—names of food, clothing, shelter, and then names to distinguish people, animals, directions, etc.

As life evolved into something more complex, language grew into sentences, and finally into paragraphs of thought.

Man is of all things the most interesting to man, consequently he engaged his attention first and absorbed him most. Man talked of man, and when he departed from a given standard, if the offender were a person of importance, he was the topic for talk.

Thus in innocence was gossip born.

The first novels are transcribed, "he said," and "she said," "he did this" and "she did that"—records of gossip, descriptions of social incidents and small talk, mock heroic impossibilities, at least, undesirabilities.

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Smollett, Fielding and Richardson in England undertook to tell stories in print that were narratives of simple life, spiced with some romance of trickery and unpallatable goodness. ¶ It was emotional, sensational, unhealthy for the most part.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan ridiculed this kind of literature and the people who read it and those who lived it. The Rivals and School for Scandal made people laugh at follies they themselves had, and made them ashamed to gossip and live the silly life. That gossip of this sort still exists is evident when we have plays like "Mrs. Black is Back."

Your neighbor thinks he—or she—owns you or that you belong to him or owe your conduct of life to him, when he criticizes your goings and comings, your work, and the part of your life which one would think might belong exclusively and privately to an individual.

The whole world seems to be provincial—village gossipers, discussing over back fences the sacred secrets of human hearts.

The private life of Thomas and Jeanie Welsh Carlyle has been published, and whispered over wherever these biographies were read. "Who was more to blame?" "Whose fault was it?" etc., etc., are questions asked and answered to the satisfaction of the informer since Froude made public the diaries of these two brilliant people.

About diaries! It is the old story of the servant of Midas who had the terrible secret that King Midas had ass's ears. He must tell it to somebody or something or die. No person was safe, so he dug a hole in the ground and whispered it to Mother Earth, and immediately the reeds sprung up, the wind blew over the reeds, and they all sang the secret.

We each must have some one to whom we can tell the inmost emotions of the heart. So we write in a book that no one will ever see but ourself. We forget to burn the book, or it has become so sacredly sad a companion that we cannot. And if we are of enough importance, the world stops to hear the reeds whisper our misfortunes.

Confessions of happiness are very beautiful and helpful and their discussion is never gossip.

Disappointments, griefs, wrongs, are better worked up into stone walls and clean floors than into literature: it is better for the health, too. Excess of emotion of any kind should go out into the open road and work itself up out of doors.

I wish the Carlyles had lived at Craigenputtock all their lives, walked over the uplands, the moors, through the woods, and breathed and exercised in the country. Their fine intellects and fine humor under such conditions would have made them, I believe, in every sense, citizens of the "celestial city of fine minds." ¶ Thomas Carlyle married Jeanie Welsh, a woman wondrous beautiful in feature and in mind. These two people loved beauty and were artists in that they had an understanding of art. ¶ Mrs. Carlyle was the best critic her husband had, and was open in her appreciation of his genius. She encouraged him in his writing as no one else could and he believed in her judgment.

Both of these people were sensitively and finely organized ✍ Tenderness and love find little opportunity for expression in the presence of irritating and irritated nerves. It is not very hard to apologize to a stranger for a breach of courtesy done when in a wrong mental condition. But words of apology to wife or husband, like Macbeth's amen, stick in the throat and remain unsaid.

Carlyle suffered from indigestion and from nerves. His condition was unbearable in the country, it was unendurable in the city. ¶ Instead of seeking the cause of his difficulty and overcoming it, Carlyle's efforts seem to have been to change all life to suit his temperament ✍ ✍

At No. 6, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where he lived for nearly fifty years, he had a sound-proof room made, into which he could find sanctuary from all noise from the street, from every human voice. It was like leaving the world for a monastery to save your soul.

To live in a sound-proof room is to shut yourself away from life and the world, from all there is to live for, all that is vital and valuable. You dodge annoyance but overcome nothing.

And the worst of it all was, that when Carlyle got inside this sound-proof room and shut the door, everything that could or did seriously trouble him was shut into the room with him. ¶ A modern seer says, "Is the world all wrong? Reform yourself."

The greatest lesson of life is to learn how to adjust one's self to life as life is. Make friends with yourself quickly for wherever you go and whatever you do, you will always find yourself there. The real world you live in is the one within your own mind.

With all of Carlyle's wisdom, he never knew how to live well. In his youth he said that man's divinest gift was to be able to feel remorse. ¶ But out of all his years spent in the deepest regret for loving deeds undone and kind words unspoken, he made no head, gained no ground from it. ¶ To forget it, to leave it in the dim past is the only way to be benefited by mistakes.

When I was a child, a witless teacher once put a list of words on the blackboard just as I had misspelled them. She emphasized the wrong thing. The mental picture engraved upon my mind was the one which should never have been there, nor all my tears and prayers can wipe out the improper spelling of those four words.

They say that Emerson loved goodness a thousand times more than he hated badness, and

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that Carlyle loved to hate badness. Emerson tells somewhere how he tried to raise vegetables by spending his time killing weeds, but ultimately found that when he turned his attention to cultivating the good plants, the weeds disappeared and he had a harvest of good things. Carlyle did not spend all of his life warring against weeds. In his heart he believed in the divinity of man and things.

Man everywhere is the born enemy of lies, he said, putting a beautiful truth negatively.

¶ But here are a few of his affirmatives: For all right judgment of any man or thing it is useful, nay, essential, to see his good qualities before pronouncing on his bad.

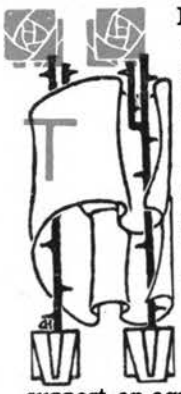
Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred that will stand adversity.

And withal, we can say of Carlyle what he said of Sir Walter Scott: When he departed, he took a Man's life with him.

If you want a raise in pay don't economize in the use of oxygen.

The Raisin Country

By Elbert Hubbard



THE genus tourist to a great degree has overlooked what many wise men regard as the best part of California.

This is what is called the "Raisin Country," being part of the San Joaquin Valley, extending, say, from Fresno to Bakersfield. ¶ This valley is a great wide-stretching plain, flat as a floor, with an inexhaustible soil. Here is one exquisite plot about a hundred and twenty miles long and from forty to eighty miles wide, that could support an agricultural population of a million people, if it were gardened as it should be, and as it will yet be gardened.

About at the center of this area and the geographical centre of the state, is the town of Tulare. The place has not quite four thousand people, but it is a regular little metropolis of industry, art, education and wealth.

To tell the actual truth about the productiveness of soil here would run the risk of being presented with a life membership in the Ananias Club. But just let us say that a rose bush will grow forty feet in a year, and let it go at that. Figs, grapes, peaches, apricots and prunes, are produced in profusion. The man in the San Joaquin Valley who doesn't sit under his own vine and fig-tree, does not want to.

Fourteen miles east of Tulare I saw orange orchards as fine as can be seen in the famed Orange Belt.

I was shown at Lindsey an orange orchard of twenty acres that had recently been sold for four thousand dollars an acre. It was bought as an investment, just as a man might buy a sky-scraper for a like reason.

This orchard will pay the owner about twenty per cent on his investment, and some years it will pay more.

Oranges grow best in the foot-hills, but raisins are produced anywhere in this valley, as a staple. ¶ For the benefit of the cliff-dwellers of the East let me explain that the raisin is a grape—a grape containing a large per cent of sugar.

The grapes are simply gathered and dried on racks in the sun. They are not "cured," "prepared" or "processed,' save as the sun loves them. ¶ Around Fresno an acre of ground will produce from two to five tons of raisins. These are worth on the spot from three to five cents a pound. A year ago raisins were down to two cents a pound, at which time many farmers fed them to horses and cattle. One man who owned a dairy advertised that his cows were fed only on raisins; butchers in Tulare yet offer raisin-fed bacon. ¶ But at the very time raisins were two cents a pound at Fresno, they cost you ten or twelve in the East. The trouble was, there was no organized system of getting the raisins to market. In great degree this has now been overcome by Fruit Associations that buy and market the product in a businesslike way.

Before, it seems that no one really guessed the quantities of fruit that this San Joaquin Valley could produce, and I am not sure that any one really knows yet.

This California Canaan has just been discovered. Heretofore it has been used as a wheat country—great, wide-stretching wheat farms—where teams of twenty-four horses were driven by one man, and this was increased to twenty-six horses in harvest-time.

But wheat produces say thirty or forty bushels to the acre, at best. And that is pretty good about now, for dollar wheat has come to stay, simply because there are so many Malthusian mouths to feed.

But raisins mean several hundred dollars an acre, and if you have a genius for management and a big family of children to help you out at harvest-time, you can clean up two thousand dollars a year on a twenty-acre tract.

One young man came over to Tulare from Coalinga, in his limousine, to call on me. He walked down there four years ago from San Francisco.

I saw two Massachusetts school-teachers who had a tract of fifteen acres, from which their last year's crop netted them eighteen hundred dollars. ¶ Of course work is work, here as elsewhere, but if you bring Yankee industry to bear, the sun and the soil will meet you more than half way. And the water coming from the mountains can be regulated by a twist of your

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wrist. ¶ There are over a hundred cities in America of ten thousand inhabitants and upward, that have doubled their population within twenty years.
The tillable land has practically all been taken up, and the cities still continue to grow.
This is why breadstuffs have taken such a skyward turn. Patten and his kind should be suppressed, but the fact remains that this is the Farmers' Era. In future, fruit will be more and more in demand, because a congested population requires more fruit and less meat.
Another thing, the price of meat keeps pace with the price of corn and wheat, like the ratio of marriages.
Hogs are seven cents on the foot at the farm.
The Mosaic bar and ban on pork has been lifted.
The Gadarene herds of the Far East were fed on carrion, but our pigs are vegetarians ✍ The American Jew subscribes for "The Philistine," and eats American pork. The American Jew is now only peculiar in the fact that he is on to his job, and as a rule is on the dead-level.
The extreme prices for meat and breadstuffs are giving California Raisins their inning.
We need a mixed diet ✍ Too much of any one thing is not well. But science says that a few raisins every day tend to fool that fuzzy feeling, brighten the brain, sweeten the breath and make life one glad song for those who have to live with us ✍ ✍
The raisin is the finest food that grows. Don't be afraid of the seeds—masticate them and put the dentist to the bad. Teeth are for use, and the ground raisin seeds give your Erie Canal a much needed topic for discussion. Sun-dried raisins carry a trace of tincture of senna, which is a natural regulator of the liver.
Raisins cannot be adulterated. They are not perishable, being preserved by their own sugar. ¶ Confectionery has its disadvantages, but your children will not go womix on raisins, because they are a natural, heaven-prepared food. Just fletcherize them, that is all, and it is you for the century run.
Raisins have always been looked upon as a luxury, because the soil that grows them and the sun that cures them, are so seldom found in the same place. Here man must come in and distribute.
Dr. Walter Pyle, the eminent dietitian, gives it as his belief that a liberal raisin diet would increase the life of the race fully ten years.
Horace Fletcher munches and munches and munches on raisins, and is never sick nor grumpy ✍ ✍
Eugene Christian, the greatest food expert in the world, recommends raisins and says—"Eat all you want, and let taste be your test as to when you have had enough."
Dr. Tilden recommends raisin bread made of whole wheat or Indian corn, and twenty-five per cent of raisins.
Dr. Frank Billings goes even so far as to recommend raisin pie, or a mince pie, he calls it, minus the mince.
Dr. George Still, the famous surgeon says, "Raisins never cause appendicitis, but the lack of them may."
Thus, it really looks as if the San Joaquin Valley of California were coming into its own.

✍

A good name is preferable to a good time.

✍

A Dream Girl

By Charles Sandburg

YOU will come one day in a waver of love,
Tender as dew, impetuous as rain.
The tan of the sun will be on your skin,
The purr of the breeze in your murmuring speech,
And in your eyes the delicate change
Of cloud and blue and flimmering sun
In pass and repass of mood.
You will pose with a hill-flower grace.

Yet you may not arrive,
O, girl of a dream!
We may but pass as the world goes by
And take from a look of eyes into eyes
A film of hope and a memoried day.

✍

Men who make themselves useful are needed.

✍

Robert G. Ingersoll

By Marilla M. Ricker



ROBERT G. INGERSOLL opened his eyes on the Eleventh day of August, Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-three. He opened other people's eyes until July Twenty-first, Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-nine, when he closed his own in death. He was born where most men die—in obscurity. When his mother rocked him to sleep, little did she think that in her arms lay the giant that was to be! Probably she had no idea that he was to be the mightiest man of the Nineteenth Century. Ingersoll's father was a clergyman. He was more famous as a father than a preacher. No tome of his sermons can be found today, but the words spoken by his gifted son have been heard and read by millions of men and women.
The mother of Robert G. Ingersoll presented to Congress the first petition ever sent to that body asking for the abolishment of chattel slavery. It was from his mother that Ingersoll inherited his passionate love of freedom. The secret of genius cannot, however, be found in

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parents. Rather does its white blossom come from the universal roots of history. All mankind bears man. All ages, all influences, all arts, all letters, endow the luminous brain. But there is in genius one spark of fire unlit by them all. Great men, brilliant men, men with broad minds, keen wits, profound understanding and deep feelings, lived when Ingersoll lived, breathed the same air of liberty which he breathed, beheld the same political scenes that enriched his vision, but no other man among the millions of Americans, saw what his eye could see, and no other voice pictured in such thrilling language the beauty, the glory, the grandeur of emancipated humanity. England does not account for Shakespeare; Scotland does not explain Burns; and America cannot explain Ingersoll.

I shall not attempt any complete estimation of this wondrous man. He had no forerunner. The universe made a similar impression upon Shelley, but what was white and cold in the poet's soul was in Ingersoll warm with the red blood of conviction, and in the mighty crucible of his love for man, became a passionate pleading for liberty, for right, for justice. The Puritans knew but one freedom—the freedom to worship God as they dictated. They never sowed one seed of liberty. They established a worse despotism than that from which they fled. American principles did not sprout in Puritan soil. All who disagreed with their religious notions were heretics, which in their day, meant criminals. The worst crimes were to think God less cruel than he was painted in the Old Testament, and to believe man better than he was described in the New England Primer.

The Ingersoll of Puritan days was a woman. Anne Hutchinson defied the narrowness, the intolerance and savagery of Puritanism, and was banished from the Massachusetts colony. Thirty years after the Mayflower's voyage ended in Plymouth Bay, a night of theological darkness settled over the land which lasted until the dawn of the Revolution heralded the coming day of liberty. From Sixteen Hundred and Fifty to Seventeen Hundred and Fifty, the reign of the clergy was complete, and intellectual torpor was the result. Not one great book was written during that period; not one beneficent discovery came from the Puritan brain; and not one tender sentiment came from the Puritan heart. Everything was stern, hard, cold and cruel. The heartless superstition of Puritanism might keep their supposed God on His throne in Heaven, but was powerless to establish His government on earth. New ideas were born; new thoughts were taking possession of men and women; new opinions were being published abroad ☙ The curse of religious tyranny was overthrown in the State. The Declaration of Independence ended the reign of Jehovah in our land. A new intellectual as well as a new political world was opened to mankind. The flag of freedom protected the minds as well as the homes of men. ¶ Thomas Paine gave to the world the two greatest works of the Eighteenth Century:—"Common Sense" and the "Age of Reason." One is destined to kill every king on earth, and the other every priest. Without Paine, Ingersoll would have been impossible. There was a stain on our national Constitution when adopted, which was condemned by every lover of liberty, and the act of perpetuating slavery in the land had to be atoned for in blood as brave as ever was shed for the right. Civilization could not tolerate fetter or chain. The slave must be freed or our magnificent Declaration was political hypocrisy. It is a herculean task to overthrow greed intrenched behind religion and law. When three million voices cried for justice from their white brothers, the pulpit and the bench answered, "What have I to do with thee?" The cold, cruel indifference of the North added to the cold, cruel, injustice of the South, lighted the mightiest moral flame that ever blazed on this earth. The deterrent cry that if slavery was wrong the Bible was false, did not prevent men and women from joining the abolition movement ☙ Although the Church held aloof from the reform it was helpless to check it. It grew in spite of falsehood, in spite of religious or political consequences, until it conquered the majority vote of the Northern States ☙ The crusade against negro slavery in this country had its prophets, its leaders, its heroes, its martyrs. What glorious men were those inspired and cheered by that glorious man, William Lloyd Garrison! To repeat their names is to set the blood boiling again in the veins: Wendell Phillips, Gerrit Smith, Theodore Parker, Owen Lovejoy, John G. Whittier, Horace Greeley, John Brown and Abraham Lincoln. It was a long march from that dark day when a rope was put around the neck of Garrison in the streets of Boston to that triumphant hour when the Emancipation Proclamation gave three million slaves their freedom. Had the Christian pulpits not accepted every text of the Bible as divine truth there would have been no chattel slavery in the United States, no scaffold at Harper's Ferry, no assassin at Ford's Theatre, and no Robert G. Ingersoll—the man who came to champion the liberty of body, mind and soul!

Ingersoll was the product of every struggle for freedom, of every attempt for justice, of every lash upon the back of a slave, of every crime committed by the State, of every wrong inflicted by the Church. In Ingersoll the world reached its grandest height, and from his wonderful lips came the great truth of civilization—that man is the holiest thing that man knows anything about, and those things alone are sacred which add to man's comfort and happiness. The bold challenge to the old theology and the old

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religion which Robert G. Ingersoll flung at the feet of the Christian church was accepted. This brave man fought nearly forty years, for liberty, for truth, for right, and he met and overthrew every knight who entered the arena against him. At the beginning of his career he was a lawyer and a politician. It did not take long for his associates to recognize his superior ability. He was born with the crown of genius on his brow, with the sceptre of leadership in his hand. Men instinctively acknowledged his greatness. He had the last word, because he could not be answered.

At the bar he was a powerful advocate, but on the platform he was the master of his audience. Before he was thirty he stood upon his feet, looked the universe in the face for himself, and boldly said to the world: "What priests and parsons have told you of God's wrath, of hell and future punishments, I tell you is a lie!" He never took back his words. A bad religion never had a mightier enemy, a true religion never had a greater friend.

His tastes, his training, his profession, all pointed to a bright political career, but he threw them all to the winds and stood by his guns, training them on sham and hypocrisy. No man ever lived who was more candid with himself than he. He hated falsehood; he loathed and despised hypocrisy with every fibre of his nature, and he detested sham and pretense. He kept his mind open to the sun, and he stood in the light. He respected the children of his brain, and he spoke his thoughts without fear. It was Ingersoll's sincerity that blocked his way to the highest political honors. He was told that if he wished political preferment he must keep his mouth shut on religious subjects. He opened it. No office could put a padlock on his lips. He saw men turn the back of fear upon him, but he did not waver. He received but beggarly appreciation for his efforts to free men and women from ecclesiastical slavery, but he continued his magnificent crusade against superstition and priestly tyranny for more than a quarter of a century. He was the ideal of every man and woman who loved liberty. He was feared by the Church but loved by the world. ¶ It is difficult to sketch this many-sided man. He was full of pity and sympathy for the poor and unfortunate. He was great enough to applaud the good, and good enough to forgive the erring. He could charm a child with his speech or sway thousands by his magic words. He was the supreme philosopher of common sense. He stood with the earth under his feet, with the stars over his head, and the world of beauty and grandeur around him, and he could not be persuaded that what he saw was a lie, and that miracles were the truth. He could kill a dogma with a shaft of wit, and make an orthodox deacon laugh at his own faith and superstition. He knew how to answer a fool, but he never forgot to be courteous to an opponent. He would take the case of a poor man into court without pay; he would give a young reporter an interview when he could sell every word he spoke for a dollar; he would present the proceeds of a lecture to some worthy object as though he was throwing a nickel to an organ-grinder; he would lead a reform with a dozen workers if he believed them in the right, just as if he had a million followers, and where there was persecution he was on the side of the persecuted. Ingersoll was the truest American that America ever bore. He was the orator of her rivers and mountains, of her hills and dales, of her forests and flowers, of her struggles and victories, of her free institutions, of her stars and stripes—the orator of the home, of wife and child, of love and liberty. The head, heart and hand of Ingersoll were perfectly united and worked together. As he thought, he acted; when he had anything to say, he said it aloud. He was not ashamed of his thoughts. He did not hide nor go around the corner, nor beat about the bush. He spoke honestly what he saw, what he thought, what he knew.

Ingersoll was a great, tender-hearted man, full of kindness, full of generous impulses, full of good feeling. He saw that nature was savage, cruel, heartless, and he told the truth about it. He could see no Providence feeding the hungry, no Father in Heaven protecting the innocent, no God battling against wickedness, and he said so. He saw in the sea the big fish eating the little ones; saw in the jungle the strong beasts killing the weak ones; saw in the air the talons of the hawk in the soft heart of the dove; and he described what he saw. In the world of man he saw fortunate vice better clad than unfortunate virtue; successful rascality better paid than unsuccessful honesty; saw injustice triumph and wrong sustained by the vote of the majority, and he did not hear the voice of God setting aside the verdict, and he said so. He tried to do what Providence neglected to do; tried to bring more justice, more love, more kindness into the world of man.

Ingersoll was as sincere as a camera. He would differ from all authority, from all creeds, from all precedents, rather than be untrue to his own convictions ✍ He knew that all philosophy was not in Greek, nor all truth in Latin. He knew that so-called divine words were no wiser than the age in which they existed, and that as man learned more, he left his fears behind. He thought freely and honestly and he gave his thoughts to mankind, and did n't he do it magnificently! ¶ He was called an Infidel. ¶ He was an Infidel, and that is one reason why we honor him. The world has at last discovered that the one who fears an Infidel is the dishonest man; he is afraid of being found out. Ingersoll knew that most history was written to conceal the truth. He knew that the Church

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was a fraud wherein it pretended to represent God, and that priests were impostors when they claimed to have divine authority for their acts, and that they hated him for telling the truth about them. No man ever loved the true, the good, and the beautiful in man, woman and child more than he did. This was the holiest trinity to him. Humanity was the great living, conservating thing to his heart. The lowliest man touched him more than did the highest God. ¶ He had no sympathy for a deity hanging himself on a tree for the sins of men, but he was moved to tears at the sufferings of his fellow-beings. A poor woman standing at the wash-tub with blistered feet working six days a week to support her children, the legacy of a drunken husband, was more an object of pity in his eyes than a crucified savior!

Ingersoll above all else was moved by the patient martyrdom of man. An hour of agony on the cross was nothing to the daily sufferings of the human race. It was out of his great pity for man that was born the humor that gave the consolation of laughter for the grief of never-ending toil. ¶ He was universal in his love of humanity. For Shakespeare and Humboldt he had the admiration of genius; for the crippled newsboy on the street he had that royal respect which perfect strength pays to physical deformity. Like a mother he gave his greatest love to the feeble child. With what a wealth of good feeling was he dowered, and with what prodigality he scattered it!

Every one who met Ingersoll felt better for the meeting, felt that he had been in the presence of a true man. No one ever listened to his marvelous voice who could doubt his sincerity. There was not a speck of hypocritical dust in his soul ❧ He was a giant in mind and in body, but his heart was bigger than either. While he was great as a lawyer, as an orator, as a critic, and greater as a philosopher, yet it was in manliness that he was greatest. In his relation with man he was supreme. He was a splendid fighter, and he fought for victory, but he loved the peace of the fireside, the atmosphere of home, the faces of his neighbors, the familiar streets, the smile of his wife, the clasp of his children's hands, and that sweet, subtle essence of being which fills the heart as the perfume fills the flower. Had Ingersoll just lived that quiet, peaceful life that is learned of the steadfast mountain, the sleeping meadow, the singing brook, the happy bird, the silent forest, he would have left the mark of his individuality upon the world. There was that in him which lifted him above his fellows. He was born great, and would have been distinguished in any walk of life, but with his intense love of liberty, his large sympathies, his tender emotions, he could have been no other man than he was. His humor, his power to make smiles and laughter, would have immortalized him; but so would his other incomparable gifts. The boundless generosity of his nature bound men and women to him—not the princely giving of dollars, but the priceless giving of himself, the bounty of his mind, the prodigality of his genius. Ingersoll knew nothing of the sordidness of calculation. There was no meanness in him; through all his veins ran honest blood. He was free from vanity. He never picked up the flowers of flattery laid at his feet. He did his duty, and whether his act produced applause or condemnation did not ruffle his superb sincerity. Abused, lied about, slandered, vilified almost beyond precedent, he pitied his defamers and despised their work. He knew that character conquers, and that the power of lies comes to an end. To the last he kept faith with his heart and mind. He believed in humanity, in all the good things that the world was working for. He never laid down his arms, never surrendered. When death came he met it with a smile. In my opinion, no greater, grander, nobler man has ever passed through this world of ours than Robert G. Ingersoll.

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Practice the virtue of praise.

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Vandevar

By Nixon Waterman

O, YOUNG VANDERVAR is come out of the west,
Through all of Manhattan his auto was best;
He could bowl down more people in going a block
On Broadway, than all of the others could knock.
And none ran so fast or threw people so far
As the auto controlled by young Vandervar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He jumped the East River where bridge there was none.
But ere he alighted at Newporty gate
The bride had consented (her third chance at fate)
To marry a man who though older by far
Was a little bit richer than young Vandervar.

So boldly he entered the Newporty Hall,
'Mong third-crop grass widows and widowers, all.
Then spake the bride's father, his hand on his purse
(For the groom was for wine just a little bit worse,)
"She can't back out now; we 've proceeded too far;
But she 'll marry you next time, brave young Vandervar."

"I 've loved your fair daughter," young Vandervar said,

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"Since I met her last week! Now another, instead,
Is to marry her millions I wanted, and so,
You will please let us quaff one small goblet, I know;
There are maidens in Gotham more lovely by far,
But their pas are n't so wealthy," said young Vandervar.

The bride kissed the goblet; the youth took it up,
As stage folks do, quaffed it, and threw down the cup.
She feigned she was blushing, the innocent fawn,
But the youth knew her blushes were simply put on.
"In the street there is waiting my touring-car;
Prepare to skiddoo!" whispered young Vandervar.

So stately his form—he wore corsets, they said:
She was taller than he was by nearly a head.
But he cared not for that he cared naught for her age,
For she looked well made-up as folks do on the stage,
And besides, he was too level-headed, by far,
To marry for love, was wise young Vandervar.

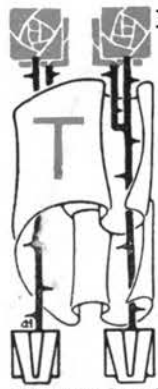
One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the street door, and the auto stood near;
So light to the cushions the lady he swung,
So light to the steering-wheel gaily he sprung:
"I have captured the coin! They won't know where we are.
Till the knot has been tied!" quoth the young Vandervar.

There was hustling among all the Newporty crowd;
They rode a deal faster than speed laws allowed:
There was racing and chasing, alas! and alack!
But the lost bride of Newporty never came back.
Till the following week when, with nothing to mar,
She lived in fine style with her young Vandervar.

Less than one-tenth of the laborers of America own their homes—and very few of the rest care to. Is this a valid reason why no one should own a home? Then why inform us that the majority of women do not want to vote as a reason why none should vote.

The Military System

By Bernard Shaw



THE military system is so idiotically academic and impossible, and renders its victims so incapable of carrying it out with any thoroughness, except when in an hysterical outburst of terror and violence that hackneyed comedy of civil life, the weak man putting his foot down, becomes the military tragedy of the armed man burning, flogging and murdering in a panic, that a body of soldiers and officers is in the main, and under normal circumstances, much like any other body of laborers and gentlemen.

Many of us count among our personal friends and relatives, officers whose amiable and honorable character seems to contradict everything I have just said about the military character. You have only to describe Lynch courts and acts of terrorism to them as the work of Ribbonmen, Dacoits, Moonlighters, Boxers, or —to use the general term most familiar to them—"natives," and their honest and generous indignation knows no bounds; they feel about them like men, not like soldiers.

But the moment you bring the professional side of them uppermost by describing precisely the same proceedings to them as the work of regular armies, they defend them, applaud them, and are ready to take part in them as if their humanity had been blown out like a candle. You find that there is a blind spot on their moral retina, and that this blind spot is the military spot. The excuse, when any excuse is made, is that discipline is supremely important in war. Now most soldiers have no experience of war; and to assume that those who have are therefore qualified to legislate for it, is as absurd as to assume that a man who has been run over by an omnibus is thereby qualified to draw up wise regulations for the traffic of London.

Neither our military novices nor our veterans are clever enough to see that in the field, discipline either keeps itself or goes to pieces; for humanity under fire is quite a different thing from humanity in barracks. When there is danger, the difficulty is never to find men who will obey, but men who can command. It is in time of peace, when an army is either a police force (in which case its work can be better done by a civilian constabulary) or an absurdity, that discipline is difficult, because the wasted life of the soldier is unnatural, except to a lazy man, and his servitude galling and senseless, except to a docile one. Still, the soldier is a man, and the officer is sometimes a gentleman in the literal sense of

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the word; and so, what with humanity, laziness and docility combined, they manage to rub along with only occasional outbursts of mutiny on the one side and class rancor and class cowardice on the other. They are not even discontented; for the military and naval codes simplify life for them just as it is simplified for children.

No soldier is asked to think for himself, to judge for himself, to consult his own honor and manhood, to dread any consequence except the consequence of punishment to his own person. The rules are plain and simple; the ceremonies of respect and submission are as easy and mechanical as a prayer-wheel; the orders are always to be obeyed thoughtlessly, however inept or dishonorable they may be. As the late Laureate said in the two stinging lines in which he branded the British soldier with the dishonor of Esau, "theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and die."

California is not only the land of promise, but it is the land of promises fulfilled.

The Religion of Dr. Holmes

By Minot J. Savage, D. D.



IT is a significant fact that the great group of poets of which Oliver Wendell Holmes was the last, were all Unitarians—Bryant, Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, —all Unitarians. There is an apparent exception in the case of Whittier, who never left the fellowship of the Friends in which he was born, and never dropped their quaint language in his speech. But, though a Quaker, he was in perfect sympathy with Holmes in religious ideas. His theory of Jesus was Unitarian; and he cherished the boundless hope that we all love to trust in, for the future of mankind.

This is not a strange thing, because the poet is always a seer, always a prophet by virtue of his office as a poet. He catches the finer voice with which God's spirit is whispering to the dull ear of the world, puts it into words and interprets it to the people When Edward Everett Hale noted this fact, the Boston "Herald" criticised him in the following words: "There is no disputing Dr. Hale's claim that the five distinctly American poets were Unitarians; but perhaps some of the other denominations will dispute Dr. Hale's corollary that they were all Unitarians because they were poets. There 's poetry in all religions, and a study of the old Latin and Greek poets teaches that there is more in heathen idolatry than in any other religion." ¶This is only apparently true. If you examine the old Latin and Greek poets, you will find that, compared with the religion of the times, they were prophets, seers, leaders. So, if we go back to the Middle Ages, we shall see that that part of Dante which is immortal, which makes him speak to us today, was not the theology that has passed out of the belief of the world, but the grand, throbbing humanity which was in the heart of man. It is a significant thing that not only our late American poets were liberals, but both Browning and Tennyson, the great poets of contemporary England, were liberals also, chiming in with the voices this side the sea in the utterance of the same grand anthem of trust in God and hope for humanity.

Attain the grace of Silence.

Ballade of the Fra Who Abolished the Middle-Class

By Frank Putnam

I

NOT for his wealth in books and rails,
More than any man held before;
Not for his tact which trims all sails,
Bearing his goods to our warehouse door,
Shall his fame flourish the wide world o'er
(Flourish, at least, while my line stands;)
On this wing'd fact shall his name soar:
He callous'd the palms of Middle-Class hands.

II

Many there be who abhor his ways,
Dark and devious, blurr'd with crime;
Canter and cutpurse all his days
Chief of the anarchs who rule our time.
Knowing these things I compose my rhyme
And fling it abroad through all earth's lands;
For this he shines at a height sublime:
He callous'd the palms of Middle-Class hands.

III

Long in a world-wide war we fought,
The fair fell early, the foul got gain
Even as wolves in a barrier caught
We slew each other and devour'd the slain.
This wolf made our salvation plain,
Calming our chaos with soft commands.
(Let all now join in the glad refrain:)
He callous'd the palms of Middle-Class hands.

L'Envoi

Prince, never let this fact be forgot
When his dark deeds are recall'd with awe,
He solv'd man's riddle though he knew it not
Who clear'd our path to the Fourth Great Law
And when at last to the dark alone
His mummy goes down at Death's demands,
Let this be graven upon his stone:
"He callous'd the palms of Middle-Class hands."

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LIES TAUGHT IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS, SAYS PASTOR.

Rev. Dr. McConnell, of All Souls' Church, Startles Episcopal Congress in Boston.



THE Episcopal Congress in session in Tremont Temple never witnessed in all its history such an onslaught upon its cherished opinions as was made today by the Rev. Dr. Samuel D. McConnell, pastor of All Souls' Church, New York.

"The lesson papers now in use in hundreds of our Sunday-schools," said Dr. McConnell, "tell the children lies ❧ They present myths or legends as realities. They give descriptive measurements of a temple such as never was and a tabernacle such as never could be. They teach history which the children's day school-books show them is not true. They utterly ignore the results of an intricate study of the Bible.

"Sunday-school committees say it is unsafe to teach otherwise. Unsafe? Which is more unsafe —to tell children the truth or to tell fables in the name of religion, fables which they are as sure to find out as they are to grow?

"The World is amazed and Christianity ought to be, at the spectacle of our denominational divisions. What hinders reunion? ❧ It is this spurious loyalty to dogma.

"Think over the names of the presidents of the United States, governors of states, editors of great newspapers, great financiers, lawyers, philanthropists, engineers, physicians ❧ Nine-tenths of them hold themselves aloof from the church. How is it possible for a man of high intelligence to be orthodox in face of this fact?"

—Boston "Herald"

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TAKE the question of taxing church property. Every dollar's worth of church property ought to be taxed, and the fact that it is not taxed, proves a condition of established religious grafting. There are millions of dollars' worth of church property unaccounted for, unregistered and on which no tax is paid. It has escaped taxation by the manipulation of corrupt religious influences and as a result of tolerated religious grafting. ¶ The members of churches ought to pay their honest obligations to the churches to which they belong and thus hold up their heads and make it possible for their churches to walk out into the markets of the world and do business, buy what is needed without tainting or staining in the least the precious name of the church.—Rev. M. A. Matthews, Seattle "Post-Intelligencer."

CHURCH DROPS BIBLE.

Sunday School Work to be Devoted to Sociology and Economics.



OWING to the growing lack of interest in the Bible on the part of the young men members of the Sunday-school class of the First Congregational Church of Jersey City, the church has decided to abandon the international Sunday-school lessons and go in for sociology. Prohibition, protection, free trade, socialism, single tax, municipal government, social betterment, and kindred subjects will be taken up instead. The church is one of the largest in Jersey City, the Rev. John L. Scudder, who has become well known to the Jersey City public because of his war on illegal liquor selling, being the pastor. ¶ The Bible class, as a strictly Bible class, has been abandoned, and Nelson Forman elected president of the sociology class, and Lester Mehroff secretary of the new class. C. E. Adams, a New York commission merchant, will be the sociology teacher.

There has been considerable discussion but no open opposition to the new church plan, most of Dr. Scudder's members having frankly acknowledged that something had to be done to maintain the interest in the church ❧ Dr. Scudder explained yesterday some of the reasons for the change.

"The lessons from the lives of Abraham, Jacob, and the rest of the Old Testament heroes are interesting and beneficial," he said, "but they do not touch modern life intimately enough to interest young men. The young man of today is face to face with economic and social problems which did not exist in Biblical times ❧ These problems are pressing for solution, and the minds of our young men should be guided correctly in their thought upon them.

"One of these questions is that of the young woman in business. There are 6,000,000 women earning their own living, or the greater part of it, in this country, and their presence in the labor market has complicated not only the wage, but the matrimonial question. A young man nowadays finds it hard to support himself, and if he wants to marry, he is likely to fix his affections upon some woman who is making more money than he ❧ The solution of this problem—is to be found in a study of present conditions, and not in a philosophical inquiry into the wanderings of the twelve tribes."

—New York "Times."

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Morphine poisons by shutting off elimination.

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Who is Prof. Dickson?

Prof. Dickson is backed by reputation and experience as a teacher, extending over twenty years in the leading Universities and Schools of the day.

Personal contact with thousands of pupils impressed him with the fact that each one was hampered by the same deficiency—a marked absence of proper powers of Attention, Concentration, Retention, Self-Control, Memory, etc.

He was one of the first educators to discover the universal and primary need of the cultivation of these faculties, preliminary to the attempted acquisition of knowledge.

He was the pioneer in the application of this newly discovered principle that no matter what course of training the student intended to take up later, these drills of the faculties of memory were absolutely necessary as preliminary training. His students learned so much more easily and so thoroughly retained their acquired knowledge, that his method attracted world wide attention. The result was the foundation of the Dickson School of Memory.

What Prof. Dickson Has Done

The fame of this school and its unique methods has spread over the country and successful graduates fill every walk of business and professional activity. While the weakest minds can be strengthened, it must not be imagined that this method is applicable only to this class. Many of the most intellectual men of the day have availed themselves of Memory Training. W. T. Harris, former U. S. Commissioner of Education—the late Col. Robert Ingersoll. Mark Twain, and thousands of like minds have testified to the great benefit to be derived from Memory Training.

How He Can Help You

Thousands of successful men in all walks of life gratefully testify that they owe the consummation of their highest ambitions to his teachings, and he surely can help you—no matter who or what or where you are. He teaches you

How to remember names and faces of people you meet.
How to focus your mind instantly, to use effectively the points of a business proposition.
How to recall small but vital points of business without burdening the memory.
How to commit a speech or toast to memory quickly, and deliver it unhesitatingly in public or private.
How to think on your feet and make an extemporaneous speech.
How to converse at social gatherings in a natural, interesting way that wins friends.
How to overcome self-consciousness, bashfulness, etc.
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—*Thomas L. Masson*

IF YOU DOUBT—READ THE FRA ADS

THE fashionable universities, say like Harvard, Yale or Princeton, exist for one reason and only one. That is, they supply their graduates a passport into so-called Good Society. Outside of this they have no excuse for existence. Competence, character and power are very apt to be absent from your average youth who has had the benefits of the Higher Education. His "college training" is a lack of training, when it comes to getting things done. His degree cannot get him a job without his Papa's pull, much less help him keep it. Only one thing can be said for him, and that is, he is plausible. The exception proves the rule.

ACROSS the fields of long ago
He sometimes comes to me,
A little lad with face aglow—
The lad I used to be.

And yet he smiles so wistfully,
Once he has crept within—
I think that he still hopes to see
The man I might have been!

—Thomas S. Jones.

Live in the present—the time is Now.

THE difference between China and America in the matter of marriage is this," said His Excellency, Wu Ting Fang, "in China a bride never sees her husband before they are married; while in America, she never sees him afterward."

Would n't you walk a hundred miles to hear Shakespeare, Beethoven or Stradivari preach? I want no studio theorist to guide me in the way of life, but all day will I listen to the one who has Lived.

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Congress of Socialism

at East Aurora, June 20th to 30th, inclusive

Socialism is coming. The question is in what form, when, and how? To discuss this vital theme, viewing it from every standpoint will be the aim of this convention. There will be various prominent men and women speak daily. In fact, it will be a School of Economics, for the topics of Labor, Interest, Profits, Rent, etc., will be taken up and treated individually ✍ Incidentally there will be much Good-Cheer and the Spirit of Comradeship will prevail. Music, walks, talks and turns at the wood-pile ✍ Rates at The Roycroft Inn will be the same to Proletariat or Capitalist; Two Dollars a Day, American Plan ✍ No extras charged for admittance to lectures, concerts or classes. For reservations, address

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The Good Stuff Never Grows Old

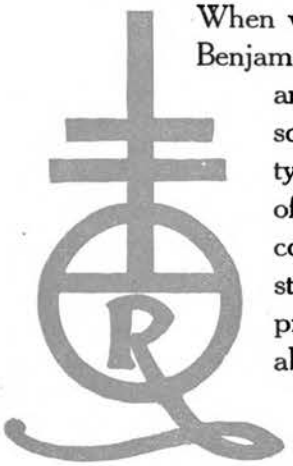
LITTLE JOURNEYS deal with the Great and the Near-Great of History. They tell, in a friendly, confidential way, the hopes and fears, the achievements and the disappointments, the joys and the sorrows of the World's Elect. A life is a wonderful thing, believes The Fra, and not a single scene in the panorama is without its use. ¶ Tho preserving identities, he introduces a flesh-and-blood man, whose struggles are your struggles and whose attainments are your attainments. You meet the Genius on a Basis of Equality. ¶ 'T is easy to tear down, to destroy, to muck-rake—Hubbard upbuilds. ¶ SEND THE DOLLAR TODAY

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Style and Art



When writing men like Gentile Bellini, William Caxton, Benjamin Franklin, Horace Walpole, William Morris and Thomas De Vinne felt in the mood to exude some particularly hot copy, they hiked for the type-case and worked their energy up into a galley of Good Stuff ❧ They set up the matter as they composed it. Thus we get the words "composing-stick" and "compositor." ¶In those days the printer was always a man of considerable literary ability. People used to doff their hats when they met him on the street and address "Mr. Printer." And as a follow-up custom, it was only the day before yesterday that folks stopped saying "Mr. Editor." ¶These early printer-authors had pronounced preferences for different type faces and families, and the adoption or rejection of these various choices segregated all shops into exponents of certain "styles." ¶Every print-shop now has its particular conception of what constitutes style in typography. No two offices have identical views on this subject, though all of them are evolving towards an Idea which had its first modern impulse in The Roycroft Shop. ¶The beauty and adaptability of this Idea found for it considerable favor, and "Roycroft Style" is now a well-known phrase in commercial printing circles. ¶But the best printers in the country have been unable to successfully reproduce "Roycroft Style." For "Roycroft Style" is more than a style, it's an Art—an Art born of Artistic Environment and developed by boys and girls working under conditions which approach the Ideal. The Roycroft Shop produces both Art and Artists.

If You Want Printing Done Very De Luxe, Let Us Know Your Needs

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KRELL-FRENCH ART TYPE "GRIFFIN."

Krell-French Pianos

Are Art Products. They are not the "Standard of the World." Ever read a piano ad. saying that? But frankly—there is no standard when it comes to art. An artistic production is something of exceptional excellence, beauty, intrinsic value and individuality, not to be found in other works of a similar kind ♣ Such a product is a

Krell-French Piano

and music lovers with music in the heart, as well as in the pocketbook can and do appreciate why the KRELL-FRENCH PIANO is "just a little bit better" than usual, yet costs no more, as unexcelled factory facilities and long, continued experience make it possible for the KRELL-FRENCH PIANO CO. to offer friends and dealers the greatest possible value in material and workmanship, and those extra qualities—that individuality of tone, ease of action, etc., without cost. ¶The output of this institution is varied to suit individual tastes when so desired. ¶Just now we offer three superb mahogany hand-made pianos in the Egyptian style, with benches to match; two hand-made, extra fancy mahogany arts in the Corinthian style; and two extra carved, mahogany Griffin Arts. *One* of these has been on exhibition and cannot be put back with the brand-new stock—slightly damaged—an opportunity for some one. ¶Our Art Department is preparing sixteen massive, extra fancy, hand-made Oxford Arts. Do you want a special for your home? Write for a KRELL-FRENCH CATALOG, but if you are afraid our goods will be too expensive, say so, and we will, at the same time, forward catalogs of other instruments. Reasonable terms if desired. The catalogs are FREE ♣

KRELL-FRENCH PIANO COMPANY
J. AVENUE AND L. E. & W. R. R. NEW CASTLE, INDIANA

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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I DON'T want to meet an ideal man, or woman either. I don't want to be an ideal man—cut off from my kind with all their imperfections on their heads. I don't want to go to Heaven if, as the preachers would prove, nearly every man and woman in history worth a damn really got what was coming to him.—William Marion Reedy.

HE who is silent is forgotten; he who abstains is taken at his word; he who does not advance falls back; he who stops is overwhelmed, distanced, crushed; he who ceases to grow greater becomes smaller; he who leaves off, gives up; the stationary condition is the beginning of the end.—Amiel.

LAWS, religions, creeds and all formal systems of ethics make society worse instead of better ✍ This is because laws and creeds stand still, or are refined and restated after painful strife, while humanity without them would move on. This is why we should have the fewest possible number of laws.—Seneca.

THE soul aids the body, and at certain moments raises it. It is the only bird which bears upward its own cage. ¶ Our daily familiar life is but a hiding of ourselves from each other behind a screen of trivial words and deeds; and those who sit with us at the same hearth are often the farthest off from the deep human soul within us, full of unspoken evil and unacted good.—Eliot.

THE man who has an easy job is damned, mentally and morally, and probably physically ✍ Men grow through coping with trials, surmounting obstacles and overcoming unkind conditions ✍ Initiative and originality are born of the struggle for existence ✍ Overcoming one threatened disaster carries you right on through the next one, and down go the trials like ten-pins ✍ Bring on your troubles!



THEY *ALL* REMEMBERED THE

KODAK

A vacation *without* a Kodak is a vacation wasted. A Kodak doubles the value of every journey and adds to the pleasure, present and future, of every outing. Take a Kodak with you. *Kodaks, $5.00 to $100; Brownie Cameras, (They work like Kodaks), $1.00 to $12.00.*

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Catalogues free at the dealers or by mail.

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Children's Eyes and School Rooms



Murine Relieves the Eye when Irritated by Chalk Dust and Eye Strain, incident to the average Schoolroom. A recent Census of New York City reveals the fact that in that City alone, 17,928 School Children Needed Eye Care. Why not try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes, Granulation, Pink Eye and Eye Strain? Murine does n't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Is Compounded by Experienced Physicians; Contains no Injurious or Prohibited Drugs. Try Murine for your Eye Troubles; You will Like Murine. Try it in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids. Druggists Sell Murine at 50c. The Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, will send you Interesting Eye Books Free. Special Literature and Samples to the Medical Profession.

ALL DRUGGISTS ARE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE
Murine Eye Remedy Company
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." ¶He performed wondrous works and directed all who believed his message to go and do likewise. He worked according to his innate conception of physical and spiritual law, saying, "One jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled."

He realized that the Father Himself works only in accordance with his natural and eternal law. —Professor S. A. Weltmer.

THE insistence of Senator Tillman that "Booker T. Washington is a negro, just the same," was needless, irrelevant, inconsequent and uncalled for, in view of the Senator's pronounced opinions concerning the colored brother. There is another fact about Booker T. Washington which is worth noting, and that is, that he is a gentleman. ¶When the mother of Themistocles was taunted because she was an alien, she proudly replied, "It is true I am an alien, but my son is Themistocles."

Well might the mother of Booker T. Washington stop the mouth of the caviler by a similar remark. Booker T. Washington is a negro, but he is Booker T. Washington, just the same.

JESUS was the first man to realize his relationship to God, and promulgate the doctrine in the simplest possible manner.

He claimed no divine parentage, save that, together with all men, he was the Son of God. ¶He claimed to be endowed with no more of Divinity ("I am in the Father and the Father in me") than he conceded to his fellowmen. He laid claim to and used the "Kingdom of Heaven" within him and directed all men—"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His

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WHEN YOU APPROACH A MAN UPON WHOM YOU WISH TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION YOU DON YOUR "GLAD RAGS"

WHEN YOU WISH A GOOD RECEPTION FOR YOUR PAPER REPRESENTATIVE YOU SHOULD BE AS PARTICULAR ABOUT ITS RAIMENT

THIS MEANS GOOD DESIGNS, GOOD CUTS, GOOD PRINTING, ON GOOD PAPER WITH GOOD INK AND ALL IN GOOD TASTE

WE DO THAT KIND

SCHAUM
ENGRAVING & PRINTING COMPANY
SUCCESSORS TO
CLARK
ENGRAVING & PRINTING CO.

DESIGNS | PRINTS
CUTS | ADS
ART STATIONERY
MILWAUKEE

Immortals On The Way

to the PHILISTINE CONVENTION will recognize each other by the Tie-Elbertus. Roycrofter Railroad Authorities (like Jim Hill) have issued a General Order to all conductors, brakemen, baby-trailers, flagmen, biscuit-shooters, gatemen and whisk-broom highwaymen, directing that during June and July, Special Consideration should be given to traveling-folk who wear

The Roycroft Tie

These Official Ties are made of best black or white crepe de chine, both ends being hemstitched by two hands. To Socialists who wish to preserve the poetic chromatics, we offer the Clarence Darrow Style, Full Fra Elbertus Size in Bright Red. A limited number. Price, to the Elect, $1.50 Post-paid.

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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Do You Believe In Cleanliness?

FOLKS who value their health know that Nature requires co-operation and assistance. This body of ours may accomplish great things and stand many abuses, but even Human Machinery eventually shows wear and tear. ¶To maintain a standard of excellence and eliminate depreciation, watchfulness and kind care are essential. You insure against breakage and long stays in the repair-shop by taking an occasional INTERNAL BATH. ¶There is just one and only one effective Internal Bath which has been before the public for years —which operates in such a way as to leave no ill effect whatever after using—which is so near to Nature's own way that it does not force but assists her—that one is the

J. B. L. CASCADE

Thousands are using it with great results and corresponding enthusiasm. Some of their experiences, and most interesting information on the Internal Bath, its purpose, its reasons and its results, are contained in a little book called, "The What, The Why, The Way," which will be sent you free on request. We suggest that you write for it now, while it is on your mind.

Every One Ought to Read This

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

New York, February 26, 1908

CHAS. H. TYRRELL, M. D.

My Dear Sir: About two months ago I was induced by a friend in this office to purchase one of your "J. B. L. Cascades." I was exceedingly skeptical about your proposition, and it was with great indifference that I gave it a trial. The result has been little short of amazing. It has practically made a new man of me and has given me the relief I had been looking for, for years.

I have taken pleasure in recommending the Cascade to a number of my friends and will continue to recommend it.

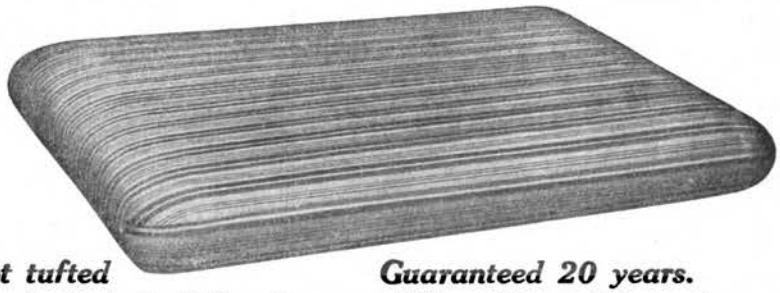
It gives me great pleasure to write this little note of grateful appreciation. Yours very truly,

(Signed) DAVID D. LEE

TYRRELL HYGIENIC INSTITUTE
134 D West 65th Street, New York City

A buoyant, restful bed, which invites you to repose at night, and sends you forth in the morning refreshed and fit for an active day. The best that materials and experience can make.

SEALY MATTRESS



Not tufted ***Guaranteed 20 years.***

Made in a single bat of finest pure white cotton. The only mattress which does not require *tufting* to hold its shape.

IN USE AT THE ROYCROFT INN.

Ask your dealer, or write to the makers for a bright little book of Mattress facts. Full of interest to lovers of comfort and luxury.

SEALY MATTRESS COMPANY, Dallas, Texas.

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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I SEE the spectacle of morning from the hilltop over against the house, from daybreak to sunrise, with emotions an angel might share. The long, slender bars of cloud float, like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations; the active enchantment reaches me, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind.—Emerson

A SHORT time ago, for the first time in its existence, Queen's Hall, in London, opened its doors to two women members of parliament from Finland, Dr. Tekla Hultin and Mrs. Aino Malmberg, who came fresh from their victory of having won full political rights. Their reception was enthusiastic and in striking contrast to the Antislavery Congress in London in Eighteen Hundred and Forty-eight, when women delegates from all over the world were refused seats on the ground that they were legally disqualified by their sex. But the world has moved since then, and now the time has arrived for government by morality, kindness and sympathy, and the woman who embodies and represents these qualities demands the right to take an equal part in public affairs. ¶ There are some who argue to the contrary; but those who insist that women are morally entitled to the ballot and therefore should have it, no matter whether they use it well or ill, have the better argument.—Mrs. Mackey.

Cincinnatus was ploughing his four jugera of land when the messenger brought him the dictatorship, finding him, the tradition says, strapped to the work.



"THE SQUARE GUY"

Is a Long Filler 5-inch Havana Segar $5.00 per One Hundred

Bulldog Segars

ARE REAL HABANA
FINE AND MILD

Our New and Pleasing Shape

After Dinner - - - $6.00
per box of Fifty

Panetelas - - - - $4.00
per box of Fifty

"Fra" Perfectos - - $3.00
per box of Twenty-five

If Your Dealer Doesn't Handle
Them Order Direct From Us

JOHN W. MERRIAM & CO.
THE ROYCROFT SEGAR SHOP, 139 Maiden Lane, New York City

A Friend on the Spot

I LIVE in the Yakima Valley, the Land of the Big Red Apple. The little farm I own here is *not* for sale. I have no axe to grind, no real estate to sell. But I have valuable information for those interested in Washington Fruit Land. ¶ Peach, Pear, Plum and Apple Trees planted in the Yakima Valley thrive marvelously. The climate is perfect and the country for miles around a veritable Eden. ¶ Land that can now be bought for $200 per acre will bring from $500 to $600 with two-year-old trees on it. And when the first crop arrives, convenient markets and enormous yields enable you to literally pick dollars from your own trees. ¶ Folks who wish to invest in this property, but who do not wish to come all the way to Yakima to buy three or four acres, I invite to correspond with me. I will refer you to *reliable* agents; I will advise you as to the value of the land you are buying; and I will set out trees or secure worthy tenants to cultivate your purchase. ¶ If you are interested write me. I am ebullient with information and enthusiasm about the opportunities for farming here.

Mrs. R. E. Bailie, R. F. D. No. 3, Box 165, N. Yakima, Wash.

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CAN you picture in your mind a place you never saw? Can you imagine a sensation you never felt? Can you approximate the pleasures of a beverage you never tasted? Can you? ¶ The first two of the above queries have puzzled Metaphysicians for one hundred and ninety-three years. They are still discussed by the Witenagemot and all answers continue to be disputed. ¶ But the third question, though seemingly analogous to the other two, must positively be anwered in the Negative. ¶ For no person could form even the vaguest conception of the delights or

WHITE HOUSE COFFEE

The Banner Coffee of the World

previous to drinking a steaming cup of this incomparable decoction. White House surpasses your fondest Ideal of good coffee. It is so superior that your first taste of it can never be forgotten and each successive sip infatuates you more. ¶ If you do not drink White House, then you have not approached the summit of coffee enjoyment. Only when you drink *White House* do you drink the *Best.* ¶ White House Coffee is sold in sealed tins of one, two and three pounds—never in bulk. Grocers for Good Folks all sell White House Coffee.

DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY
PRINCIPAL COFFEE ROASTERS
BOSTON
CHICAGO

No Better Policies than the Old-Fashioned Ones

PARK & TILFORD

¶ Founded Seventy years ago, have always applied advanced methods in departments of their large business, from the most careful selection of Food Products to the courteous sale and prompt delivery or shipment of purchases to all customers in City, Suburbs or Country. ¶ But Park & Tilford *have never deviated* from the good old-fashioned policies of strict integrity in business transactions and merchandising the finest qualities at lowest prices for the *best.* ¶ Groceries, Wines, Cigars, Perfumery and Toilet Articles ♣ Full Price-List at your disposal. ¶ *Should you not buy of Park & Tilford?* ¶ Deliveries out of town are made by freight and express within a large area ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

STORES AND PHONES IN NEW YORK

Broadway and 21st Street.....4971 Gramercy
Broadway and 41st Street.....3300 Bryant
Broadway and 101st Street, 8650-51-52 Riverside
Fifth Avenue and 59th Street.....5400 Plaza
Sixth Avenue near 9th Street.....6830 Gramercy
Columbus Avenue and 72d Street, 1790 Columbus
Lenox Avenue and 126th Street.....5144 Harlem

PARIS WEST END, N. Y. HAVANA

THERE 'S nothing finer 'neath the sun
Than brave right living; duty done
At stroke of hour; kind thoughts bestowed;
A life to ease another's load;
Temptations overcome; some cause
Pushed forward; then a restful pause,
To give the new uprising good
In our own hearts, its little rood
In which to grow. —Marion Lisle.

♣

We pay for everything we receive.

THE course of study of every high school is a copy or adaptation of the course of some other high school copied from some older one and so on back to a medieval program, devised for the young English aristocracy. The idea is becoming general that this influence is retarding the adequate education of our children. —William McAndrew.

♣

AND the religions from the height of their thrones arraign one another for their false paradises. Thou ravest, Brahma! Thou liest, Mahomet! Thou cheatest souls, Luther! Crowd of brains, rout of chimeras. —Victor Hugo.

♣

THE FRA is working with a thousand other factors to save the world from financial, physiological, economic and intellectual chaos —unlike Bill Beiderwold, Bill Sunday, Walt Holcombe and Sam Small who are snatching a few greasy souls from an imaginary perdition by the use of a lachrymose imaginary lariat.

♣

The chief advantage of the Boarding School is that it shifts parental responsibility. It is much easier to draw a check for a few hundred dollars than to look after the kid yourself.

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·U-ALL-NO·
·AFTER DINNER MINT·

You will find a new enjoyment in this delightful confection.

A new mint flavor, a mellowness, smoothness, creaminess, known only to U-All-No After Dinner Mint.

Sold in sealed tins, by grocers, confectioners and druggists everywhere.

If your dealer does not keep U-All-No we will send a liberal box on receipt of ten cents.

MANUFACTURING CO. OF AMERICA
Sole Makers 445 N. 12th St., Philadelphia

Fisherman: What is a Real Fishhook?
I've Solved It: The FREEPORT HOOK

¶ Do you remember that one about the French Painter? They asked him with what he mixed his paints to make such exquisite co ors. "Brains," he replied. ¶ And so it is (modestly of course) with me. I have mixed in my hook, years and years of experience, observation and work. ¶ I only make Hooks—that one thing I do—and do it well. I have gone so close to perfection that I fear but one thing, and that is: that some time the shade of good old Ike Walton will transmit a message to our great "Fisher-Bund" that the blamed "Freeport Dutchman" has taken all the romance out of the art and sharpened the catching possibilities to such a certainty that the fish will stop being sports, and consider the appearance of a FREEPORT HOOK as the introduction of a suicide pact.

Observe what Ike's followers say in "A Little Book About a Hook." Write for it—it 's free

LOUIS BIERSACH, The Dutchman, Dept. A-9, Freeport, Illinois

LET YOUR BOY DECIDE

A BOY'S impulses are generally right. He knows what he wants. It 's poor policy to restrain his natural desires.

Curb your Boy's Play and some day another man will restrict his Work. Don't stifle his development in Youth and expect him to be self-reliant at Maturity.

"The World reserves its best prizes for Initiative," says Hubbard.

Initiative means doing the right thing without being told. It means decision, confidence and an independence of thought and action. Let a Boy Play with an Intelligent Purpose and he will do his work in after life with a Definite Aim. By enouraging Initiative in the Boy, we get the Master Man.



$1.00 and $2.00

DAISY AIR RIFLES

are safe, accurate and strongly made. Boys who handle them learn to adopt the trustworthy, and to shun the unreliable ✍ Indeed the strong, clean, manly, healthy youngster may well be referred to as the "Daisy" Type. ¶ "Daisy" Boys never bite their nails, fidget in their chairs, or monkey with the forks and spoons at table. They are the Leaders of Tomorrow.

1000-shot Daisy, an Automatic Magazine Rifle $2.00
Other Daisy Models - - - $1.00 to $1.75

YOUR BOY WANTS ONE

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or delivered anywhere in the United States on receipt of price. The "Daisy" Book telling all about them free ✍ WRITE FOR IT TODAY.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Union Street, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

FRISCO WILL FROLIC

ANY man can *undertake* a big job—but it is the Great Man, who, after taking up the task, carries it thru to a successful completion. ¶ With Cities as with Men the same rule holds. And San Francisco having surmounted a series of titanic disasters can now be depended upon to accomplish *anything* she undertakes. ¶ Her most recent bid for recognition—

The Portolá Festival

will be held in that city next October. ¶ The elaborate and extensive plans for this joyous occasion manifest a sudden reaction from the storm and stress of the past three years. The pendulum would seem to have swung back from months of nervous activity to one solid week of absolute Gaiety and relaxation from all cares. ¶ The Portola Festival will consist of one week of Old San Francisco, or the City as it was under the Spanish Dominion ✍ Everywhere the Spanish note will prevail. Sombreros, sashes and garlands of flowers will be worn in true Castilian Style in the pageants and plays. ¶ There will be days for automobile races, and athletic events, in which Wild West sports, trick-riding by vaqueros, and "bull-fights" will be unique features. ¶ Deputations from almost every nation in the world will participate in the festivities, and thousands of Eastern visitors will be attracted to "The City that Entertains," to witness Frisco's Fall Fiesta. ¶ The Main Center, where all Public Performances are to be given, and whence all branches of the Carnival will radiate, will be Union Square ✍ ✍ ✍

Hotel Saint Francis

fronting upon Union Square will be the theatre of balls, battles of flowers, confetti and paper streamers, and a series of varied entertainments. The spirit of the Old Régime will completely pervade the hotel and immeasurably heighten the effect of Frisco's hospitality. Suppose you write for particulars, and then arrange your trip to reach Frisco during Portola Week. FESTIVAL Address ✍ ✍ ✍ ✍ ✍

Portola Festival Committee, Phelan Building
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

Wherever Woman Works

whether in business or in the home, intelligent methods are necessary to elevate her duties above the level of drudgery. ¶ Common-sense Housewives who conscientiously emulate the immaculate, eliminate oodles of elbow-grease by enlisting the aid of

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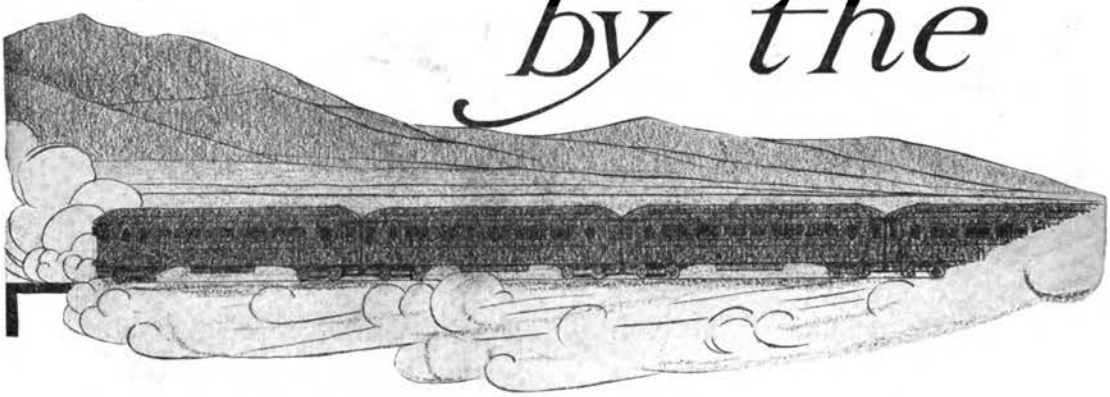
Pearline does Better, Handier, Finer, Safer, Quicker and more Effective Work than any Soap ✍ For all sorts of Scouring, Scrubbing, Housecleaning, Dish-washing, Windows, Glassware, Pearline has no equal.

Millions Use Pearline

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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The World's by the



The Twentieth Century Limited, the pride of America's railway system, changes engines three times between New York and Buffalo, a distance less than 500 miles. The Maxwell covered 10,074 miles without stopping its motor—in perfect condition at end of run.

Think of It—more than 10,000 miles of continuous running of the engine—not interrupted by a single adjustment or repair, covering a distance equal to that from New York to Japan, or amounting to no less than six combined Glidden Tours. All this without a single stop of the motor or perceptible wear to either engine or car.

This Means Something to You. It means a degree of reliability never shown by any other make of automobile regardless of price—it means that the Maxwell represents most successfully the genius of its designer and the efforts of its manufacturers to give to the American motorist a car that can be relied upon in the hardest service.

10,000 Miles is an Astonishing Performance, but this exacting test is no more than every Maxwell can do. Just ask one of our 14,600 satisfied owners.

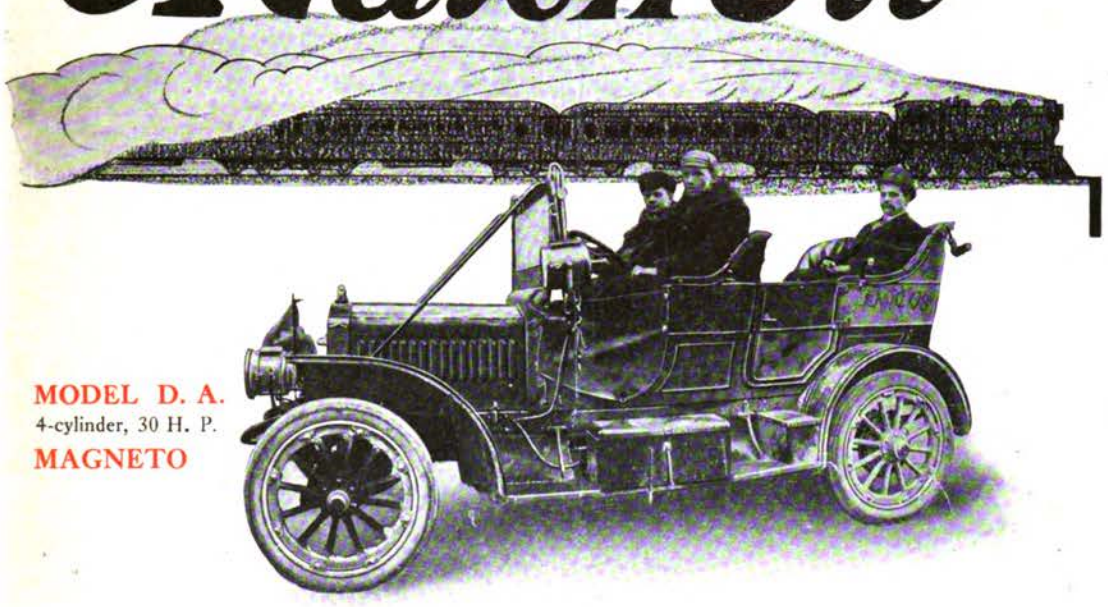
Here is What the Maxwell Did. On March 18th, Mr. Speare, President of the American Automobile Association, started the engine, and on April 12th pulled the plug that officially ended the run. This 30 H. P., four-cylinder Maxwell touring car, a stock model—the same as you can buy for $1,750—covered 10,074 miles in twenty-six days of continuous running, over 624 hours, more than doubling the best previous non-stop record and stamping the Maxwell as the *Champion Long Distance Car of the World.*

Let Us Tell You More. We have issued a booklet on this remarkable performance, giving the log entries of the official observers, together with their sworn statements. This booklet contains much valuable information, and interesting incidents of the 10,000 mile trip—it is profusely illustrated. May we send you a copy?

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Record Smashed

"Maxwell"



MODEL D. A.
4-cylinder, 30 H. P.
MAGNETO

THE CHAMPION LONG-DISTANCE CAR

This Stock Model—the same as you can buy for $1,750—equipped with Gas Lamps, Generator and Magneto—holds all long-distance non-stop records—from 5,000 to 10,000 miles.

THE MAXWELL four-cylinder 30 H. P. touring car, which on April 12th, completed its long journey of 10,074 miles without stopping the engine, established a record for reliability and continuous running never before equaled by an Automobile, Locomotive or Steamship.

This is not only the most wonderful performance ever accomplished by a motor-car, but marks a new epoch in the development of modern transportation.

MAXWELL BRISCOE MOTOR CO.

P. O. BOX 128, TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK

PAWTUCKET, R. I. MAIN OFFICE AND FACTORY NEW CASTLE, IND.

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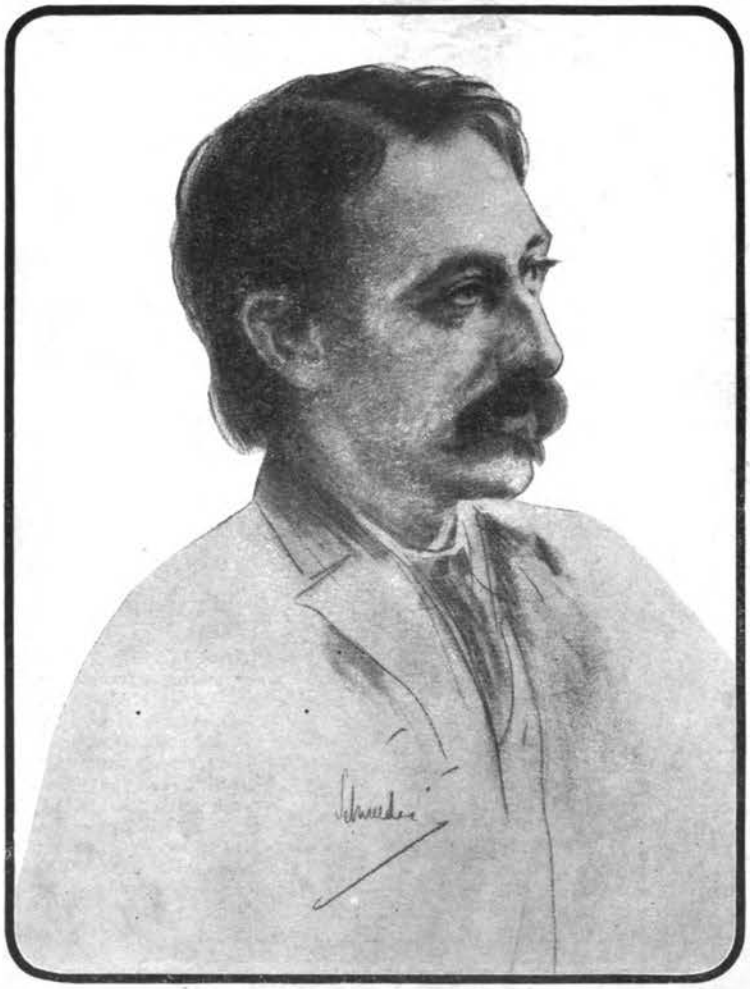
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A·JOURNAL·OF·AFFIRMATION

Vol. III JULY, 1909 No. 4

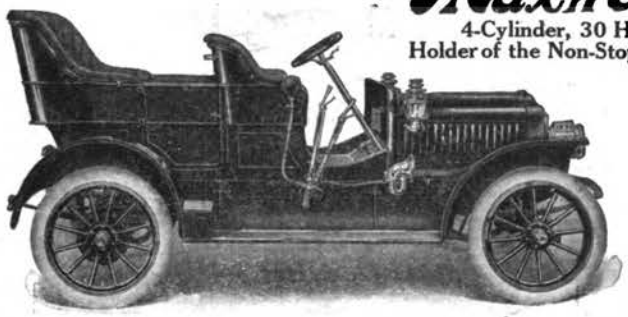


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25·CENTS·A·COPY·2·DOLLARS·A·YEAR

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"Maxwell"

4-Cylinder, 30 H. P.
Holder of the Non-Stop Record



MODEL D-A, $1,750—Equipped with Gas Lamps, Generator and Magneto. Also as Roadster.

After 10,000 Miles—"No Appreciable Wear"

is the verdict of the committee of four experts who took apart and examined the MAXWELL four-cylinder, 30-horsepower touring car at the finish of its great non-stop run of 10,074 miles.

THESE MEN KNOW

These men who examined and reported on the condition of this car know—they are experts in their respective lines. Mr. C. F. Park, who had charge of the examining committee, is professor of mechanical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Perhaps no man is better qualified to judge as to the condition of an automobile than Mr. Park. ¶Mr. James Fortescue, secretary of the Bay State Automobile Club, is a man of wide experience in the automobile field. ¶Mr. C. J. Bailey and Mr. V. A. Charles are gentlemen who have for years been associated with the automobile industry. They are men whose practical experience made their services on this committee particularly valuable.

HERE IS WHAT THEY SAY:

"The power unit—engine clutch and transmission—was removed from the car and completely taken apart. It was the intention of the committee to measure all lost motion or wear in the main and important bearings before the boxes were opened; but as these bearings showed no appreciable wear the plan was abandoned."

ENGINE WEAR INAPPRECIABLE

That's what the committee reported—and yet this car had covered 10,074 miles under more than ordinary touring conditions. Think of it! Practically two seasons' use without an engine stop and then the committee reported "No perceptible wear." ¶Yet the MAXWELL covered more than 10,000 miles, running continuously over the roads without giving its engine a moment's rest or its drivers a chance to make those little adjustments that mean so much to the life of an automobile ¶In spite of this the wear on the engine, on the bearings, on the clutch, on the gears, in fact, on every moving part, was "inappreciable."

THIS MECHANICAL EXAMINATION

was made by impartial judges, and their written and signed report we will gladly mail to you. No automobile has ever been subjected to such an exacting test. It was not enough for us to know that the MAXWELL could more than double the best previous world's non-stop record. We wanted to prove publicly that the car finished in practically as good running condition, at the end of 10,074 miles as at the beginning. That's why we turned the car over to the Bay State Automobile Club, who appointed this committee of four experts to examine and report.

WHAT'S THE REASON

that this car showed "no appreciable wear?" There must be some mechanical reason—THERE IS—no other car except the MAXWELL incorporates in one design the principles of **Unit Construction and Three Point Suspension—Multiple Disc Clutch—Thermo-Syphon Cooling and Straight Line Shaft Drive.** ¶Doesn't this 10,000-mile non-stop run prove that the MAXWELL is the car you want? Over 14,600 owners say that no car is so satisfactory to own. Won't you take your time now to investigate the MAXWELL? Let us send you copy of the official report and booklet on this great 10,000-mile Non-Stop Run.

MAXWELL-BRISCOE MOTOR CO.

Pawtucket, R. I. **P. O. BOX 128, TARRYTOWN, N. Y.** **New Castle, Ind.**

MAIN OFFICE AND FACTORY

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Pack a GILLETTE Before YOU Hike

A VACATION is not a Vacation when annoyance steps in. The man who depends upon the Barber Service of a Seaside Town, or an Inland Village, is courting disappointment and inviting a grouch. Some warm, lazy, midweek morning this Summer you'll advance the Shaving Question to "Bill," the Hired Man, and he'll tell you that the Barber in the mile-away town only works at Barbering on Saturdays. 'Tween Times said gentleman drives the Hotel Bus. ¶ An aggravating scrubble and no Barber in sight spoils for you the full enjoyment of your Holiday. On the Other Hand, a GILLETTE makes you independent of conditions; it radiates comfort, security and a sense of Self-Reliance

A Gillette Campers' Case

For The Corner of Your Grip

No mile walks in the Sun, no if-he-chances-to-be-there Barber Service, no scrubble, no growls or grumps, no regrets—when you carry a GILLETTE. In this way you get the most out of your Vacation. A GILLETTE is always there—it's a timesaver, (it requires NO STROPPING—NO HONING,) and it's invitingly personal. ¶ Small, Sharp, Sanitary, Kind, Useful, Practical, the GILLETTE CAMPERS' CASE—the POCKET EDITION—is the Little Friend of all Mankind. Above all—the Cleanliness of the Gillette Service appeals particularly to the Hot Weather Man.

The CAMPERS' CASE is the handsomest and cleverest little device you ever saw. The case is made in gold, silver, or gun-metal. Plain polished or richly engraved. The Razor Handle and Blade Box each triple silver-plated or 14K. gold-plated—and the blades are fine. PRICES, $5.00 to $7.50. ON SALE EVERYWHERE.
You should know GILLETTE SHAVING BRUSH—a new brush of Gillette Quality—bristles gripped in hard rubber: and GILLETTE SHAVING STICK—a shaving soap worthy of the GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR.

Gillette Sales Company

New York, Times Bldg.
Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.
London Office, 17 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

549 Kimball Building, Boston

Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris

Canadian Office
63 St. Alexander St.
Montreal

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING

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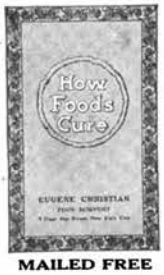
HOW FOODS CURE



I CAN tell you HOW FOODS CURE—that is, how to select, combine and proportion your foods, so as to remove the causes of all kinds of stomach and intestinal trouble and all forms of malnutrition. Then Nature will do the curing.

Health is your natural condition. Disease is an unnatural condition. Health being natural, it follows that you can secure it only by obeying natural laws. The most important of these laws is that governing nutrition. Food is the building material—the iron, stone and timber of the human temple. If your food (your building material) is wrong, you will be sick. If it is selected and combined rightly, you will be well, full of life and vim. Food is fundamental. It is the chief factor in making both health and disease, according to how it is used. My methods are as far advanced in the science of health, as wireless telegraphy is in the transmission of thought. Why not investigate them?

MY NEW BOOK



MAILED FREE

If you are ill—not up to the mark in every respect—no matter what your trouble is—take time today and send for my little book "HOW FOODS CURE." Mailed free. It will give you something new to think about, and thinking won't hurt you.

Eugene Christian FOOD SCIENTIST

Dept. 45 7 East 41st Street, New York

PROFESSOR ZEUBLIN is reported to have said that every woman is entitled to the right of free motherhood, regardless of all conventions. Maybe he didn't say that, or just exactly that, or anything like it. The woman who seeks motherhood regardless of the conventions is in no danger of being denied her right. The woman who wants to defy the conventions has a right to do so, but no one has a right to repudiate the conventions and at the same time expect the supposed protection the conventions give him or her. One cannot defy public opinion and at the same time ask that it be favorable. People who want to do what other people think not to be right, should not do it and then expect the other people to accept them as correct and proper. That's the trouble with so many unconventional people; they want to do things and escape the consequences. They want to keep their cake and eat it too. Honest people who disregard the conventions and make no appeal to those conventions for exemption from the social consequences of their acts, are usually respected for their courage & honored for their consistency. What Professor Zeublin may have said, we don't know, but what some of our sociologists should say is that conventions are not necessarily convictions. The conventions are, too often, falsehoods. They are forms in which men and women do not really believe. Often it is a duty to smash them. It is never a duty to smash them by one's conduct and then to ask consideration in a game, the rules of which one has broken. Those who defy the conventions should be strong enough to live outside the game. If a love be

Continued on Page iii

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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greater than the law, then the law exists not for that love. If the love fail and the law be greater, then the persons who have broken the law must not whimper when they suffer the penalty. We don't believe that men or women generally are quite strong or free enough as yet, to get along without some of the conventions that are so often smashed and the smashing repented of by the smashers. People who are big and free enough to get along without the conventions don't suffer any evil effects such as remorse. They don't seek a society they have tried to slap in the face. They are free enough & broad enough to let the majority go its own way, as they go theirs. Keeping their self-respect, they naturally compel the respect of such others as there may be whose respect is worth having. And if they are a law unto themselves they keep to the law, nor ask participation in the benefit of laws they don't recognize. The conventions can not be fast and loose, to fit the whims of "fast" and "loose" people. Earnest folk who overstep the conventions can do so in a way to justify themselves. They take their medicine. They have the substance of social good faith and sincerity, if not the form. They know liberty as distinct from license. And some day in the future men and women will be self-ruling to an extent that will do away with the necessity of rules laid upon them from outside themselves. At present we can't expect to enforce our rule upon others and ignore the rules of others without evil results. We must conform or we must rebel and when we rebel we must not ask that we be the beneficiaries of the conformity we have cast aside.

—William Marion Reedy.



Madam, You Should Read Labels

It's the only way to be sure of getting *leaf lard.*

If you don't use leaf lard you are missing all the dainty effects that leaf lard brings out in the cooking.

You are wasting your knowledge of cooking when you use ordinary lards. No cook can be better than her materials.

Where you find *famous* cooks, you find *leaf lard, always.* There is not one exception. Take *leaf lard* away and their most famous dishes would become commonplace.

It is easy to get leaf lard today, if you know how to get it.

"Leaf Brand" Isn't Leaf Lard

You'll never get leaf lard if you buy pails labeled "Leaf Brand"—you'll never get the same *results.*

A pail labeled "Pure Lard" need not contain any leaf lard. If a maker says "Leaf Lard" on his label he must have all leaf lard in his pail. The law forbids misbranding.

Thousands still buy "Leaf Brands" and "Pure Lards" because they don't know about *labels.* They'll never know what good cooks they are until they buy lard in pails labeled "*Leaf Lard*"—"Armour's 'Simon Pure' Leaf Lard."

Only one woman in ten can get leaf lard. There isn't enough leaf fat to supply more. So all the choice lard goes to those who insist on it. It is made from that dainty bit of flaky fat that surrounds the hog's kidneys.

It is to ordinary lard what cream is to milk.

We make it in open kettles, as leaf lard was made on the farm.

But we use open jacketed kettles and employ infinite skill.

Armour's
"Simon Pure"
Leaf Lard

has a flavor not even approached in other lards. We make other lards in this way, but our leaf lard is the best.

It's not only the most delicious lard, but the most economical, for one need use but two-thirds as much as of ordinary lard. That is essential, else the food is too rich. It is even better than butter for cooking. It doesn't cook so dry.

Government Inspected

The seal across the top of every pail of this lard shows that Government officers have inspected the contents.

No other lard comes to you with such a seal intact. You cannot depend on another lard to the same extent.

That's why we say—"Madam, You Should Read Labels."

Now that you know, try *real leaf lard;* see what you miss when you use ordinary lard.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

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The Escape from Worry

Give us a winding road, a sky full of white floating clouds, a river and a bridge over which to rumble, a lake, blue and inviting, among green hills, an hour's run to dinner, and the sense of power and control at the wheel of a Rambler—and we will have no thought of business cares.

With the **Rambler**

there is added to the pleasure of touring the satisfaction of freedom from the worries of the road.

The Rambler Offset Crank-Shaft makes this car silently powerful, capable of running at forty or three miles an hour on high speed, and climbing any hill with gratifying ease.

The Rambler Spare Wheel saves the tiresome task of repairing and pumping up a tire, and can be substituted for the regular wheel within three minutes' time.

RAMBLER AUTOMOBILES, $1,150 to $2,500

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company

Main Office and Factory: Kenosha, Wisconsin.
Branches and Distributing Agencies: Chicago, Milwaukee, Boston, Cleveland, New York, San Francisco.
Representatives in all the leading cities.

THE CAR OF STEADY SERVICE

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

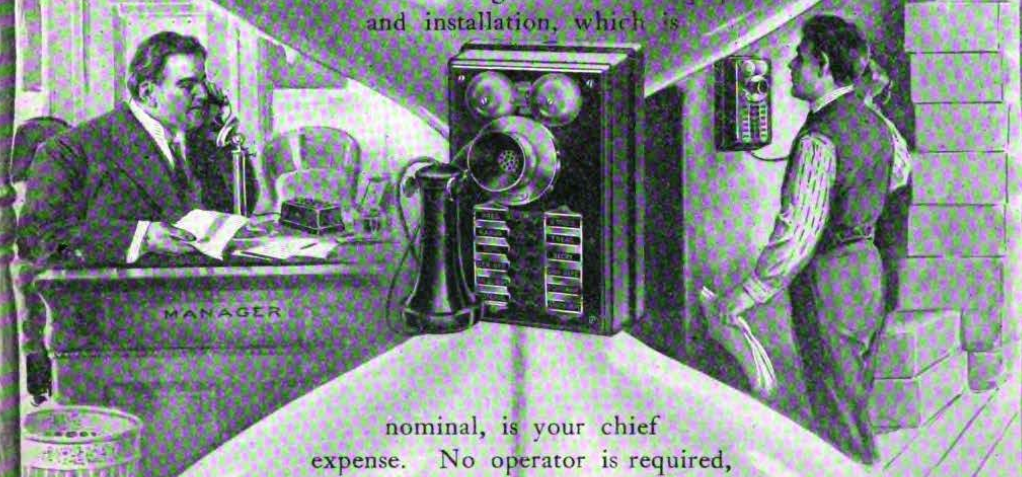
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A Western Electric Intercommunicating Telephone System

saves the valuable minutes lost by the walking and messenger methods of the past.

The Sands of Time

run slowly, when such a system connects the different departments of your organization. This system enables you to accomplish more in the crowded day. It completes your scheme of economical and effective business methods. The original cost for equipment and installation, which is



nominal, is your chief expense. No operator is required, so there is no operating expense. Our intercommunicating Telephones are of the same standard quality as the celebrated "Bell" Telephones of which we are the manufacturers.

DYNAMOS-MOTORS WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY TELEPHONES-SUPPLIES

Write our nearest house, to-day for Bulletin No. 8542 and suggestions.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO LOCAL LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

The world's oldest and largest telephone manufacturer. There are over **4,000,000 Western Electric Telephones** in use in the United States to-day

Intercommunicating Telephones a Specialty

Northern Electric and Mfg. Co., Ltd., Montreal and Winnipeg.

Eastern	Central	Western	Pacific
New York	Chicago	Saint Louis	San Francisco
Philadelphia	Indianapolis	Kansas City	Los Angeles
Boston	Cincinnati	Denver	Seattle
Pittsburg	Minneapolis	Dallas	Salt Lake City
Atlanta		Omaha	

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The Jones Dairy Farm

Country Sausages From Little Pig Pork — Pure Food Products — Buckwheat Flour Maple Products

MILO C. JONES, President
P. W. JONES, Vice-President
EDW. C. JONES, Sec'y and Treas.

Fort Atkinson, Wis., June 7, 1909

My Dear Felix:

Yesterday I received a complete report of our last Season's Advertising.

You will be glad to learn that of all the eighteen periodicals used by the Jones Folks, THE FRA made the best record. It produced the most gratifying results, both Quality and Quantity considered. Also, the inquiries from our six page investment in THE FRA cost less pro rata than those received from any other Publication.

Then again, seventy-one per cent of THE FRA "prospects" turned into Orders,—against forty-eight per cent of "The Saturday Evening Post," and thirty-two per cent of "Everybody's."

Just mark Jones Dairy Farm on your "Tickler" for a lot of business this Fall.

Yours cordially,

MILO C. JONES,
President.

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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THE FRA'S
SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS

AT renewing time last April, fewer than ten per cent of the charter subscribers to THE FRA sluffed out. ¶Their loss, tho mourned, was more than recompensed by the many Missionary subscriptions which accompanied the renewals. ¶And so, THE FRA'S circulation, warmed by the old and wet by the new, it grew, it grew. It is still growing. ¶Every day brings in many new subscriptions from the Faithful who are Tumbling into Line. And when these Folks receive the gratis Roycroft Book, which is our acknowledgment of their order, they want to subscribe right over again. ¶Hereinbelow (as Jaggers says) we append a list of de luxe books. Simply send along TWO DOLLARS for a year's subscription to THE FRA and mention the book you'd like to own.

Health and Wealth	*Elbert Hubbard*
Woman's Work	*Alice Hubbard*
Battle of Waterloo	*Victor Hugo*
White Hyacinths	*Elbert Hubbard*
The Rubaiyat	*Omar Khayyam*
A William Morris Book	*Hubbard and Thomson*
Crimes Against Criminals	*Robert G. Ingersoll*
The Ballad of Reading Gaol	*Oscar Wilde*
The Man of Sorrows	*Elbert Hubbard*
Justinian and Theodora	*Elbert and Alice Hubbard*
Bound Vol. (Selected) **Little Journeys**	*Elbert Hubbard*

THE ROYCROFTERS
East Aurora, Erie County, New York

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SELF-RELIANCE
IN TEA SELECTION

Let us bow and apologize never more.—*Emerson*

BE Self-Reliant in your Tea Selection—and you need never apologize.

Many Women have cultivated a liking for a particular kind of tea, only to have its Quality "fall off" after the first little while.

When your friends are seated round the tables, 't is a sorry time to discover that the tea tastes *different,* tho it has the same label, and costs the same price. Nor can the Grocer explain the variance, for the sin lies with The Man Higher Up.

You who prize a Good Tea as a Drink Celestial, may guard against Tea-table Embarrassments, and the mumbled excuse, by investing in Schilling's Best Crown Teas.

The Tea selected and prepared by A Schilling & Company, has a peculiar, dear-to-the-taste excellence that appeals and satisfies. Besides, you need never fear substitution of an inferior grade for the Original. The Crown Brand Teas are sold on merit, and every single package must hold the standard, or they want it back at once.

No matter what your past experience in the Selection of Teas—you owe it to your Family, to your Friends, to Society, to give Schilling's Best Crown Teas a trial.

Schilling's Best Crown Teas

FOUR FLAVORS

Japan	$1.20	Ceylon	$1.20
English Breakfast	$1.20	Oolong	$1.20

The strength and "body" of Crown Tea would make its use economical at twice the price.

As before stated, your money back without argument, if you don't like Crown Tea.

Sent Postpaid wherever you are in the World.

A SCHILLING & COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO

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Two Special Offers

Twenty-Five Assorted Philistines, One Dollar
Twenty-Five Assorted Little Journeys, One Dollar
(DIFFERENT DATES)

STUDENTS of Current Events, also Literary Aspirants, read THE PHILISTINE for Vibes, Vibrations and Volts; for style in diction; for unbiased, intelligent opinions on Things as Things. ¶Many choice Articles have decorated THE PHILISTINE pages during the past ten years; Articles that attracted a following numbering into the hundred thousands; Articles that gained and earned the sanctified horror of Theological Tea-Drinkers. ¶*The Philistine* was and is the Advance Agent of Mental Emancipation. You hear the Voice of Freedom in *The Philistine. Twenty-Five Philistines* are a Liberal Education.

The Good Stuff Never Grows Old

LITTLE JOURNEYS deal with the Great and the Near-Great of History. They tell, in a friendly, confidential way, the hopes and fears, the achievements and the disappointments, the joys and the sorrows of the World's Elect. A life is a wonderful thing, believes the Fra, and not a single scene in the panorama is without its use. ¶Tho preserving identities, he introduces a flesh-and-blood man, whose struggles are your struggles and whose attainments are your attainments. You meet the Genius on a Basis of Equality. ¶'T is easy to tear down, to destroy, to muck-rake—Hubbard upbuilds. ¶SEND THE DOLLAR TODAY

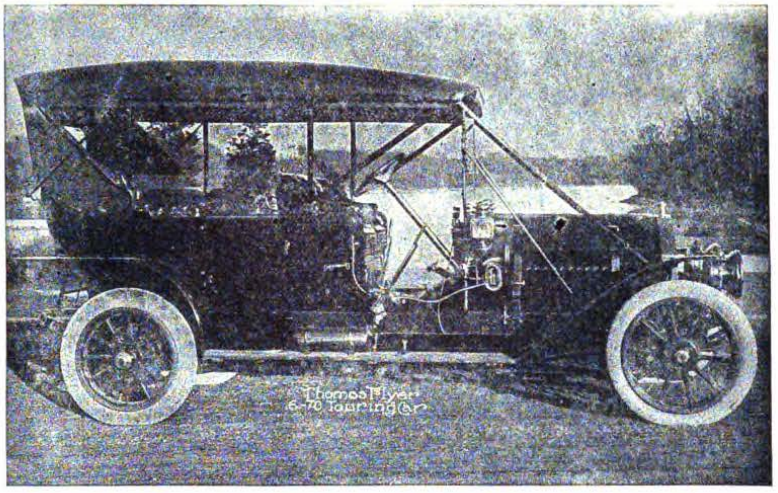
The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

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The Man About to Buy a Car

KNOWS little about technical terms and cares less. He looks upon his purchase only as a perfect whole, best suited to his needs. ¶Thus the merchant wants economy, the business man reliability, the artist beauty, the young man speed, the lady perfect control. A professional engineer perhaps might be most interested in the machinery of his car, but not so a doctor—he wants service. ¶The average buyer can no more discourse on mechanical principles, than he can explain to you why it is necessary for the chauffeur to wear leather puttees. ¶The very technical salesman with his disquisitions on this kind of gear, and that kind of crank case, and the short clutch, and the long transmission, and the so-so ignition and the thus-and-such shaft drive, only muddles and mystifies the buyer. The qualities that are necessary in an Auto can be summed up in plain, every-day expressions like "Style," "Speed," "Endurance," "Low Cost of Maintenance" and "Ease of Operation."



THE THOMAS FLYER

has *proven* its development in these particulars, by a test that every one can appreciate. A Thomas 4-60 Stock Car, the best American make, recently won out in a heart-bruising race between New York and Paris over the finest Automobile entries of two continents. ¶Five European Cars, representatives of the most successful foreign makes participated in this race, and all drank dust from the Thomas. It requires no abstruse technomony to tell how and why the Thomas is The Best.

THE CHAMPION ENDURANCE CAR OF THE WORLD

Prices—Thomas Flyers are made in several models at different prices. This "Round-the-World," 4-60 model in Touring Car, Tourabout or Flyabout, costs $4,500. In Limousine or Landaulet, $6,000.

E. R. THOMAS MOTOR COMPANY, BUFFALO, NEW YORK

EARLY this Spring, I lectured in Saint Louis, at Fine Arts Memorial Hall to standing-room only.

Bill Reedy was there, as was Mike Kinney, and several other cives undesirabiles. After the Talk, these Worthies appointed themselves a special entertainment committee, and escorted me to the Saint Louis Club, where there was much feasting and flowing of soul—yes, Clotilde, I said, flowing of soul. I stood it as long as possible, and left just as the Only Bill was about to make his Third Speech. ¶ Early the next morning, I escaped the beforementioned Celts, and toured the town incog. 'T is a fine town, this, that graces the Banks of the Big Muddy, and it has advanced ideas of Trade, that make ye staid and sombre Eastern methods appear ancient. ¶ One concern in particular, seems to have grasped the idea that makes for Success. 'T is the Specialistic Idea. ¶ Do you know the work of the Specialist, Clotilde? And do you know the particular part that he plays today in the production of high-grade footgear? ¶ I am told that once upon a time a shoemaker,—or cobbler, if you will,—would sit at his bench, and make a shoe from toe-cap to back-strap without help. This same shoemaker could make you a five-dollar shoe, a ten-dollar shoe or better, as your needs, or purse demanded.

But today, in the Home of the R. J. & R., Specialists, all is different. They have Special Factories for Men's Shoes, Women's Shoes and Children's Shoes, and in these Factories, a particular man makes a particular part, and the finished product is a particular shoe. That is, a man who makes a ten-dollar

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boot, never touches a cheaper one from January to January. And so, he not only does better work, due to this Specialization, but also, his atmosphere is maintained by coming in touch with only the Best.

The same applies to the fellow who makes the Schoolboy's "brass toes." It is one kind of work for one man, and you can readily see that this accounts for the great success of the R. J. & R. Shoes ✍ For it follows that the workman who does just one thing, who works under the cleanest, most sanitary conditions, who is paid a liberal wage, and given every encouragement, will turn out superior work.

¶I walked for a way with one of the R. J. & R. Boys at noon-hour. He thought that I rode Broncs for Pawnee Bill, and I did not disillusion him.

He told me that Roberts, Johnson & Rand first started in business eleven years ago. A few of the shoes made in America at that time, were very good shoes. Most of them, however, were just plain shoes, and some were hardly that.

¶Roberts, Johnson & Rand determined to make a shoe that would excel all others in fit, feel and fibre. With this consummation in mind, they adopted the Specialistic Idea. ¶Over five thousand shoemakers from Massachusetts to Mexico were attracted to Saint Louis by this new Industrial Policy ✍ The boot-builder of Lowell, whose long-suit was Uppers, and the jour Sole-Stitcher from along the Rio Grande, each packed his kit and bought a ticket for the town where he could devote exclusive attention to his favorite branch of the trade. For, Clotilde, you must know, there is Art in shoemaking.

¶Expert cutters and designers love to see their

Made By Men Who Know How

"Star Brand Shoes Are Better"



Look for This Star on Every Heel

The Star on the Heel means LEATHER in the Shoe

R. J. & R. Shoes have no Pasteboard Proclivities ✍ ✍

Sold wherever Shoes are Worn and Worn wherever Shoes are sold

A "Star Brand" Shoe Five and Six Dollars



Look for This Name in the Shank

BEAUTIFUL BOOKLET FREE TO FRA FOLLOWERS

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND SHOE CO.
MANUFACTURERS ST. LOUIS.

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Bookman Bloch's Beautiful Books

¶ Although modern book-stores tend to push the Popular, Bookman Bloch never makes a leader of the "Six Best Sellers." Time was when men like Shakespeare wrote, that all booksellers were men of rare literary taste and discernment. Practically every printed work issued in London prior to the Nineteenth Century gave as much title-page space to the man who was to sell the book as to the chap who wrote it. ¶ In ye olden days when John Benson of St. Dunstan's Churchyard, or William Aspley, or Henry Gasson, Bookseller of Paternoster Row, agreed to market a book it was an assurance of merit. ¶ Even so today with Bloch the Bibliophile. His Specialty is works on Economy, Sociology, Philosophy, Education and Science. It would be impossible for Bloch to sell you a mediocre book. He never buys them. I guess not.

By Clarence S. Darrow

A PERSIAN PEARL, and other essays $1.50
A volume of beautiful literary interpretations. Three of the essays are on THE RUBAIYAT, ROBERT BURNS and WALT WHITMAN.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE 1.50
A story of the crimes of society against a criminal.

FARMINGTON 1.50
An idyl of boyhood seen thru the eyes of a man.

RESIST NOT EVIL 75
An intelligent interpretation of the cause of crime and the evil results of punishment.

By Other Writers

TWIN IMMORTALITIES, *By Chas. Edw. Russell* $1.50
A book of beautiful poems.

THE NEW ETHICS, *By J. Howard Moore* 1.00
An exceedingly valuable contribution to the literature of humanity. Every sentence a mental stimulant.

THE COST OF SOMETHING FOR NOTHING, *By John P. Altgeld* . 1.00
A book of essays on vital questions by one of the most sincere and devoted friends of humanity this country has produced.

NOT GUILTY: A defense of the Bottom Dog, *By Robert Blatchford* . . 1.00
A scientific analyzation of the responsibility of man's actions.

THE BIOLOGY OF SEX, *By Gideon Dietrich* 50
A scientific interpretation of sex according to the latest facts disclosed by evolution and biology.

TOLSTOY AS A SCHOOLMASTER, *By Ernest H. Crosby* 50
A literary portrait study of Russia's "grand old man."

BETHINK YOURSELVES, *By Count Leo Tolstoy* 10
Being his famous letter written just previous to the Russo-Japanese War.

Sent on Receipt of Price. Complete List of Books—Free

SAMUEL A. BLOCH, THE BOOKMAN

Six Hundred and Eighty-five North Oakley Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Everywhere, in roomy halls, redolent of fresh air and sunshine, men were quietly, rapidly and contentedly turning leather—real leather—into "Star Brand" Shoes. ¶ It was a scene of usefulness and honest service, that reflected the beautiful Spirit of Co-operation existing between Employer and Employed.

When you visit Saint Louis, Clotilde, never mind cultivating Barabbas Bill or Mike the Hibernian ✍ Just take a peep into the home of "Star Brand" Shoes ✍ You'll learn a few things of value and interest about the creation of foot-gear.

✍

ALL higher motives, ideals, conceptions, sentiments in a man are of no account if they do not come forward to strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life.—Henry Ward Beecher.

✍

THE only way in which one human being can properly attempt to influence another is the encouraging him to think for himself, instead of endeavoring to instil ready-made opinions into his head.—Sir Leslie Stephen.

plans perpetuated in substantial stock. So the best of this class, naturally gravitated to the house which lives up to the belief that there is nothing like Leather for Shoes.

Thus have the "Star Brand" factories absorbed the finest workmen of the world.

The boy left me at the corner, and promised he would watch for me at the Show that night. ¶ There are probably bosses, foremen and inspectors employed in the R. J. & R. Shops, but I saw no signs of their presence.

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Advertisers' Fear

The Text:—Advertisers Use the Blue Pencil for Writing their Own Epitaphs

An Advertiser is a Wise Person who annually spends sums of money for the purpose of Boosting his Biz.

Usually he succeeds—but he must first learn to tabu the Blue Pencil Habit.

In his Tadpole Period—before he becomes the Whole Wiggle, he believes in Himself and his "Copy;" and his Business-Getting Schemes are Just Right—even tho the Book-keeper and Stenographer agree that it 's Punk Publicity.

Later on in the Game he discovers and appreciates the Work of Specialists and the necessity of Keeping Up with his Competitors. Then he either employs Agency Experts—or lures an Ad Man for Special Service—or both. But be it understood he ever and anon appoints himself Chief Critic.

Now an Ad Man—a Classy Ad Man—is an Idea Producer. But New Advertising Ideas are things that rarely appeal to the Conservative. So when he tackles a Proposition, he ofttimes runs up against this thing called Advertisers' Fear. The man who spends the money exhibits Frosted Trilbys when he hears the rattle of coin leaving the Cash Box.

This Plan and that Scheme are "not practicable," and this Display and t' other bit of Copy "will never do." "Too radical!" 'T is the Blue Pencil, the Wet Blanket, for the Boy who would DO THE THING.

The Advertiser forgets that were he (The Advertiser) qualified to pass on the Good Stuff of a Wiseheimer—he would have no need for a Wiseheimer. He would be that Wiseheimer.

Now, here 's a Pointer—just mark it on your cuff: When the Boy brings along Something Good, don't smother him with a scowl—nor honk-honk "respectability"—"conservatism," "convention." Don't say, "it 's not practical." It may merely be above your Thought Level.

Columbus, Galileo, Shakespeare, Napoleon, had Ideas—and they were "Impractical" according to the putty-skulled sludge-slingers of their time. But today they live, and the smug, snug, self-centered and critical are forgotten.

Only "Impractical" Men stand out; the others are Part of the Great Blur, and Distance and Time Obliterate them.

Remember always, that the chap who evolves Ideas never needs you. A dozen Others will listen to him willingly, gratefully. You need him.

So the next time your Ad Man gives you Something "Different," something that "has never been done before"—don't explode! Try to see it from His Side of the Fence. Spend the money, without ironing out his enthusiasm—intelligently, and it 's you for a Place with the Winners.

Moral:—Any Chump can be a Brakeman, but it takes a Man to be an Engineer

—FELIX

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Three Letters

WHICH TELL OF UNIONISM, UNION LOYALTY and OTHER THINGS

My Dear FRA,

Let me whisper:

O'Sullivan refuses to dishonor a few dollars for an Advertisement in THE FRA because it does not bear the brand of the Union Label.

O'Sullivan Heels are made by the B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, employing four thousand people, not one of whom belongs to a Union, or who is permitted to do so. Shake up the dust again.

Yours loyally,
COLE H. JOHNSON.

My Dear Mr. Tibbitts:

We are desirous of knowing whether or not you make or furnish the stock for O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels.

We ask that you kindly advise concerning this matter.

Sincerely,
EDWARD J. SHAY,
Adv. Mgr., The Roycrofters

My Dear Mr. Shay:

Referring to your letter of June Seventh, making inquiry regarding O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels, we are glad to advise that these heels are made in our factory under contract for Mr. O'Sullivan.

Yours very truly,
E. C. TIBBITTS,
Adv. Mgr., B. F. Goodrich Co.

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Guaranteed!

THE Eternal Paradox of things manifests itself in Guaranteed Goods. That article only can be guaranteed that does n't need it. The man with the strongest credit maintains it by never borrowing. A guaranteed article wins only when the bond is superfluous. ¶ Manufacturers do not provide a come-back with bunkus merchandise any more than bankers discount the papers of chinless Charlies. It does n't pay. ¶ Several years ago (seventeen to be exact) when the first Ingersoll "Yankee" Watch was made, the Ingersoll Boys had a talkfest and concluded that it would be a wise plan to guarantee it. Not that the watch need lean on a guarantee. Not that! But a guarantee protects the *Maker*. Do you get that—*a guarantee protects the Maker*. ¶ So the "Yankee" Watch was guaranteed. ¶ The Ingersolls *knew* the "Yankee" would give satisfaction but they could not afford to enter into competition with toys. People in those days had not yet learned that an accurate timepiece could be made and marketed for a Single Dollar. But the Guarantee carried the day. ¶ This Guarantee told the truth, the plain truth. It made no extravagant boasts. It exploited no fulsome praise. 'T was simply a promise of Good Faith from two men in New York who had confidence in their Watch and its ability to make good. ¶ Folks bought the Watch. ¶ In seventeen years' time the Ingersolls have sold seventeen million "Yankee" watches. Not because the "Yankee" had a Guarantee—but because it had one and *did n't need it*. ¶ The Ingersoll "Yankee" Watch not only satisfied the needs of the multitude, it discovered a still greater need—the need for an accurate, reliable, *medium-priced timepiece*. So now comes the

$5.00 $7.00 $9.00

Ingersoll-Trenton

The Best Seven Jeweled Watch

The Ingersoll-Trenton meets the demand of the man who would buy a Reliable Watch at a conservative figure. It meets the demand of the man who owns a watch that he dare not misuse. It meets the demand of every Father who would give his boy a safe, sane, sure Watch. ¶ A man may own a watch bejeweled and costly yet *his* need for an Ingersoll-Trenton is probably the greatest. He can't afford to drop great-grandfather's precious ticker overboard when he goes fishin'—and yet one needs a watch in camp as well as in the office. Nor can he afford to romp with the kiddies with a hundred-dollar heirloom in his vest pocket. ¶ A high-priced watch may be a treasure, yet it can not keep better time nor present a better appearance than an Ingersoll-Trenton. ¶ The Ingersoll-Trenton has the workmanship, the finish, the integrity, the character of the Best of Watches. And to insure its Good Behavior it is backed by the Ingersoll Guarantee. ¶ Every business man in the country should have an Ingersoll-Trenton for "every-day" and Sunday use. It is a High-Grade Watch at a proper price. ¶ T" : owner of an Ingersoll-Trenton may carry his watch in the best society without fear of embarrassment. It has Personality.



The Ingersoll-Trenton is made in a Watch Factory by Watch Specialists; it is made right and it tells the time truthfully. The Ingersoll Guarantee insures your perfect satisfaction.

Descriptive Booklet Free to FRA Followers

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., 98 Frankel Bldg., New York

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NEW THOUGHT
CONVENTION
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK, AUGUST FIRST TO TENTH

FOLKS who do their own thinking instead of sending it out like the family wash, are urged to repair to East Aurora, August First to Tenth. Every day several speakers of great acclaim will talk from a raised dias or platform, and numerous musicians will bathe their friends in sweet sounds. All those who have hated shams—all Brave Spirits whose free lances have shivered against the dead walls of human stupidity, ignorance, malice and kulcha; all people with Ideas pilloried in the stocks of misunderstanding—there is fellowship for you in Erie County, New York. For Reservations write to THE ROYCROFT INN.

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, New York

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THE FRA

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. 3 JULY No. 4

The test at last is this: What effect has the man's life had on civilization

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign, Two Dollars and Forty Cents

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, EAST AURORA, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER
TRADE-MARK REGISTERED

THE OPEN ROAD

AFOOT WITH THE FRA



DID you know: That lawyers are men;
And judges are men;
And that all laws are and were made by men;
And that all priests and preachers are men;
And that all religions were made and formulated by men;
And that all books were written by men;
And that all of the justice we know is man's justice;
And that what we call God's justice is only man's idea of what he would do if he were God;
And that this idea changes as man changes;
And that all love is man's love;
And all compassion, man's compassion;
And all sympathy, man's sympathy;
And all forgiveness, man's forgiveness;
And that there is nothing finer, greater, nobler in the world than man;
And that all beings, spirits and persons greater than man, have been, and are, the creation of man's mind;
And that man is not yet created, but only in process of creation;
And that in his present transitional state he has partially abandoned intuition without fully getting control of his intellect;
And that all laws, creeds and dogmas are of only transient value, if of value at all;
And should be eliminated when they no longer minister to human happiness;
And that now, for the first time in the history of the world, a very large number of people know these things;
And are exercising their brains;

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And that the brain is an organ and grows strong by use;
And that through right thinking we are gradually learning to control our bodies, our tempers, our desires, our imaginations;
And that the imagination is a searchlight which reveals the future;
And that by the use of imagination we now see Paradise ahead;
A Paradise of increasing effort, work, endeavor —and increasing power;
A Paradise of this world, that is to come through health, work, simplicity, honesty, mutuality, reciprocity and love?

"Great men come in groups," says Emerson.



MICHAEL ANGELO and Leonardo da Vinci were born within a few miles of each other, and at about the same time.

Four hundred years have passed, and the whole whizzing Planet has not produced a single man to equal either Michael or Leonardo in their respective lines. They are still like that honest man in Peoria—without competition.

In Emporia, Kansas, where the Santa Fe stops for meals, live two world-beaters who work in one shop. These men are Will Allen White and Walt Mason.

White, he got a-going first. He has a distinct literary style, and the reason is because he has a distinct mental make-up. His cosmic make-ready is peculiar, individual and incisive. ¶ He sees things at his own angle and detects differences which the rest of us discover for ourselves after he has told us. He has compared society in Emporia to society in Gotham in a way that puts Joe Addison and Dick Steele in the line for second money. His wit is sure but unlike that of Swift, it is kindly.

And now comes the janitor and general utility man, of the Emporia "Gazette," Walt Mason, and puts White on the bum—almost. White has three names like Henry Cabott Lodge, and the writers who warm the benches on Boston Common. Walt is as democratic as if he came from Horace Traubel's town. He is full of wise saws, modern instances and prunes, and his wit burbles and gurgles like a Kansas creek where the bullheads gambol.

Walt Whitman wrote poetry that did not rhyme; Walt Mason writes prose that does. ¶ Here Walt has opened up a brand-new vein of literary pay gravel. The stuff was first run by White in the "Gazette" as padding. Soon people began to talk about it. Then country editors copied it. Next the New York "Sun" stole it. ¶ Now syndicates ask for it, because readers want it.

One of these little—'er—ah—poemettes, read on the trolley going down town in the morning, makes you smile all day. You clip it and pass it along, and the next morning scan your paper for another.

'T is a busy age, my lords. The turgid and profound are good to stuff bustles, and to recommend. But the stuff we read must be short, sharp, good-natured and brief.

We have heard there is nothing new in literature; that is: on the bookish bourse there is nothing doing, but here walks in a fellow out of a Fred Harvey biscuit bazaar at Emporia, and puts Boston to the bad. What right has a man in Emporia to have thoughts and to be a stylist, anyway!

They say Walt is making a small barrel of money. My hope is that he will not make too much. As it is, he is a generous, human, charming and chummy gentleman, with baggy breeches, besmeared with printers' ink, and all unconscious he has done anything. He prides himself on his editorials treating of economics and sociology. The poemines he calls pot-boilers.

I think they are much more. Walt Mason is a big man, who does good things so simply that we say "anybody can write like that." Suppose you try it?

Walt shows you things in right proportion, corrects your perspective and lends a right focus. His stuff exercises your liver by making you laugh. The old Bible Prophets were belliakers—the modern prophet is a working man, and a humorist.

Such is Walt Mason of Emporia.

I present a few specimen bricks by way of sample:

SOMETIMES—although of course it 's nonsense,—your uncle wildly yearns, to be like all those sable Johnsons, who punish gents named Burns, and who thenceforward roll in rhino, and still for more insist; and then your uncle murmers: "I know—the greatest gift 's a Fist." Sometimes—of course it does n't matter—he blows a half a buck, to hear some

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big spellbinder, in language run amuck; the orator seems fat and wealthy, and talks in many tongues; and uncle says: "His graft is healthy—the greatest gift is Lungs." Your uncle likes athletic matches, adores the Marathon; and there in ecstasy he watches tired runners totter on; and when the winning one is given bouquets instead of eggs, to this conclusion uncle's driven: "The greatest gift is Legs."

LET us toast, in many flagons, the noble fleet of water wagons, that journeyed proudly home! In vain the muse with language wrestles to find bouquets that fit those vessels, the monarchs of the foam! The Critic said, before they started, that all their joints would soon be parted, and all their rivets shrunk; their armor-plate was made of leather, their decks were merely glued together, and all their guns were junk. The Critic (was n't he a bounder?) predicted that the ships would flounder, when they encountered spray; the beams were rotten as the armor; the Admiral was but a farmer, who should be pitching hay. ¶ Now chroniclers shall tell the story of how our ships in pomp and glory, went sailing round the globe; but where 's the prophet, sick and ailing, who threw a fit before the sailing, and howled and tore his robe?

IF you should chance to mention Death, most men will have a grouch; and yet to die is nothing more than going to your couch, when you have done your little stunt, performed the evening chores, wound up the clock, blown out the light, and put the cat outdoors. The good old world jogged smoothly on before you had your fling; and it will jog as smoothly on when you have cashed your string. ¶ King Death himself is good and kind; he always does his best to sooth the heart that 's sorrowful, and give the weary rest; but there are evils in his train that daunt the stoutest soul, and one of them may serve to end this cheerful rigmarole ❧ I always have a haunting dread that when I come to die, the papers of the town will tell how some insurance guy, paid up the money that was due to weeping kin of mine, before the funeral procesh had fallen out of line; and thus they 'll use me for an ad. some Old Line Life to boom, before I 've had a chance to get acquainted with my tomb!

SAID Abe (the Nation's greatest man): "I do the very best I can; and if my course is erring quite, no argument can make it right, and if in righteousness I 'm strong, no sophistry can make it wrong; so, be the critic, foe or friend, I 'll do my best until the end." The fact is galling to relate, but some of us cannot be great; our ways obscure we 'll have to tread, and hustle for our daily bread; our pictures never may be seen in Who 's Who book, or magazine; but if, upon the Day of Doom, we come cavorting from the tomb when sounds the final trumpet's notes—we won't be herded with the goats—if we can say (and make it good): "We always did the best we could!"

AT that hour supremely quiet, when the dusk and darkness blend, and the sordid strife and riot of the day are at an end; when the bawling and the screaming of the mart have died away, then I like to lie a-dreaming of my castles in Cathay. I would roam in flowery spaces watered by the fabled streams, I would travel starry spaces on the winged feet of dreams; I would float across the ages to a more heroic time, when inspired were all ages, and the warriors sublime. At that hour supremely pleasing, dreams are all knocked galley west, by the phonograph that 's wheezing: "Birdie, Dear, I Love You Best."

IF old Jim Riley came to town, to read a bundle of his rhyme, I guess you could n't hold me down—I 'd want to hear him every time. I would n't heed the tempest's shriek; I 'd walk ten miles and not complain, to hear Jim Hoosier Riley speak. But I would not go round a block to see a statesman saw the air, to hear a spellbinder talk, like a fakir at the country fair. For statesmen are as thick as fleas, and poets, they are far between; one song that lingers on the breeze is worth a million yawps, I ween. If John McCutcheon came to town, to make some pictures on the wall, I 'd tear the whole blamed door—way down, to be the first one in the hall; you could n't keep me in my bed if I was dying there with the croup; the push would find me at the head of the procession, with a whoop. But I won't push my fat old frame across a dozen yards of bricks, to list to men whose only fame is based on pull and politics.

❧

Our finest flowers are often weeds transplanted.

❧



DURING the past six months I have traveled through twenty-nine states and given over one hundred public addresses in various towns.

This has given me a pretty fair opportunity to feel the public pulse ❧ ❧

My opinion is that there are at least two great questions of public policy that are working themselves out toward a speedy solution ❧ ❧

One of these is the question of Woman Suffrage,

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and the other is the abolition of the saloon or open bar.

The opposition to Woman Suffrage comes from two sources and is of two kinds. The first reason why men oppose equal suffrage is the desire of the male animal, man, to hold woman as a domestic animal.

Woman was man's first property right.

She belongs first to her father, then to her husband. "Who gives this woman away?" asks the priest in solemn tones.

And even in the case of a widow of discreet years, some male man has to step forward and pose as her owner.

THE ART OF WINNING IN BUSINESS LIES IN WORKING HARD, AND NOT TAKING THE GAME TOO SERIOUSLY

¶ The free woman, the independent woman, has been regarded with suspicion until day before yesterday. Like the Indian she is a sort of ward on the state, a mental and moral defective, unable and unfit to express her preferences. She is not a citizen.

Men give a good many reasons why women should not vote, but all of these reasons resolve themselves, with one exception, back to this—the lust for undisputed power on part of the man

The exception is a financial one. Every mother hates the saloon; every potential mother hates the saloon. The saloon is the rival of the home.

¶ The men engaged in the traffic of strong drink oppose Woman Suffrage because they know that if woman had the power to vote, her ballot would always and forever be cast against the saloon. Even the wives and daughters of saloon-keepers usually look forward to a time when the husband and father can get into a better business

This sentiment against the saloon-keepers finds form in a peculiar way. Most Elk Lodges now refuse to accept a saloon-keeper as a member.

¶ The Honorable Elk is n't exactly a Puritan in his method of thought, but as a citizen he is opposed to the open bar as a matter of civic expediency. Violence, disorder, "gun play," centre around the saloon—if anywhere.

In talking to an Exalted Ruler of an Elk Lodge the other day, he met my suggestion that the saloon was the poor man's club, by the flat assertion that no poor man had a right to strong drink of any sort. He argued that liquor is a luxury, and where women might have to go without decent clothing and children might suffer for bread, the husband and father who spends a part of his wages for drink is a rogue and a criminal.

Yet this man had n't a particle of sympathy with prohibition as a great ethical or semi-religious movement. There was a "buffet" attached to his Lodge, but his argument was that the men who patronized this buffet had earned the right to do so, because they were men of means and men who had shown the ability to control their appetites and affairs.

That the woman who is a wife and mother regards the saloon as a rival and an enemy is absolutely beyond cavil. A woman may have very little intellect and small education, but the thought that her husband or son may become a drunkard causes the hot flush of resentment to leap to her cheek. Beyond this, is the plain struggle for existence.

Her living comes through her husband's wages. She has no other source of income. A part of his income is her's, for her own needs and those of her children.

Here you awaken an elemental instinct—you are taking food from her young! The tigress in her nature is aroused! Do you think that any saloon interest can buy her vote? Never. She hates the saloon-keeper as a peccary hates a bear. Even if the saloon has not stolen her child it has stolen the boys of other mothers. Every mother knows all about these tragedies.

Also, the liquor interests know that every mother knows. And that is why the full strength of the "saloon vote" is against Woman Suffrage

Men of intelligence know that the advent of women into every branch of life has tended to refine, beautify and benefit it.

Men separated from women are rogues; women separated from men are silly.

In order to secure the highest degree of progress, men need the help of women, and the ballot will increase the mental resources of women. It cannot be disputed that woman is just as interested in good government as men.

¶ In very truth she has more at stake. In times of war, women are the real sufferers. Ask the little brown women of the Philippines?

The increasing number of women employed in offices and factories demand that women shall

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have a voice in the laws made to protect the interests of women and children.

All of the "saloon talk" is always and forever opposed to woman suffrage. One of the reasons heard in such places is that women cannot bear arms. Women however bear children, and this is quite as great a service to the State as shouldering a musket. One is a necessity, the other may be. The hope of the world lies in creation, not in the ability to destroy: it lies in education, not in violence: it lies in love, not hate.

In voicing sentiments of this character I find always a hearty response, which proves that the new thought is not new. The people are becoming aroused.

Justice, expediency and common sense demand that all women shall have an equal voice with men, in the making of laws that govern both. ¶ Men have no more right to make laws for the control of women, than women have for men. Taxation without representation is tyranny. As long as the State has the right to hang a woman and tax a woman, she surely should have her preferences recorded as to how she shall be hanged, and how she shall be taxed.

The secret of success in business turns on selling your goods—most anybody can make them. Manufacturing is done by formula, but salemanship is genius.



HE state of Indiana has passed a law legalizing Sunday baseball

There is also a bill up in New Jersey with the same end in view

Let us hope that it will become a law. Indiana is the centre of the literary zone in America, and in this move to encourage out-of-door recreation on Sunday, she proves her ability to rightly think and wisely decide.

In some states it is yet a crime to play ball on Sunday, regardless of whether a fee is charged at the gate or not. This harks back to a Puritanic time, that is happily past.

Sunday baseball is opposed by our friends the clergy, because it is a form of competition which they find difficult to meet.

I like the attitude of my friend the good Catholic priest in East Aurora, who changed his hours for Mass, so to accommodate his parishioners who wished to attend the game between The Roycrofters vs. The Niagara Falls Giants.

He believed that religion and recreation were not incompatible; he believed that God was in the sunshine as well as in the church.

In Indiana the fans headed by James Whitcomb Riley, flew far and fast, and fought hard to silence the preachers who had been talking of the evils of twirling the horse-hide sphere and exercising the willow stick on the Lord's Day. ¶ The fans protested loudly that Sunday was the People's Day, not the Lord's. They showed that laws were once for the protection of kings, priests, and soldiers, but now the People rule—or should.

The best thought of the best people is not what can we do for God, but what can we do to better the condition of Man.

Within five years great changes have occurred in the sentiment of the people as to the Day of Rest, and also there is a change in our ideas as to what constitutes rest.

Absence of effort is not rest, a mind quite idle is a mind distressed. Rest consists in change. That folks should be allowed to rest in their own way, so long as they do not interfere with others, is now the prevailing opinion in America.

Moses was all right in his Sunday closing laws, but we are not living under exactly the same conditions that prevailed in Assyria three thousand five hundred years ago. We have a different climate and different occupations. The majority of intelligent people everywhere regard it not only a privilege, but a duty, to get out in the open air on Sunday, and indulge with the children in a little harmless laughter, frolic and exercise.

Our interest in the ball-game allows us to "forget it." The duties of the working days form a heavy tax on the vitals of most of us, and to lay aside our cares and smile, and revel in the summer air is a benefit and a benediction.

Going to church has an advantage in way of relaxation, but since it is an indoor diversion, and the air in churches is usually very bad, the buildings being closed during the week, it has its drawbacks.

Baseball however, does not replace church. The fans can attend Divine Worship in the morning, and root for the game in the afternoon.

Of course, care must be taken not to introduce the ways, habits and customs of the bleachers in the pews. But a little relaxation of dignity in the

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churches would be well, since a solemnity is often affected which is not felt and this makes for fatty degeneration of the ego.

Let us hope that the ball players will never start any ringing of bells to call attention to their sport, such as is practised by our church friends. Unnecessary noise is certainly an infringement on the peace and quiet of uninterested parties.

¶ The practice of ball playing and the watching of the game, all in the open air, makes for health, happiness and increased usefulness. And health and happiness and usefulness are all forms of righteousness.

The dictum of Old Dr. Johnson, that a sick man is a rascal, has never been disproved; and conversely, that which tends to eliminate sickness reduces the world's stock of harmful rascality

The harmless pleasures of the people in the past have been too few. That which cultivates out-of-door sports at the expense of indoor pastimes is good. When we have the chance to get out in the sunshine we should improve the opportunity

Let all the other states follow the lead of Indiana and New Jersey.

We must breathe more, laugh more and love more. Ozone and friendship will be our stimulants—let the drugs and strong drink go, forever. Natural joys bring no headaches and no heartaches.

Play ball!

Labor Unions have never organized in order to provide men work, they have organized to fight the man who provided work. Socialism aims to supply work for everybody—that is where it differs from Unionism.



NO longer need it be concealed that in Switzerland you can purchase copies and models of Thorwaldsen's, "Lion of Lucerne." Some are in marble, some in granite, some in bronze, and at my hotel in Lucerne we used to have the noble beast on the table every day at breakfast, done in butter. But most of the reproductions are in wood—all sizes, from heroic mold to watch charms and bangles.

Sculptors have carved this lion, painters have painted it, artists have sketched it, but did you ever see a reproduction of "The Lion of Lucerne?"

No dearie, you never did. No model has a trace of that undefinable look of pain, that soulful, human quality which the original has. No, not one—all are caricatures.

An intelligent young woman called my attention to the fact that the psychological conditions under which we view "The Lion" are the most subtle and complete that man can devise; and these are the things that add the last touch to art and cause us to stand speechless, and which make the unbidden tears start. The little lake at the foot of the cliff prevents a too near approach; the overhanging vines and "melancholy boughs" form a dim shade; the falling water seems like the playing of an organ in a vast cathedral; and last, the position of the lion itself, against the solid cliff, partakes of the miraculous.

It is not set up there for people to look at; it is a part of the mountain and the great seams of the strata running thru the figure lends the spirit of miracle to it all. It seems as if the good God Himself had done the work, and the surprise and joy of discovery are ours, as we stand before it, uncovered.

One must concede the masterly framing and hanging of the picture, but beyond all this is the technical skill giving the look of woe that does not tell of weakness as woe usually does; but strength and loyalty and death without flinching, in a righteous cause—symbolic of the Swiss Guard that died at their posts, not one of the three hundred wavering, there at the King's Palace at Versailles—all dead and turned to dust a century past, and this dead lion mutely pleading for our tears!

We pay the tribute.

And the reason we are moved, is because we partake of the emotions of the artist when he did the work; and the reason we are not moved by any models or imitations, is because there is no feeling in the heart of the imitator.

Great art is born of feeling—high, intense and holy feeling. In order to do, you must feel.

Several of the Faithful have written endorsing my hypothesis that a smoke-stack is as grand as a steeple; and one lady adds, "I also think that shirt-sleeves are quite as becoming and just as useful as lawn sleeves, although there are those who believe otherwise."

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AN is a phenomenon. He is a product of air, sunshine, soil, water—and opportunity. He is a sort of storage battery—an electric manifestation.

"What do you raise here?" asked a traveler in New Hampshire, of a native.

And the answer was, "We raise men!"

New England surely has raised men, active, industrious, economical, prudent, intelligent men. But your typical New Englander works by rule. ¶ He requires a precedent. He does not plunge. He does not stake his all on one cast of God's dice. The rigors of rock and climate bring him out, but he demands time to consider.

Transplant the same man to California and the sunshine surcharges his cosmic battery.

In the old days of Flood, O'Brian, Hearst, Stanford, Mackay, Lick and Stockton, life in San Francisco was one very live wire.

A man falls down in a fit on the street. "One hundred to five he 's dead!" yells a bystander. ¶ "I 'll take it," says a stranger, and the money is instantly put up.

Before the fire, there was a certain famous "Snake Drug Store," where a big show-window was filled with live serpents—garter-snakes, water-snakes, copperheads, rattlers. There they writhed, wriggled, crawled, fought and intertwined their sinuous lengths.

A tall prospector comes by with a pick on his shoulder. His companion dares him to break the window.

Crash goes the pick thru the plate glass, and the pick pulls the writhing mass of snakes into the crowded street.

The next day the humorous prospector pays the drug store man a thousand dollars in gold dust for the fun.

The times have changed. The violent, the brutal, the bizarre are gone. Those palaces that topped Nob Hill will never be rebuilt. The ideal they symboled is dead.

The souls of men are revealed in their architecture

The new St. Francis Hotel stands together in one solid, sober, impressive mass. The furnishings are rich, but subdued, save in certain spots where color is allowed to revel by way of contrast. The whole beautiful, busy place is rubber tired, and moves on ball-bearings.

It is the new Franciscan spirit—the spirit of art blended with the spirit of commerce. If Venus is in San Francisco, she now wears the modest garb of Minerva. Momus, the god of laughter is there, but the falsetto peal of hysteric midnight mirth, no longer wakes the echoes.

James Woods, manager of the St. Francis is quiet, sober, strong, smiling, courageous. His is the typical phoenix-like spirit, that has caused the city to arise from her ashes, finer, stronger, more beautiful than ever.

No one man can form a Zeitgeist; but Woods to me sort of symbols the California Spirit of the Times

Then there is August Schilling, who was in the East when the wires flashed the news that 'Frisco had fallen. Schilling's beautiful plant was gone.

He wired his partner—"keep all men on the road, and send orders to me."

He rented a warehouse in New York, sat down in front of a telephone and ordered goods, until the wires grew hot. And yet, most of his money was in San Francisco banks, and the safes of these were buried beneath the debris of disaster. Would these banks open?

Some said, "No," but Schilling said, "Yes." Moreover, he assumed "Yes" and demanded credit as his right.

Would the insurance companies pay?

Schilling did n't know, and did n't much care. If they paid, well; if not, we will get along just the same. Here we get the valorous spirit of the Vandals, lifted to fortissimo, refined and chastened by the Zeitgeist.

Schilling was born in Germany. He reached San Francisco when he was seventeen years old. ¶ Here he has grown rich—rich in money and rich in friends. He is not absurdly rich — not so rich that he is immersed in a muck of high finance, which by the way, is low finance. But he has made enough money to prove his power and inspire the confidence of financial men.

This is why, although the fire made him pause, it did not make him stop.

Money is the modern measure of power. The man on his uppers today has an immoral gumma in his brain.

America is passing rich. Serve Humanity and you 'll get your share. If you doubt, you are disgraced—and rightly.

August Schilling seems one of the first men on the Pacific who sensed the prophetic note that business is founded on confidence. We make

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our money out of our friends, for our enemies will not trade with us. Schilling said twenty-five years ago that to dilute or adulterate is not only dishonest, but absurd, because to cheat another is to cheat yourself.

When that young man said to Colonel Ingersoll, "I 've come to Peoria to earn an honest living," Bishop Bob said—"Go in—you 'll find no competition in this town."

For some years, the house of A Schilling & Co. really had no competition. In its own line it has almost controlled the trade of the Coast. It built on the bed-rock of making things better, not cheaper

To Judge Landis:—If you insist on rhyming "time" with "fine" you must set it to music. Nobody minds a break like that when you are singing, but in print it gives the public a pain.

One star differeth from another in glory, but I always think of August Schilling when I think of the up-to-date Franciscan friars, who are making the City Beautiful. He is devoted to business. He eats, dreams, talks, thinks business. And yet he always seems to have plenty of leisure to do what he wants to do. He can keep time with the music by tapping his stein on the table; sing "Die Wach am Rhein" in a guttural bass that will try your tympanum; hum bars from Bach; and compare Emerson with Goethe, not always to the advantage of the man from Concord. His pocketbook is full of clippings, his face is full of smiles, and his heart is full of love. Yet he is not a jiner. He is no rounder, and nobody pays him the doubtful compliment of saying "he is a good fellow."

When he travels, he takes along his wife, his daughter, and his daughter's chum. He spends money, and he makes money. A man devoted to business and books, to art and finance, to friendship and truth. And the love that is in his heart he puts into tea, coffee and spices.

When some one told me that Schilling and his business partner, Vollmer, had been together for twenty-seven years and never had a quarrel, I thought it worth a question.

"How is this Brother Schilling, is it really so that you and Vollmer have never had a word of misunderstanding?"

"Absolutely true," said Schilling, as he pushed the electric button.

You both are high strung, pushing and aggressive men—how did you manage it?"

"Well, whenever one of us expressed a positive preference, the other man respected it and kept quiet." ¶ "Then your motto has always been —'Only one gets mad at a time?' "

"Exactly so."

Here is a hint for married couples, without any extra charge.

Another man who believes in the Divinity of Business is my old college chum, Weinstock, of Sacramento. Weinstock is Cardinal to all Outsiders on the Coast. I myself gave him the red hat. He is one of the Chosen People—I know that because God has been good to Weinstock. ¶ He has made money and lost money; then made more money, and the only friends he has lost are those to whom he has given money. ¶ Weinstock is very much like Gable of Altoona. Both are storekeepers, both are philosophers; both are rationalists. Weinstock organizes civic improvement clubs; gives high school commencement addresses, lectures on the Hebrew prophets and on modern prophets; visits the sick, closes the eyes of the dying, and often gives funeral addresses at the graves of those who in life had lost faith in a paid priesthood.

A very practical man is Weinstock—safe, sensible, sympathetic, gracious, generous, and yet one who conserves every good thing.

Weinstock's principal store is at Sacramento, but he also has a house in San Francisco. When the fire came, Weinstock was about the first man back on the job, because he had his big Sacramento stock to draw from. A few dealers put up prices. In fact they charged all the traffic would bear. There were thousands of women and children who escaped from their homes only in their night clothing. Consequently, clothing, shoes—in fact every sort or kind of housekeeping goods was in urgent demand. ¶ Did Weinstock boom prices? Not exactly. The goods he did not give away, he sold at exactly the same prices that he had asked before the fire. He banked on no one's needs.

Of course he was not alone in this, but I mention him because he is in my mind, and because he not only sold his goods at fair prices, but insisted that others in every line should do the same. You have heard about the California grafters, now just remember the other kind—of whom there were hundreds. There was W. Frank Pierce, for instance, who for thirteen

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months abandoned his own business to give relief to the needy. And when he could not give relief, he gave a hand-clasp and the word of hope that never dies. He had two hundred people in his own house at one time. Food, clothing, furniture, bed-clothing were absorbed like dew. Pierce called on the Masonic Fraternity of the world for funds. The response came by mail—by wire—sometimes by messenger. ¶ But the needy were not asked whether they were Masons or the children of such.

In the strain and stress of excitement and deprivation, Mrs. Pierce languished and died, but her husband, true to her dying injunction, kept right at his work of relief and did not lose a day.

The heroism of the time will never be written—it cannot be written. Those who were in the thick of it, thought little of it. They accepted it and forgot calamity in heroic service.

Mixed in it all was a deal of gayety, for man laughs even when disaster is at the door. The grim messenger is only appallingly grim to those who sit down and wait for him. The brave are upborne by the sweep and surge of battle. ¶ Like Cyrano, they cry, "Come on!"

The only education that counts evolves Character. Next comes Competence, which is the ability to be useful. Third, and last come Facts—but these can be secured through a clerk, the others you have to work for.



I WAS down to Washington last week, and was rubbering around in the rotunda of the Capitol when I met a man I knew.

We stopped and shook hands. ¶ Just then a man and his wife, that my friend knew, came along, and he introduced me to them. We stood in a little group, talking about the weather and the wonderful statuary, and the statutory, when a Seeing-Washington Party of about twenty, came along with a megaphone man who was telling them all about it.

Just then a woman in this bunch came over to shake hands with me. She had heard me lecture at the Smithville Chautauqua and wanted to introduce me to her Aunt, who was in the party. ¶ About then I heard a policeman shout, "Here, all of youse must n't block up this gangway!" ¶ "But I must speak with Fra Elbertus," said the lady.

"Then form a line—all o' youse—form a line!" The policeman seized two ladies by the shoulders and squared them around. Then he gently stung up two strangers and pushed them into line.

By this time we were really getting a crowd. ¶ The policeman was encouraged by his efforts and now called aloud, "All of youse what wants to shake hands with His Highness get in line!" The various Political Bums, enjoying the beautiful place while waiting for office, came flocking in, thinking some one had said something about passing the beer.

The line curved out to the main entrance, and people coming in solemnly took their places. ¶ Four policemen now had charge and were busy as pismires.

I shook hands with about four hundred people, and when at last I began to have writers' cramp, I saw Alfred Henry Lewis and John Sharp Williams coming along arm in arm. I broke from my captors and joined them, and we hiked for Harvey's and Liberty.

I am not sure yet whom the joke is on. I knew some of the people, and am sure that only a few knew me. But for a short time I tasted the sweets of greatness.

If you want to find the Spring of Perpetual Youth, go and dig in the sand with the children, or hoe in the garden—then you will tap that Spring all right.



ECCE LABORA! St. Benedict was the father of modern bookmaking. He, it was, who set the monks the task of working their besom up into beautiful things. Through the Dark Ages the one golden thread of light is the art impulse fanned by the Benedictines. The modern Fra—Brother—is a worker. He stands for the blessedness of honest effort, and the education that follows the normal exercise of Head, Heart and Hand.

THE FRA Magazine of vital voltage is printed at East Aurora, from whence cometh the Light, at TWO DOLLARS a year, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS per number.

ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER!

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HERE is that which is called plagiarism.

Plagiarism consists in appropriating as your own the Good Stuff of another.

There are three degrees of this moral malady: petit plagiarism, plagiarism in the second degree, and grand plagiarism.

Petit plagiarism consists in lifting simple thoughts and sentences; plagiarism in the second degree, consists in lifting scenes and chapters; grand plagiarism consists in seizing the whole book and putting your name on the title page.

Grand plagiarism may be committed through the connivance of the plagiaree—in which case the offense is condoned. Judge Gaynor has recently ruled that an injunction in such an instance does not lie, although the parties may.

¶ The antithesis of plagiarism is kabojolism. This offense consists in attributing to another Good Stuff which he never expressed; and in short, is simply plagiarism placed wrong side out, or more properly, if I may be allowed the expression, turned t'other end to.

The simplest and most common form of kabojolism consists in quoting some mythical Mrs. Harris. In small towns the habit is as plentiful as the Jigger in July; and the Bucolic Philosopher at the Grocery constantly refers to Ol' Bill Jones, and states what he could easily prove had Ol' Bill not passed to the Realm of Shade.

¶ Kabojolism in the second degree consists in stating things tinted with risque, for which you do not wish to stand sponsor, but which you feel should be said in the interests of the Higher Criticism. Therefore, you say them, and give another credit.

Kabojolism is no new thing: Thucydides tells of how Aristophanes referred to the great speech of Pericles over the Athenian heroic dead, as "the best thing that Aspasia ever wrote."

In the days of Augustus Cæsar, a part of the duties of the Questor was to write the orations for the Emperor. This was well understood, and nobody tried to dodge the proposition. Time does not change humanity much, for recently a zealous friend of Grover Cleveland put forth the claim that he was the only president since Lincoln who wrote his own messages.

¶ The late Judge Hubbard of Geneseo, New York, once gave a particularly eloquent and forceful Fourth of July oration. After the address a local joker stepped up, shook hands with the speaker and asked him this question, "Judge, which one of your daughters wrote that speech?"

The Judge might have parried the gentle thrust, but instead the truthful man answered, "Oh, Nellie is the author of it!" Then seeing the smiles on the faces of the bystanders he continued, "Nellie is the author of the speech, but as I am the author of Nellie, I claim the speech." It is needless to say that the Judge was much more proud of his daughter who could write a good oration, than of any oration he could possibly write himself.

I once advertised one of my workmen as an Infant Prodigy—he was neither an infant nor a prodigy—but he looked the part. In the language of my friend, Colonel Ed. Geers, the Prodigy could not trot a little bit, but he was a tremendous looker. So I showed him to the visitors and they were wonderfully impressed.

¶ The genuine crack-a-jack work about the place was mostly done by small, red-haired and bow-legged parties with freckles, and diffident manners. As long as I could keep the Prodigy from talking, and at night destroy all the work he did during the day, as Penelope raveled the shroud, I was all right.

After a time the Prodigy affected a short velvet jacket, and a tailor-made cod-piece. Soon he became known as the Wonder of the World.

¶ And worse than that, he began to believe it, and then either he or I had to go.

He happened to be it.

Voltaire was more given to kabojolitis than any other writer I now recall. He sent all the savants of Europe digging in the libraries for men and books that never lived outside the figment of his pigment.

Grand kabojolism consists in attributing to another a whole book you yourself have Dashed Off. Not long ago one Tark Boothington wrote a book. Bone, Marl & Co., offered to publish it if my name could be used as author. There was a thousand dollars in it for Tark, and as much for me, but the book was so bad I stood firm, and absolutely refused to be bribed. My friend Edgar Saltus says in his occasional gallimaufry that Daudet used to employ 'prentice talent on his books. Some of Daudet's boys did remarkably well for greenhands, but they would occasionally lapse, as even careful writers may. A lady reader of Daudet's Works

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having stumbled upon a beautiful anachronism wrote to Daudet and put him straight. Thereupon, instead of writing a courteous note of thanks to the lady, Daudet so far forgot himself as to reply, "Dear Madam: I have not read the book in question, and damn me if I will." ❧ ❧

When Amy Fay was a pupil of Franz Liszt, she was once making merry over a musical composition by the Duke of Weimar. "Have a care, my child," said the Master in his gentle way, "Have a care how you make fun of the music of princes—you can never tell who wrote it." ❧ ❧

At least three instances are on record where men have created a nation that never existed and given the people a literature, a science and a religion complete. Chatterton started to do something like that, when he slipped his hawser and drifted to Bedlam.

More than once it has happened that men have written books and knowing their own names could not give them sufficient ballast have put the manuscripts on Deity. Indeed, this has been a not uncommon expedient—to attribute authorship of books and children to God. ¶ This lets all parties out from under, absolves from blame, and if there is credit to be gotten later some one always shows up and claims it as Agent for the Principal.

The law defines a whole round of dire deeds and puts the blame on God. Lawyers work for two things, to defend and to prosecute. By placing the blame on God—"by act of God"—man is let off. This tendency to put the blame on somebody, and finally falling back on God on account of the difficulty in locating him, is a very ancient scheme.

The life of the individual mirrors the life of the race. In my boyhood days we had a hired man named Joshua. If anything was ever lost, stolen, broken or misused, we would say, "Josh, he done it!"

That scheme of one Joseph Smith, disrespectfully referred to by the ribald as "Joe Smith of Nauvoo," was no new thing. Six men in the history of the world have done the thing better. ¶ Smith wrote a fairish book, buried it in the ground, and at the right time dug it up and flashed it with God's name on the title-page. ¶ So far God has written no pamphlet repudiating it and the various other books attributed to Him ❧ ❧

That scheme of the "Cardiff Giant" was worked out on the suggestion of men who assisted Smith with his Hot Stuff. The only difference was that Smith's piece de resistance was a book, and the other fellow's was a giant. Both were prepared by hand, both planted, both dug up. The gentlemen attributed their giant to God, just as Smith had done with his book—with this to their advantage—God has made giants—but whether He has made books or not is still debatable ❧ ❧

A rather curious complication in the line of kabojolism came to me a few years ago. My friend, Colonel Cudahy of the Beef Trust, who, they boastingly say in Chicago, was suckled by a sow, just as Romulus and Remus were cared for by the she-wolf, wrote a somewhat sensational novel. At least I heard he had written a novel inspired by a whiff of patchouli, and although I had not seen the book, yet following a habit acquired while working on the New York "Sun," I reviewed the book first and trusted to luck to read it later. Unfortunately for me it transpired that Colonel Cudahy had not written any book—he had only contemplated having me write one for him.

However, the review had gone out to the syndicate, and it could not be gotten back. Hardly had my critical comments on Colonel Cudahy's work appeared than McClurg & Company telegraphed me for a hundred copies, thinking I was the publisher. I advised Aleck that if he would forward me a case of six quarts, we would call it square. That disposed of him, but in less than a week, Charlie Thorne, of Montgomery, Ward & Company, arrived in Sun-Up, and the first topic he brought up was the Cudahy novel. Mr. Thorne told me he had read the book and considered my review an impartial and Able Effort. In thus saying he had read a book that had never been written, Charlie revealed himself a peachful prevaricator, but as I had reviewed the work I was hardly in position to nail the lie. So we just stood there and looked at each other like two curs that had stolen a capon. Happily, just then Ali Baba called to me and asked where I had left the pitch-fork. This changed the subject, and I saw Thorne was as much relieved as I.

The giving of letters of recommendation to folks for whom you have no use, is a common form of petty kabojolism. Then there are big men who often sell their names to boom things, like Judge Cheesemite of Keene, New Hampshire, who never weighed more than one hun-

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dred and twenty pounds in the shade, who yet has his name placarded as an example of a man whose life was saved by a certain Obesity Belt built at Jackson, Michigan.

There is also that case of George Stevens, a noted jester, justler and all-round jackanapes, of Toledo. Stevens made the fortune of Jim Laroux, a muskrat Frenchman, who invented a blood medicine called Peruna, and paraded Stevens as one who had been snatched from an untimely tomb by its use. Stevens, I hear, has recently had a misunderstanding with Laroux, and has stated in print that he never even tasted the bellywash concocted by the muskrat rival of Dr. Pierce.

In the meantime the muscovy muskrat rides in an automobile.

Love itself is a form of kabojolism, for its province is to exaggerate the excellence of its subject and bestow a credit where it is not wholly due. ¶ The beautiful, budding, blushing country lass, aged nineteen, is seldom the paragon of sweetness, gentleness, intellect, modesty and truth that we, editorially speaking, in our youth warmly averred. For a time we succeeded in making her think so, and later we had to gently undeceive her, otherwise she would have used us, editorially speaking, as a doormat.

Life moves in spirals—periodicity is everywhere. Once I myself was exposed to kabojolitis. I was out once with Major Pond on a lecture tour, and the Major prepared a circular setting forth the excellence of his attraction. This circular made me out to be quite the Greatest Thing that ever happened. The Major said my personal presence was such that the audience was won before I had said a word; and when I began to talk, the mulititude hung upon my words spellbound ✍ He declared I was the Themistocles who would lead the world out of artistic bondage.

That settled it: I went to Major Pond and told him that if this Themistocles business were true, and I had no doubt but that it was, I should have at least One Hundred Dollars more a week.

At this the Major fell in a swoon and awoke swearing; finally he cooled down and explained to me that I should know better—the circular was simply a case of commercial kabojolism: credit where it was not due. He told me I was really considerable of a chump,—a sort of wag-tongue chough, but it would not be good policy to say so on the bills.

Then the Major explained to me this truth: The fifty-seven varieties of freak, and all the fantastic tricks, fussy airs, and foolish elevation of the nose and chin of a cantatrice come from the fact that she reads the newspaper reports her impresario writes about her, and takes them literally. And this is why all impresarios grow old and senile early in life—it comes from enduring the contumely of the premiere danseuse and the cantatrice, who refuse, womanlike, to take the small bills cum grano salis. ¶ The reason so many histrions express their contempt for the horse-blocks—and everything else—from the altitude of high Olympus, is because they regard the press notices penned by the manager as Holy Writ.

A woman I know has a husband who is for her a spiritual sinker, yet she quotes him in public and puts him forth as an example of virtue—when, in fact he is quite the other thing. ¶ Charles Frohman once told me that he considered the romeike habit worse than hitting the pipe.

He said every prima donna he ever knew, but one, was woozy with the hallucination that she was the dimity divinity of Orpheus—the favorite of the gods—all this through the romeike dalliance. Thus does the lady-star, who is a sort of ladybug, grow great on newspaper guff, and win the obese obeisance of toddy-mixers, bell-boys, hack drivers and other ardent expecters of scale.

I am fully convinced that there is just as much kabojolism in the world as plagiarism—just as much undue credit given as credit withheld. ¶ Let me close with a somewhat sad but true incident: In New York, years ago, there used to live an elderly gentleman with long white whiskers, a linen duster and patriarchal ways. ¶ He was known as the "Bum Peter Cooper." At conventions, mass-meetings and public gatherings, his services were in demand at two dollars per. All he had to do was to applaud the speakers by pounding vociferously on the floor with his cane, say nothing and look like the real Peter Cooper.

Finally, through the applause that always greeted him when he appeared upon the stage at public meetings, a buzzing bluebottle got into his bonnet, and he became possessed of the idea that he was the Sure-Enough Peter Cooper, and the other man, who built the Cooper Union was the Bum. He grew garrulous and fell into the habit of referring to the

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Real Peter Cooper as a freak, a fake and a fraud. As long as the Bum was quiet, all was well, but when he began to talk, his supporters were obliged to throw him into the Irish Sea.
¶ A good I-X-L bum, if he is a looker, has a place, but when it begins to put on airs, something always happens. The bum is one of society's luxuries. In the language of John Randolph, "the necessities we must have, but the luxuries we can do without."
The suggestion of one who has dallied both with plagiaritis and kabojolitis, would be the advice of Ali Baba to the young Athenian who wanted to borrow twenty-five oboli so he could wed: DON'T.
At the last all Art is One, and the same truth can be stated of kabojolism. And I am fully convinced that as all things are held in place by the Opposition of Forces, and as the wind is only rushing to fill a vacuum, and the flowing waters are working out an equilibrium, so kabojolism is a part of the Great Plan to hold the balance true.
Some of us are very sure that we are not getting the credit that is our due—we are not appreciated. If this is true let us take consolation in the thought that we are Necessary Parts of the Whole, and as we are not getting due credit, some one is getting a credit that is not his due. All is One, and nothing really makes any difference.
My lords, I have done.

In France you cannot insure your house against a fire which originates on the premises. Result—a vigilance unknown in any other country and one-tenth of the fire loss that we have in America



WHY is there laughter in an existence that none of us laughs at? Why is there mirth in a world of struggle and precarious chances? Proserpina is the goddess of death, and no one has been found stronger than she—except it be Momus, the god of laughter, whom Proserpina cannot slay.
¶ Laughter is no accident. It is something rooted in the depths of our being. Pain is deeper than all thought; laughter is higher than all pain. Care cudgels us with a big stick, but look above! There is laughter—the fairy goddess waving a wand that is silver-bright.
¶ There is a comic spirit in things as well as a tragic spirit. The gods bowl us over and still we make merry. Hurricane, earthquake and fire conspire to annihilate us, but jocosity and joviality flow in an unbroken stream from the springs of buoyancy set deep within the soul of man
Only the heart suffers. The brain is the peaceful, undisturbed, eternal spectator of the monstrous paradox called Life.
The mind never worries, is never perturbed, is never in pain. The heart—that great lupanar of desires—may seduce the brain to participate in its earth-itches; but in itself the mind is a detached, impersonal observer of the great tangled web of passion and error that is spun by the heart of man.
Mind as mind has the placidity of a mirror.
¶ All things are reflected in it, but for the image of Lady Macbeth it cares no more than for the image of Falstaff. The unconscious universe struggled and fought until it evolved a brain. In mind, the star and planet rise to thought
The World-Spirit contemplates itself through the brain of man. It is the light born out of darkness. Through the brain, nature passes from actor to observer, from blind, eyeless combat to wide-eyed intelligence, from an immemorial pain to the beginnings of an immemorial mirth.
Impersonal contemplation—that is the secret of laughter. Mirth is as old as the first mind that detached itself—even for a single hour—from the service of the emotions and the lower nature generally. The first man who said, "I will retire from the combat a little while to yonder hill to watch the fray" was the first man who laughed with his brain. Distance, aloofness, height, strike out by a magic psychic friction the spark that bears in its centre the germ of philosophy. Only cosmic comedians become as the gods.
The elements of the incongruous and ridiculous run through all the affairs of men. The intervention of the unknown at each moment in their affairs and schemes whirls them off their feet and elicits from Intellect the same gleeful scream that children give vent to in a circus when the trapeze performer whirls unexpectedly through the air.
With the significant difference that the circus acrobat knows where he is going to land, but the acrobat MAN in this great cosmic circus is

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caught unawares and lands where Circumstance forgot to spread her nets.

The World-Spirit is a freakish, ironic spirit. It contrives strange outcomes to our unconscious plans. We plan and plan in one spirit, and behold! another spirit takes possession. Dante's Inferno, written in a religious fervor as an exposition of theological conception, set at work the forces which finally overthrew those very conceptions.

The Inquisition, instituted to fasten by force a religious creed on the world, was the means that brought about the final annihilation of the means. Anarchy spreads just in the measure that you persecute it. The means employed to enslave a people are the very means that awake the passion for liberty in their souls. There is no surer way to keep forces in motion that you wish to annihilate, than to persistently struggle against them. If you wish to see how far a pendulum will swing to the right draw it to the extreme left.

This is the Immanent Mirth in things—the quiet laughter of the hidden Prestidigitateur; the exquisite mockery of nature which made hilarious the days of Voltaire and Renan.

Leisure is the condition of the growth of the smile in the brain. Laughter comes with contemplation

A man may take joy in his work, but he cannot laugh at it—it is too close. Mirth is a kind of serene skepticism. It comes only with intelligence

The perception that life is something of a joke may possibly come to a boor laboring in the fields, but it clothes itself to him as a bitter jest, for his brain is still the handmaiden of his stomach. The leisure of Mephistopheles, the intelligence of Lucifer—these must be approached, in some degree, to perceive the depth on depth of world-jollity.

Fanaticism, the man with a fixed idea—the antithetical mental attitude to the world-sceptic—is incapable of cerebral mirth. The finest minds are those in which intelligence and insight spread out like the gradual opening of a circular fan. They come to perceive all sides of all things in one glance. They are like a man who stands at the North Pole—all longitudes centre in him; he sees all the imaginary lines that men map and number and believe in. He is conscious for the first time of the absurdity of direction; he comes to know in a flash how purely arbitrary are affirmative ideas about anything. ¶ And he laughs a long loud laugh to the polar skies

The dominant note observable in nature—observable only to the eye of the mind that has severed itself from the prejudices of the will—is blitheness.

She seems always to be laughing; her most terrible moments are like the scowls that gran' pa puts on in front of naughty children who really amuse him—the mocking mask of mirth. Nature goes her way through her four seasons with a carelessness, an insouciance, a sangfroid, such as men have who care nothing for death or who have learned the fine secret that the tomb covers, but does not hide. Life is a huge joke to the Immortal Mother. She laughs eternally because she is wiser than her children. ¶ She knows nothing is lost. She knows that death is recomposition and pain the way character is tooled.

How deep was Shakespeare's mirth when he gave us Puck? Puck, the lordly imp of a topsy-turvy universe; Puck who is the boss seer of the world; Puck who put a girdle of laughter around the universe; Puck who smiled and smiled and was not a villain—only a divine sportsman who played battledore and shuttlecock with us in the fields of Eternity.

There is a quenchless grief in all things—if we will have it so.

Move up into the higher altitudes and the grief in all things turns to a quenchless mirth. The higher altitude is just that step from the heart to the brain—from emotion to thought, from feeling to thinking.

And quite naturally, those who cannot take the step revile those who do.

The Bread of Life is Love.



IN talking with an official of the Grand Trunk Railway System the other day, he referred quite incidentally, to a point that is worth remembering and emphasizing. It is this, all of the money made by this great company above bare operation expenses, goes right back into improvements and equipment.

This applies also to the dividends, which for the most part come back from the stockholders for reinvestment. ¶ Men who draw out big sums

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and live in idleness are absolutely unknown in railroad circles.

This talk about "predatory wealth" is mostly stuff, bluff and guff.

Railroad men stand for industry and economy. They are filled with an eternal discontent. They want things better ☙ They are men with the builders' itch. Rameses had it, and so did Pericles, and these men made cities. But now hundreds of men have it. Railroad men always have plans made ahead for betterments, often for five years, waiting until the money can be spared. Thus we find a great railway system is always in the safe and healthful condition of being hard-up. It uses every dollar it possesses. ¶ The Grand Trunk now has fifteen thousand miles of track. Ten years ago it had only about half of this ☙ Always and forever, sidings are being lengthened, terminal facilities bettered, heavier rails laid down, improved safety appliances adopted.

The approximate perfection of the service can be appreciated when we realize that in the quarter just passed the Grand Trunk carried nearly four million passengers without a single fatality.

The entire spirit of the successful railroad is to safeguard its "guests," as one conductor I know on the "Burlington" calls his passengers. The railroad boys stand for human service. Not only is the traveler protected from accident, but from discourtesy, inconvenience and his own carelessness.

The railroad man who indulges in either grouch or graft is a goner before he has begun. The boys in blue who are not on the dead-level, are back on the dray tomorrow. A man working alone can be a rogue, but a bunch of men never falsify records ☙ They hold each other straight. Gamblers and confidence men once plied their trade on trains and at railroad stations, but that day is gone and gone forever. ¶ I have ridden on railroad trains nearly one-third the time for twenty-five years, and during all that time I have never once been off the rust, neither have I ever been robbed of a dollar. ¶ I have never lost a hat, grip, umbrella or my temper, on a railroad train.

The nearest I ever came to misfortune in traveling was when I left the manuscript of that Mozart Little Journey in a Pullman car, and the porter chucked it as rubbish. Laylander and a few other dubbs and mutts, lacking in the actinic ray, still declare that the porter should have been rewarded ☙ But that is another question.

☙

I make mistakes, of course; but I do not respond to encores.

☙



COLONEL LEWIS GODLOVE, tintype conspirator, in league with Strauss, the immortal "J. C." of St. Louis, writes me thus: "Dear Fra, next year I suggest that your 'Little Journeys' be to the Homes of Great Liars. I think you will find no trouble in selecting twelve suitable Candidates. The wealth of material may embarrass you a trifle, but if you will allow me to serve you in this capacity, I will make up the list of the twelve happy ones who are thus to be embalmed in history. Right you are—the names that live are those which Plutarch takes a crack at. Now for the first name on my suggested list suppose you take the gifted author of the 'Message to Garcia.' You know him better than any one else; he deserves your best; the world should have an authentic account of him."

I have replied to the Colonel that I would act on the suggestion if he would allow me to take his name as the second on the list.

☙

The big Winners are invariably men who have snatched Success from the Jaws of Failure.

☙

The Roycroft Sunday School Lessons for the Month of July

By Alice Hubbard

General Health Thought: Love to Live.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON—THE LOVER OF LIVING

Lesson LVII—Sunday, July 4, 1909

TO MY WIFE.

Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble dew,
Steel true and blade straight,
The Great Artisan made my mate.

Honor, courage, valor, fire,
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench nor evil stir,
The Mighty Master gave to her.

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Teacher, pupil, comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul free,
The august Father gave to me.



IT was a wonderful summer evening. We had been out to Ellis Island. We had seen ship-loads of people come through the labyrynthine ways of the landing, and stand, one by one, before the awful judges who divided the sheep from the goats, the saved from the lost.

We had seen those in power pass judgment upon the "emigrants" and say whose hopes should be deferred and who should enter at once into the Promised Land. There were shivering, quivering souls who had spent all their lives submitting to wills greater than their own; those who had made their way in the world by stealth, if they could be said to have a way or place on earth. ¶ And we had seen some of these people who had crossed the sea expecting a new life, rejected: they must go back to the same conditions they had left. All their fond dreams and hopes had come to naught. ¶There was one young man who attracted our attention especially. He was tall and thin and hollow-eyed: he wore his straight hair rather long, and the longing, lustrous eyes made an appeal that I thought would surely blind the censor to his poverty, symptoms and evidences of disease. ¶ We leaned over the rail of the visitors' gallery in our intense interest in the fate of the man. He looked like Robert Louis, we said. Surely he was a lover who had come for his mate

Breathlessly we watched the examination with aching hearts. He was rejected, turned back into a Slough of Despond, with others who had received the awful, "Depart from me." We were sure we saw tears, and there was the quiver of sensitive lips that meant agony. At the office, when we inquired, they told us there would be a more careful examination later, when the case would be decided according to regulations, wholly just. Oh Justice! what crimes—

So we hurried away while there was yet hope, with determination to get a law passed that any one, bent on the errand Robert Louis was, on August Tenth, Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-nine, when he landed in New York, should never be turned away. We were sure the two cases were identical. ¶ Without having contemplated a pilgrimage, we found ourselves that night going over the same ground Robert Louis did on that first visit to America.

He had gotten off the boat there at Castle Garden. It was raining hard, a deluge, and he asked the nearest drayman to take him to an inexpensive boarding-house, which address had been given him on shipboard. Loaded into a wagon with his two tin boxes, he was driven over cobblestones for miles and miles, and let down—just a few rods from where he started. ¶ Yes, here was the very doorway he entered, Number Ten, West Street. Those were the very rickety stairs he climbed, dripping and soaked, steaming with the odors of the horse blanket the driver had generously covered him with, that he might not discover the whirligig route he must pay well for—five dollars for a distance of one block. ¶ Then we looked up to the window Robert Louis looked from the next morning after he arrived, to see his ship-landing over the way, and discovered thus early how our Americans recognize strangers and take them in.

Robert Louis was great in so many qualities that we cannot say of any one, this was his greatest. Yet there are few romances that can compare with the story of Robert Louis' love. ¶ He was frail and his health was meager, he was poor and his earning capacity undeveloped. His plans were opposed by parents and friends, yet he crossed an ocean and a continent, without physical ease or bodily comforts, that he might be true to his heart's love. It surely was a most impolitic thing to do, and father and mother were sore distressed about it. But Robert Louis was a manly man who knew that for one to live his own life was the highest duty. ¶ Such lives bless the world most.

Robert Louis lived out his life in the light. I know of nothing more beautiful.

Robert Browning once wrote in a lady's book "From a poet to a poem." He said she lived it, he wrote about it.

Stevenson wrote to Crockett after reading his beautifully sweet story, "The Lilac Sunbonnet," I have never dared to attempt a love story, but if I were to write one I should want it to be "The Lilac Sunbonnet."

Robert Louis was so occupied living a love story, he could not write one. But this does not mean he was an idler, though he wrote "An Apology for Idlers." He worked his love up into his life, and he worked incessantly.

His whole life was love, and no writer is more beloved

Oh, yes, he was criticized, severely, cruelly. Unsympathetic visitors visited him; they came to spy and went away to tell about it. But their chatter did not disturb him. His humor could disinfect any malevolence, his good cheer could take the sting from pain and even death.

Henley, who said, "I am the captain of my soul," attempted to criticize Robert Louis after his spirit had gone. But we would none of his tales. We knew his loving heart and his joy of living. This was priceless, and we were really glad if he were human—like unto Henley in a few things.

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WHEN the day returns, return to us our sun and comforter, and call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts—eager to labour—eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it. **This prayer was written the day before Robert Louis died. ¶ His lack of health forced upon him and his family, an ostracism that would have been serious to less self-sufficient people. Now we think of the Stevensons as folks to be envied, away in the South Sea Islands with their work and their play. ¶ Robert Louis did not try to help the natives of Samoa by teaching them the Classics, nor even English; he did not attempt to give them a different religion from their own. He said nothing to them about another life. ¶ But he did benefit them here and now. He said that the first step to civilization had always been in all times the making of good roads. So he taught the art of road building to his brown brothers.**

"Travel is a fool's paradise" said Emerson. But it is this only to those who think that to travel is an end, not a means to an end. And this is true of any and every beautiful thing.

To focus on travel, work, play, eating, drinking, saving your soul, study, yes even love, is to have a fool's paradise—they are all means to an end—which end is—we know not what.

Robert Louis knew that civilization, salvation if you will, comes from mental and physical activity. Brain and body must be alive, active, or there is no progress.

So he and Fanny Stevenson became as little children to the Samoans that they might lead them on a little into more life, more light.

For fourteen years they lived and loved and worked together. Fourteen years of life they were

"When were you born?" asked an inquisitive of Robert Louis, one day. May Tenth, Eighteen Hundred and Eighty, **was the instant reply, and Robert Louis and Fanny Stevenson exchanged glances. This was their wedding day. ¶ Although Robert Louis' body was always frail and often disabled, he seemed never to be sick—his mind was always well, vigorous and full of life**

His sublime courage shines through all he wrote: back of every line is the fascinating spirit of a man who has that gift of the gods, Charm of Manner. We love him because he loved to live and never feared to die.

Loving hands made a tomb on the very top of Mount Vaea, facing the great sea, above his Samoan home, Vailima.

Lesson LVIII—Sunday, July 11, 1909

All our attributes are modified or changed, and it will be a poor account of us if our views do not modify and change in proportion. To hold the same views at forty as we held at twenty is to have been stupefied for a score of years, and take rank, not as a prophet, but as an unteachable brat, well birched and none the wiser. It is as if a ship-captain should sail to India from the Port of London; and having brought a chart of the Thames on deck at his first setting out, should obstinately use no other for the whole voyage.



IT is a curious fact that our good Christian friends would like to send missionaries to convert the Medes and Persians to their particular religious belief. It is also a curious fact that our good Christian friends do not recognize that their own stronghold is distinctly Medean and Persian. ¶ The Medes and Persians, according to Christian authority, did not believe in evolution, put up unpassable barricades against it

The Christian faith depends upon the fixity of things—like the laws of the Medes and Persians, the thought and reason and understanding of Christians changeth not. ¶ It is the same yesterday, today and forever. "The religion of my mother is good enough for me." The "faith" of our fathers must not be departed from if we would have eternal life. ¶ The Christians grant that everything changes—except their religion. Their mothers raised flax, beat it out on the stones, spun it, wove it, bleached it under the April sun, made it into garments painfully, stitch by stitch.

Their fathers spaded up the ground, sowed the seed like Millet's Sower, and gleaned as his Gleaners.

Christians today wear fine linen, the process of whose making they do not dream. They buy costly garments from importers, and millinery from Paris.

The farmers ride their steam-plows; or they turn several furrows at once, driving a ten-horse team. They use machinery that multiplies the power of one man a hundredfold.

They travel from ocean to ocean in a week. The ox cart of my father is not good enough for me. ¶ Neither is his house, nor his amusements. Steam-heat, flowing water—hot and cold—in our houses, daily or hourly mail, telegraph and telephone, electricity, gas, fine roads, cultivated fields, evolution in everything but a belief in myths, legends and fables.

A Christian woman in tears implores me to join the church my grandmother loved, and to accept the faith in God and Christ that this good woman "believed" in, a hundred years ago. ¶ And I in turn plead with her to go into the thicket of the densest forest she can now find, and with axe and adz, with her own hands,

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build a one-room log house, and there with a little garden spot she herself has spaded up, assume the care of fifteen children—preferably her own— and live out her life.

And she says, "How preposterous! How impossible! We have lived past all that. That was a necessary stage in the pioneer life, but now an insane thing to attempt to do."

Then I tell this woman, who is the president of a Browning Club, that if she is good, Santa Claus will bring her a doll at Christmas time and a book of fairy tales. But if she is bad he will bring her hateful gifts that she will not want and will make her cry, and I add, "Christmas is sure to come. Look out!"

She scorns my promise of reward and punishment and gives notice to friends that I am losing my mind.

I call her a reasonable, intelligent woman, because she rejects my Christmas story, and I like her good sense in not going to live in poverty and hardship in the midst of an uninhabited forest in this day of opportunity.

But this Christian woman calls me a wicked atheist deserving much and long-drawn-out punishment when I tell her I cannot accept her bribe of Heaven and threat of Hell, her barbaric laws like those of the Medes and Persians that change not from age to age. Can you demonstrate to Medes and Persians that Evolution is the Law?

A Baptist farmer went to a circus once—to see the animals. He took two of his children—to see the animals, though I am glad to say they saw the clown and circus ladies.

The farmer stood before the cage of a hippopotamus long and long, with mouth wide agape and hands clutching his pockets. At last he shook himself free from his trance and shouted, "Gosh! There ain't no such animal." The farmer's chart of his barn-yard is all he will ever use. He is the unteachable, unlearnable.

ROBERT LOUIS is beloved and is our perpetual benefactor because he accepted life as he saw it evolve before him. Everything was good that came to him. Life was not fossilized, but limpid and liquid. His spirit recognized spirit in everything.

Life to him was too precious a thing to be taken so seriously that his soul would atrophy. Life is fluid, life is motion. I am no more abashed he says, at having been a red-hot Socialist with a panacea of my own, than at having been a sucking infant.

The opinions of old men about life have been accepted as final. All sorts of allowances are made for the illusions of youth; and none, or almost none, for the disenchantment of age.

And Robert Louis tells this conversation he once overheard:

"What I advance is true," said one.

"But not the whole truth," answered the other.

"Sir," returned the first, "sir, there is no such thing as the whole truth."

Lesson LIX—Sunday, July 18, 1909

To believe in immortality is one thing, but it is first needful to believe in life.

We should not compliment a hungry man who should refuse a whole dinner and reserve all his appetite for the dessert, before he knew whether there was to be any dessert or not.

Whence? Whither?



THESE two questions absorbed the human race as soon as the intellect had developed far enough for man to question. Evidently humanity was happy while it accepted everything as the child does. But when man could reason and wonder, the mysteries began to weigh upon him and he became somber and sorrowful

"Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. ¶ He cometh forth as a flower and is cut down, he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not.

Sorrow is better than laughter.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are three-score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength, labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off and we fly away."

Death was terrible. What was to become of us after death? Time goes on, but what of man? Does death end all? The child race demanded an answer to everything.

Man could do a few things. There must be a great and strong man up in the heavens that made the thunder, the lightning, the storm, day, night, the spring when the dead earth was made to live, the summer that brought the harvest, the winter that brought death. Somebody powerful had control. No man had seen this Being, but all felt the effect of this energy. ¶ The child mind is not scientific. So the child mind said, if it is not a big Man in the skies, what is it?

With this wise assumption, man began to build a heaven, a hell, an eternity, a government, and autocrats to execute the wills of two warring, antipodal, Supreme Beings.

Men with a desire to control became authority for every question asked. And children were taught—aye, and are even unto this day—to question and answer like this:

"Where did God place man when He created him?—In the garden of Eden. Where was this garden?—Probably in Central Asia.

Did man obey God's command?—He did not. What did he do?—He ate the forbidden fruit.

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¶ Who was the first transgressor?—Eve. How came it about?—The devil in the form of a serpent, deceived her by a lie.
What did the devil promise Eve?—That they should not surely die, but be as gods, knowing good and evil.
Can any place conceal us from God's eye?—None.
Can we provide a covering for our sin?—No.
Who got the curse?—Satan, whose head or power was to be bruised or crushed.
For whose sake was the ground cursed?—For man's sake.
How was man to feel this?—By the weeds it brought forth and the labor it required.
Was there any special punishment to the woman for being first in the transgression?—Yes, personal suffering."
We read how the Egyptians focused their minds on this one thought of immortality, that they spent their entire energies in making tombs and embalming the body that when Hapi should come, as come He would, He should find the mummied form and resurrect it, and then it would live forever.
Why it did not live forever in the condition that it then was, of living, pulsing health, they did not reason. They were to be resurrected and be just as they were now, except that they would then be immortal. They assumed that to live eternally was desirable.
This short life was of little value compared with eternal life which they assumed was theirs.
So this life was spent in preparation for another. Build your tomb, secure embalming material for tomorrow ye die.
These speculations about what shall become of us after death became Religion. It absorbed the attention of man.
Men spent their lives teaching their fellow men what to do to prepare to meet their God. Then schools were made to teach men how to teach men how to prepare to meet their God. The whole intent was to make a preparation for happiness. When? Now? After this life, through all eternity.
Prepare to die. Prepare to meet your God.

Earth's but a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
I 'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home.

"I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth on me shall be saved. He that believeth not shall be damned."
Life when? After death.
Saved when? After death.
Damned when? After death.
Our attention was all centered on a myth—on something of which we knew nothing; on an intangible, unprovable, undemonstrable, unscientific supposition.
Nations went to war because they differed in opinion about what you must do to be saved in another life which nobody knew anything about. Families were separated and bitterness and crime were rampant—as on St. Bartholomew's Day in France.
Most of the bloodshed in all time, the pain, sorrow and anguish of hate and cruelty, have come from quarrels about a future life of which we know absolutely nothing.
Man became obsessed by this one question, Whither? and by the arbitrary answers made by those who coveted power. Finally religion had degenerated into dogmatic bribe and threat.
¶ And during all these centuries there were only a few minds now and then sane enough to look at the matter normally, and realize that there was only one fact that could practically interest us in the slightest, and that fact is, that we are here. There is only one portion of time that is of any value whatever to us, and that is this very moment.
We can do nothing whatever with the past.
¶ The future—it is not ours.
This moment is mine. What shall I do with it?
This is the only decision man has to make.
¶ Everything else takes care of itself—is, in fact, dependent upon what I do with this moment ✍ ✍
This present life is all I have any shadow of a claim upon, or a hold upon. "We are sent into this life without our permission, and we are sent out of it against our will."
Neither heaven nor hell in another life is at any one's disposal, nor do we know anything about them.
This life is mine. All our sanity says, make the most of it.
Every hint from Nature is that we must make the most of this moment. Nature gives us hints.
¶ If we are wise enough to benefit by these hints, she gives us more.
And this hint I get from Nature, and that is, that if man will ever know anything about a life to come, it will be when he knows well how to live this life; how to take care of this wonderful body he now has and keep all parts working in harmony; how to live today and make his living a joy to himself and his life a benediction to others.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON is called the beloved. It came to me the other day that the reason is because his happiness was in living; that he offered neither bribe nor threat; that he said nothing of a future life. I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work.
¶ Robert Louis promised nothing for tomorrow nor for the end of the journey. Little do ye know your own blessedness, for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor.
He said, It is not life that we love, but living.
¶ We do not fear death, we do not want to part

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with life. ¶Robert Louis taught and lived the life of Self-Reliance. He found his savior within. He prayed prayers he himself could answer.

Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind!

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man.

Help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry.

Lesson LX—Sunday, July 25, 1909

Mutual Understanding is love's essence.

It is only by trying to understand others that we can get our own hearts understood; and in matters of human feeling the clement judge is the most successful pleader.

I hate questioners and questions; there are so few that can be spoken to without a lie.

"Do you forgive me?"

So far as I have gone in life I have never yet been able to discover what forgiveness means.

"Is it still the same between us?"

Why, how can it be? It is eternally different; and yet you are still the friend of my heart.



THINGS are eternally changing. We are in the current of moving events. But we are startled when we come suddenly to face the fact that things have eternally changed.

We may like the old better and lament that things and the times are not what they were. Yet we are confronting the same stubborn reality that things have eternally changed.

It were as hopeless for you to return to the old as for you to wear your baby-clothes and sleep in a baby-crib. We are in the line of evolution—willy nilly.

WE are not so much impressed that the marriage relation is changing as that it has eternally changed.

There is an uneasy, restless adjustment to the new condition, but even "greasy Joan" as she keels the pot, Audrey and Touchstone, know that there are new conditions.

Two Irish students were once watching a laboratory experiment. A frog had been chloroformed and a current of electricity turned on. ¶ The muscles twitched. "I thought he was dead," whispered one student. "He is," responded the other, "but he's not yet conscious of it."

Man does not own his wife and her children any more, though he sometimes is not yet conscious of this fact. Woman is an entity, an individual, though she, too, is often not yet conscious of it.

Woman can never return to the swaddling clothes of being protected and cared for. She must evolve into an individual capable of caring for herself.

Reedy voices the spirit of the times when he says that a wife is not the keeper of her husband's honor nor is he of hers. The State is not taking the defence of a man's honor as excuse for crime.

A poetically inclined gentleman recently complained to me that if the ladies did not need the protection of gentlemen any more, we should be robbed of all poems of chivalry, deeds of courage and gallantry; that the inspiration and incentive for noble actions would be gone. ¶ I put forward as a motif for poetry the chivalry, gallantry and courage that woman would exercise in protecting, defending and taking care of herself. Sing the glory of woman in staying at home from battle and taking care of family and business, when war is necessary. ¶ He declared the romance would be gone, and I protested it would be there, but manifested differently

Then we took an inventory of the protections woman needs in Nineteen Hundred and Nine. I could n't think of one item. He started to say travel, but remembered that the world has been toured by woman unattended. He said in crossing the streets in crowded cities; and then an army of women shoppers successfully dodging dangers flashed before him.

At home, abroad, the only women who need protection are the paupers. Then we closed by my asking him to write poems of brave women and virtuous men.

WHAT effect will the independence of women have upon the human race? This is always the question that comes to us when we confront a changed condition.

To "know thyself," Socrates said was education.

"I do not feel as the wounded soldier:
I am that man," said Whitman.

"Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you," is a very old rule for the conduct of life.

Mutual understanding is love's essence, said Robert Louis.

And love is the fulfilling of the Law.

To understand, to know, is to love. "I hate that man," said Dr. Johnson. "Why, you do not even know him," responded Goldsmith.

"I know," answered Johnson, "if I knew him I should love him."

Misunderstandings come from lack of experience. If I work side by side with a man and equally share his burden, I do not find fault because he is tired and has certain needs. I have the same. But if my life is separate from his, I will have no meeting ground of sympathy.

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Robert Louis' "Virginibus Puerisque" is the best essay on marriage that I know. His and Fanny Stevenson's married life stands out as a beacon light on the waste of desolate lives, so he should speak as one having authority. Theirs was a romantic love from first to last. Yet Robert Louis writes sanely of the cause of most marital woes.

Girls and boys are taught to follow different virtues, to hate different vices, to place their ideals, even for each other, in different achievements. What should be the result of such a course? When a horse has run away and the two flustered people in the gig have each possessed themselves of a rein, we know the end of that conveyance will be in the ditch. ¶ So, when I see a raw youth and a green girl, fluted and fiddled in a dancing measure into that most serious contract, and setting out upon life's journey with ideas so monstrously divergent, I am not surprised that some make shipwreck; but that any come to port.

The young start with wrong ideas about life and each other—When a young lady has angelic features, eats nothing to speak of, plays all day long on the piano, and sings ravishingly in church, it requires a rough infidelity, falsely called cynicism, to believe that she may be a little devil after all. Yet so it is: she may be a tale-bearer, a liar, and a thief; she may have a taste for brandy, and no heart.

That doctrine of the excellence of women, however chivalrous, is cowardly as well as false. It is better to face the fact, and know, when you marry, that you take into your life a creature of equal, if of unlike frailties; whose weak human heart beats no more tunefully than yours.

Robert Louis does not give council about marriages where one person will do as well as another, a choice of fruit at dessert where one peach or nectarine is preferred. Nor does he discourse of the happy couples who have never been in love, or in hate, or in any other high passion, all their days.

His message is to those who have ideals and ideas, and its purpose is to give knowledge; it is to give to boys and girls an intelligent understanding of the responsibilities and exquisite intricacies of the effect upon life of marriage. ¶ To marry is to domesticate the Recording Angel. Once you are married, there is nothing left for you, not even suicide, but to be good.

Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving one to another.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Success in Life

By Louis F. Post



IF we were to preach a sermon on success, we should pointedly distinguish different kinds. We should show how success may consist on the one hand in building up character with reference to moral principle; or, on the other, of gaining more or less of the whole world and losing your own soul; and we should urge acceptance of the lesson of the high mountain in the Holy Land, where the most successful personality in all history signalized his greatest triumph with the exclamation, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

But this is not to be a sermon; at any rate not that kind of sermon. It is to be an unreserved, and we trust, a sensible, inquiry into the possibilities of achieving that species of success, now so generally applauded and so heartily coveted, whose treasures are subject to the ravages of moths, thieves and corruption.

The prime condition of selfish success now most generally approved is somewhat different from that which prevailed two or three generations ago. In their youth, men now of middle age were persistently taught that their success depended upon their piety. This idea was inculcated in the church, in the home, in the school; and in debating societies arguments were fattened with it. It was the lesson of the marbled-back literature and constituted the literary staple of Sunday-school libraries, and the burden of all other respectable vehicles of advice to the young. In the pietized imagination of that day, the good boy was destined, if he escaped an early and joyous death, to become a rich and exemplary man.

Usually the illustrative examples were mythical. Yet living ones were not wanting. The theory did suffer serious strain when the millionaire Girard was mentioned; but all infidels had not committed themselves, as he had, to hostility to churches in their wills, and even John Jacob Astor could be referred to, though with some reserve, as a poor and pious boy grown wealthy. Spectacular success, however, was not common then. The types were the little rich men of the neighborhood. With but few exceptions they were invariably pious; they had in most all instances been poor boys; and as uniformly as circumstances would permit, their success was attributed to their piety from youth up. Incidental advantages were often known to have contributed, but these fortuitous circumstances were not considered important enough to count. ¶ When the piety of that period is analyzed, its utility as a promoter of selfish success is less

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dubious than at first blush it appears. Its nature was not unfairly exemplified by the little negro of the wharves, who pushed and shoved and trampled upon his smaller companions to get the pennies that a stranger threw over a ship's side to see the youngsters scramble for them. After he had filled his pockets with the coin of which he had prevented the others from getting a share, this ebony Rockefeller in embryo refused to dance, even for good pay, because he had joined the church! Piety consisted chiefly in getting into church and keeping out of jail. Beyond those two points few questions were asked. And so the pious were supposed to succeed and the successful were supposed to be pious. ¶ But few selfish men of today would attribute selfish success to piety. Too many pious men have failed. Too many pious men are hopelessly poor. Too many of the wicked have been crowned with success. Even professional pietists no longer recommend piety for business reasons. Almost universally it is now recognized that genuine piety is a positive bar to success; and as for the other kind, however valuable hypocrisy may once have been as a commercial asset, it is so no longer. While ambitious business men are as careful as ever to keep out of jail, they are not so anxious to get into church. Piety as a specific for selfish success has been displaced by individual industry. The successful are now assumed to have been industrious, and the industrious are assured of success.

We do not fight for truth—we fight for electrotypes, old books, old clothes, old sermons, old creeds, old barrels. Persecutions, martyrdoms are usually struggles for inertia

This theory is adopted and fondled and propagated not only by those who are ambitious to gain as much of the world as possible, though they lose their own souls in the process; it is also approved and applauded and assiduously impressed upon the minds of youth by our professional teachers of moral and spiritual philosophies. It is the latter-day substitute for piety. But will it work any better than the theory it has displaced? That is the question. ¶ The best expression, perhaps, of this modern theory of success was written by a notorious advertiser. It is known as "A Message to Garcia," a tract that has evoked very general applause. One railroad man, who had himself been successful, distributed copies broadcast among his unsuccessful subordinates to teach them how to rise.

The tract is the story of a young military officer who, early in the War with Spain, was given a message by the War Department to carry to the Cuban general, Garcia. The difficulties in the way of the messenger seemed insurmountable. But he made no protest; he asked no questions. He had been told to carry a message to Garcia, and he did it. The tract might gain force as a guide to success if its author could write a sequel describing the promotion of the plucky young officer to the grade, say of brigadier-general. But that reward did not go to the officer who carried a message to Garcia. It was reserved for one who delivered a forgery to Aguinaldo.

Despite this suggestive anti-climax, however, the story of the "Message to Garcia" has been widely accepted as a true exposition of the secret of business success. When you are told by your superiors to do something, don't hesitate, don't question, but do it; and business success is yours That is the moral. ¶ President McKinley spoke to the same effect at a colored school in Alabama, upon his continental tour. He told his youthful negro hearers that if they would get an education, build up a good character, and be unfalteringly industrious, they would have "success anywhere and everywhere," and that this is true of blacks and whites alike. A survival of the pietistic theory was introduced there, in the allusion to building up a good character. There was also a reference to another theory of success, which once had temporary vogue, but is now almost monopolized by poor and ambitious schoolboys and college students—the theory that book education is the open sesame. But Mr. McKinley like the author of "A Message to Garcia," laid his emphasis upon "unfaltering industry."

Most impressive, however, of all the teachers along this line is Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the man who, from an impoverished boyhood, is reported to have risen by Garcia-message-carrying methods to a position paying hundreds of thousands a year. His stupendous success is the guarantee of his competency to advise.

In a recent address to the graduates of a technical school in New York, Mr. Schwab summed up the now dominant philosophy of success in one pregnant sentence. It is not enough to do your duty. "Everybody," said he, "is expected to do his duty; but the boy who does his duty, and a little more than his duty, is the boy who is going to succeed in this world."

In one respect the theory of success thus indicated is like that which it has displaced. It embodies a measure of truth. Just as the idea was true that the good boy would succeed, other things being the same, so it is true that the industrious and persevering boy will succeed, other things being the same. But there is the difficulty. "Other things being the same" implies that a large portion of boys shall not be good, in order that the good one may succeed, and that a large proportion shall remain inferior in industry, in order that the industrious

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one may succeed. In other words, this much belauded industry theory of success can be true only so long as most people don't act upon it. If all were equally industrious, all would not succeed; and if all tried to succeed by exceptional industry, the great mass, who must necessarily fall short of such a standard, would come into a condition of virtual servitude to the successful—a servitude that would be all the more profitable to its beneficiaries on account of the high standard of industry the struggle to avert it had established.

If, for illustration, the clerk who willingly works nine hours in an office when the rule is eight is the man for promotion, and all in the office are ambitious, the rivalry for success will result, if the employer also is ambitious, in extending the office day to nine hours. After that the clerk who would distinguish himself must work ten hours. When in the course of time a new rivalry shall have raised office hours to his standard, willingness to work eleven hours will be the test of industrial worthiness. And so on until the standard of office hours has been raised so high as to abolish leisure, and an exceptional few have become masters of the rest.

Returning from this illustration to the more general considerations which it roughly explains, if all workers were to do more than their duty in some degree, only the exceptional ones who did it in a greater degree could win; and if all rose to that standard, the winners would be those who raised the standard still higher. Should the process go on, none could succeed finally, but those who so far overleaped the limits of their duty as to go the full length of human endurance; and then, even if all were endowed with equal endurance, success could no longer depend upon excessive industry. None could excel when all had reached the limit.

The time would never come, of course, when all workers would reach the highest standard of human endurance. Some would be physically too weak and others morally too sane. But there would be some point at which the great mass would give up in despair; and when that point had been reached, the social problem would be just where it is now, just where it would have remained if no universal desire to succeed by excessive industry had taken possession of the people. Then, asnow, only the few could succeed. The difference would be that, with the rest, the strain for a bare living would be more tense, while the successful few would have to be stronger than ever and more insanely ambitious. Those who fell below the highest standard would still be crowded to the wall, still be denounced as insolent, still be robbed of the lion's share of what they did produce; those who rose above the standard would still thrive upon the unrequited toil of their brethren.

Industry is truly a virtue, and one which is too much neglected by all classes. The work of even laborious toilers is drudgery rather than industry, and a vast amount of upper class labor is hardly more useful or honest than "the process known as four of a kind." Whoever, therefore, writes anything or says anything calculated to stimulate wholesale industry renders a public service. But he who stimulates it by raising false hopes of business success as the reward of industry commits a social crime ❧ ❧

It is not true, what is often asserted, that the success of our rich men is attributable to doing more than their duty. While excessive devotion to their employer's interests may have given to their business career its original impulse, other factors have entered in to produce the successful result. Good or bad these factors may have been; just or unjust; sordid or not; mean or manly—but they, and not alone fidelity to an employer's interests, not alone excessive devotion to duty, not alone excessive industry, have helped turn the scale for success or failure.

And in the present, as in the past, many factors are necessary to success. Most important of all is some advantage whereby the industry of the unsuccessful may be forced to contribute to the success of those who succeed ❧ Not until a man can live in fabulous luxury upon the labor of others is he accounted successful. For that reason industry is no guarantee of success in life ❧ The industrious as a class cannot succeed so long as success consists in the possession of power to levy tribute upon industry ❧ ❧

By natural law success does depend upon industry; and the degree and intelligence of the industry does naturally determine the measure of the success. This would be true also in actual experience if industry were confined to rendering service. Then success would not be a prize for the extraordinary feats of the few. It would be the reward of all to the extent of their earnings. But industry is not so limited. In a slave country it may be devoted to buying slaves; and there the successful man is he who has acquired enough slaves to relieve him of all working. In more highly civilized countries it may be devoted to the purchase of financial interests that are nourished by veiled systems of slavery. The principle is the same; only the method differs. And just as it would be cruel mockery in a slave country to tell slaves that excessive industry would assure them business success—when, in fact, not they but their masters would profit by their greater usefulness—so is it in the country of higher civilization even more cruel, because more deceptive, to teach that success depends upon industry. It would be only the truth to teach that it depends upon monopoly.

Does not every intelligent man know, will not every genuinely honest man admit, that the

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industrial power of the present time centers in monopoly? It is true that you may get your monopoly by excessive industry, so long as the standard of work leaves a margin for extraordinary labor feats; but it is the monopoly all the same, and not your industry, that finally makes you successful.

Monopoly is the process of levying tribute upon the industrious for the benefit of the monopolists. When it exists, increased industry among non-monopolists cannot benefit them as a class; for as soon as this greater industry becomes general, its profits go to fatten monopolists.

Hence incentives to general industry are popular with monopolists and their agents and organs of opinion. If the people of this country could be induced to work harder in the vain hope that all may thereby win success, the value of monopolies would rise, but industry in general would be no better paid, and if not in excess of the higher standard, would win no prizes

When, therefore, the agents and beneficiaries of monopoly interests preach excessive industry as the solution of the social problem, yet "lie low" on the subject of monopoly, they expose either their intelligence or their motives to suspicion. The whole thing is suggestive of the primitive method of inducing the mule to turn the mill by hanging a bundle of hay where it continually dangles just before his nose, but always eludes his reach.

Yet there is hope in the new theory of business success. It does something in pushing aside the old idea that success is the reward of piety. It will do more, presently, in demonstrating its own deceptiveness.

Not more than one generation is likely to be fooled by it. After that experience the people may be trusted to recognize that, under existing conditions, success does not depend upon industry—not as a rule of general application. Yet the logic of the rule will lose none of its force. The conviction will still remain that industry, even though not the measure of success, certainly ought to be.

Let the people once look at the matter in that way, and the solution of the social problem will be at hand. They cannot look upon it so without being put upon inquiry. They cannot feel that industry ought to be the measure of success, and at the same time realize that it is not, without searching earnestly for the cause of this conflict between what ought to be and what is. And if they once set about searching for the cause they will find it in the institution of monopoly, an institution so obtrusive, so bold, so comprehensively explanatory, as to make them wonder they never thought of it before. When the theory that industry is the true measure of success once receives full consideration, the doom of monopoly will sound

Meanwhile, however, the theory that industry is a guarantee of success as now exploited, is both vicious and dangerous. It is dangerous because it will bitterly disappoint most of the young men who adopt it; in their blind anger they may, if occasion occurs, neither weigh the wisdom of violence nor count its cost. Nothing could be better calculated to produce reckless revolutionaires. It is vicious because it gives the youth of the country a fundamentally false idea of life. Though embodying a substantial truth, the truth that success is the natural reward of industry, this theory of success deceptively inculcates the idea that social conditions permit the rewards of industry to find their natural objects. It conceals the monopolistic influence which now disturbs the natural distribution of the proceeds of industry. By doing that, it falsifies the very truth it embodies, and realizes Tennyson's conception that "a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies."

Man's business is to work—to surmount difficulties, to endure hardship, to solve problems, to overcome the inertia of his own nature: to turn chaos into cosmos by the aid of system—this is to live!

THE action of President Taft in cutting down Army and Navy expenditures is meeting with the strong and earnest approval of the people who produce more than they consume.

Nations that foster the fighting attitude are like "gun men," they are in great danger of finding what they are looking for. The man who carries a shooting-iron is a very bad life insurance risk

America cannot afford to imitate the senile countries of the East, soldier ridden and priest ridden.

Taft has the true American Spirit.

THE business world is being divided up into clerks at fifteen dollars a week and men at ten thousand dollars a year. There is still a scarcity of the latter. They are not the most clever men, either; they are simply those who give an undivided service. The rest can't and won't. They plot and plan for pelf and self, and thus require the superintendence which only the man who gives an undivided service can bestow.

What you want to do is to walk more and eat less; also love more and hate less, and this "germ theory" will take care of itself.

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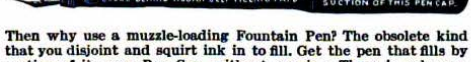
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MAN! I wonder what man really is! Starting from a single cell, this seized upon by another, and out of the Eternal comes a particle of Divine Energy that makes these cells its home. ¶Growth follows. Cell is added to cell and there develops a man—a man whose body, two-thirds water, can be emptied by a single dagger-thrust and the spirit given back to its Maker. ¶But the basis of all life is physical. From the original jelly-like protoplasm, palpitating at a touch, to the human eye, blinking and shrinking from every contact, all existence responds to a reflex nervous system. ¶Every beat of the heart, every suspiration of the lungs, every movement of any muscle, great or small, voluntary or involuntary, owes its origin to a nerve. If the nerve is healthy and strong, all its dependent tissues will be well conditioned. But weak or flaccid nerves provide invalids and make men old before their time

NEUROPATHY

is the science of treating imperfections in man by inducing normal nerves and educating him to their knowledge and control. A system which heals by wisely manipulating the nerves instead of exciting and aggravating them with reactionary drugs is neither very new nor very difficult. The fact that its greatest strides have been taken within the last few years is attributable to the law of supply and demand. Only recently have people realized that the relief obtained by "taking something" is only temporary and artificial The American College of Neuropathy offers a thorough course of instruction in this Rational School. Men and women who are interested in this most unusual opportunity to become exponents of a progressive profession may acquire a wealth of information by addressing

The American College of Neuropathy, W. Wallace Fritz, M.D., Dean

Two Hundred and Twelve Pennsylvania Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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The Underwood Visible "Carries The Message"

¶You may send a Message to Mr. Garcia, but if Mr. Hopkinson, Mr. Garcia's Chief Clerk, or Samson, Mr. Garcia's Secretary, or James, Mr. Garcia's Office Boy, concludes that it 's a Smudge of no Importance, you 've wasted postage. ¶A wisely educated Office Force will never admit a Park Bencher to the Private Office, nor will they pass a Letter of questionable execution. ¶ Before you send another Letter consider the advantage of a clean, clear, wholesome, Type-impression on the Mind of the Man who reads it. ¶Advertising Men howl loud and long if the Compositor or Proof-reader "smears" their business-getting "copy." Yet an equally discreet business man will send out bedraggled work from an old, or poor type-writer, (indelibly marked,—"Clerk Please Open.") This same business man anticipates courteous treatment and an immediate reply, and is annoyed when he does n't get it. ¶You insure Mr. Garcia's sympathetic attention when your message is typed into form by an Underwood "Visible"



THE UNDERWOOD "VISIBLE"

has been the Standard in the Typewriter World since high-grade Typewriters were first made. Its Virtues are real Virtues, and its faults—are all of the past. ¶The Underwood is built on a principle of efficiency, and built according to *our Own Ideas.* How good are the Underwood Ideas is best proven by two of our Oldest Competitors changing their coat and becoming "Visible," all in a single night. This radical change happened only after a vigorous and unsuccessful campaign on their part for the "Blind" Writer.



You will Eventually Buy The Underwood—Why not Today?

Write for Special Literature—Free

Underwood Typewriter Company, City Hall Park, West, New York City

O'Connor-Whitney Co.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

SPECIALISTS in women's wear. We handle every variety of women's and misses' garments, and all our goods are sold on a strictly guaranteed moneybak basis. ¶Just now, in order to introduce our store to THE FRA Fraus and Frauleins, we make the following attractive shirt waist Offer. ¶The shirt waist is a permanent article of dress. As long as women wear skirts, the shirt waist will be a necessity ⁂ It cannot be replaced.

THE BEST WAIST IN THE UNITED STATES FOR THE MONEY

This clever waist—Just a Single Dollar and we pay mailing charges. ¶A waist of high merit—made of soft finish, Snow-white Percale—handsome, large, clear, white pearl buttons—detachable linen collar and attached cuffs—a perfectly proportioned waist cut on those graceful lines that give the figure a trim, well-tailored effect. ¶A dollar is n't all the waist is worth, but to present our goods for the first time to those who do not know us, we make this Specially Attractive Offer. Just send the Dollar—with your name and address and your size and we 'll send the waist. ¶You get the waist with our "Money Back" guarantee. Your dollar returned if you want it—plus the postage. Liberal is n't it? That 's the O'Connor-Whitney plan. ¶Buy six waists and they 'll cost you Five Dollars and Fifty Cents—all charges paid. ¶"THE SAME AMOUNT OF MONEY SPENT AT THIS STORE BUYS SOMETHING A LITTLE BETTER."



O'CONNOR-WHITNEY COMPANY

SMITHFIELD ST., CORNER DIAMOND, PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

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Framed Duplicates

(OF FRA COVERS)

You need not be a professed Student of Art to appreciate Gaspard's Cover Portraits, for their great simplicity surmounts mere technique, and the strength in execution makes the likeness more than a drawing—somehow you feel the Presence of the Real Man. Ideal wall decorations for Ideal Homes. Subjects as follows—framed

Joe Jefferson Walt Whitman Victor Hugo
Froebel Thomas Jefferson Beethoven
Emerson Lincoln Ellen Terry Tennyson
Susan B. Anthony Jesus of Nazareth
Carlyle Franklin Mangasarian Stevenson

Sizes and Prices of these Portraits

Oak Frame, 5¼ x 6¼ inches - - $1.00
" " 7 x 9 " - - - 1.00
" " 16 x 20 " - - 3.00
Mahogany Frames, 5¼ x 6¼ inches - 1.00
" " 7 x 9 " - - 1.00
Without Frames, - each, .25

Only a Limited Number of Each

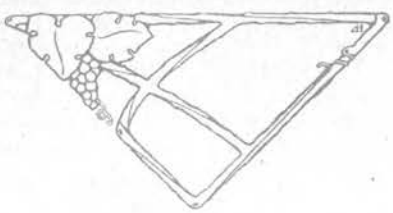
The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

THE FRA Magazine has done one great thing—it has introduced a New Method in Advertising. The text is brilliant, and so are the Advertising Pages.—*Pall Mall Gazette* (*London*)

A Little Journey to the Home of

Mary Baker Eddy

BY ELBERT HUBBARD



A critical appreciation of the life and work of a Great Woman

Paper Covers, Ten Cents a Copy

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

THE HUBBARD-ALBERTSON

DEBATE

Resolved, "That Christianity Is Declining"

Affirmative—Elbert Hubbard, Foreman of The Roycroft Shop, East Aurora, Erie County, New York

Negative—Rev. Dr. C. C. Albertson, Pastor Central Presbyterian Church, Rochester, New York

This debate took place at Chickering Hall, Boston, Massachusetts, November Ninth, Nineteen Hundred and Eight. A full report appeared in "The Fra" Magazine for January, Nineteen Hundred and Nine. As all extra copies of this issue of "The Fra" have been sold, and a demand still continues, the Debate has been reprinted in booklet form

PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

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Original from PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

FREE!

We Send a Booklet or a Portfolio to All Inquirers

IF you do not own a complete "Shakespeare," or if you own a set and the notes are not sufficiently full and clear, if there are no satisfactory glossaries, no critical comments, and no adequate helps to the study of the plays, send us your address and we will forward you a handsomely-printed booklet (worth 50 cents) by

FAMOUS AUTHORS

among whom are Hamilton Wright Mabie, Edward Everett Hale, Henry Van Dyke, Lyman Abbott, Nicholas Murray Butler and Prof. Stoddard. Some of the titles of the essays in this booklet are, "How to Study Shakespeare," "The Study of Poetry," "The Study of the Novel," "Forming a Study Circle," "Why Young Men Should Study Shakespeare," "Reading Clubs for Women," "Five Evidences of an Education," "The Study of English Literature," "An Outline for the Study of Shakespeare." ¶ Or if you prefer, we will forward an art portfolio of Shakespeare's Heroines—ten pictures—IN FULL COLORS. These pictures are careful reproductions of important paintings by famous artists like Alma-Tadema, Marcus Stone, Luke Fildes and Poynter. They are printed on heavy plate paper; and framed or in passe-partout, they are appropriate for decorative purposes.

WE MAKE THIS OFFER

to enable us to send you information regarding the famous BOOKLOVERS Edition of Shakespeare in forty small de luxe volumes. This edition is now being sold at a special price. We make this offer only to responsible men and women. Send name and address, specify booklet or portfolio, and mention this periodical.

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY, *Dept. A*
Forty-four to Sixty E. Twenty-third St., New York

An Emergency Helper

A WOMAN often wants a certain collar or handkerchief or shirt waist "done up" on short notice for some Special Occasion. Rather than chance Disappointment or Risk Ruin to a Precious Garment, she does it herself. For a case like this, Soap is a Snare and Scrubbing a Delusion.

PEARLINE

has spared silks and prolonged the life of laces for thirty years. PEARLINE has made it possible for a woman to personally care for her most delicate needlework without fear of injury to Fabric or Fingers.

Millions Now Use Pearline

The Quantity's all right, but how's the Quality of your Thoughts?

IT all hangs on that—the **QUALITY!** Say it over to yourself, and it will strike in—"*What is the Quality of my Thought?*"—Say it. ¶ If you will feed your brain the choicest food, it will tone up the Quality of your Thoughts in a way that will surprise you. ¶ We have the choicest of Brain Food in Penny Classics. We sell these booklets now only in cloth-bound form—twelve booklets in each volume—one hundred and forty-four pages, bound in stiff boards, gold-stamped. Price, One Dollar, postpaid. The full set will be in ten volumes. Price, Ten Dollars, postpaid. We have ready now, Volumes One, Two, Three; and Volume Four will be off the press this month. Many people are picking up our "Subscribe-in-advance" offer on the full set of Ten Volumes and sending us Six Dollars for the set NOW—a discount of forty per cent. If you send us Three Dollars now, and get the first three volumes—then send another Three Dollars, or a letter asking for your first payment back, we will either enter you paid for the full set—Ten Volumes—or refund your Three Dollars—just as you say. ¶ But everybody likes these books. You will, too.

Volume I consists of Schopenhauer, Seneca, More Schopenhauer, Goethe, Plato, Emerson, Hegel, Thoreau, Darwin, Coleridge, Carlyle, Confucius.

Volume II consists of Aristotle, Aurelius, Socrates, Epictetus, Descartes, Pascal, Spinoza, Maeterlinck, Browning, Shakespeare, Spencer, Napoleon.

Volume III consists of Franklin, Nietzsche, De Quincey, Luther, Ruskin, Washington, Huxley, More Huxley, Heine, Jacobi, Johnson, Wesley.

Volume IV consists of Nordau, Lincoln, Montaigne, Amiel, Hume, Joubert, Jefferson, Goldsmith, Haeckel, Bacon, Kant, Voltaire.

Volume V consists of Tolstoi, Burroughs, Elbert Hubbard, George Eliot, Froebel, William James, Rousseau, Brooks, Holmes, Stevenson, Penn, Diderot.

¶ WELL—Did you ever see so much superfine stuff put out for a Dollar a Volume? Can you beat it? ¶ We shall issue a new volume a month through the summer. ¶ FREE: For those who would like to see a few sample pages of Volume I, we have a little booklet that we send *free* to any one writing for it. Address

PENNY CLASSICS
SIXTY-ONE PLYMOUTH PLACE, CHICAGO

THE CAXTON BROCHURES

Are a series of Little Masterpieces of the world's best literature, printed and bound in limited editions. They differ in marked degree, both in scope and style, from all of the many special reprints heretofore offered. They are not intended for the general public, but rather for those few bookish souls, here and there, who believe in the individuality of books, and in beauty as expressed in the printed page. Fourteen numbers are now ready: "*Emerson,*" "*Thoreau,*" "*Stevenson,*" "*Browning,*" "*Henry VIII,*" "*Franklin,*" "*Lamb,*" "*Chesterfield,*" "*Bacon,*" "*Omar Khayyam,*" "*Bibliophile and Bibliomaniac.*" ¶ We will mail you a specimen Brochure for fourteen cents, or six, all different, for fifty cents. Better still, send us one dollar and sixty cents, for twelve numbers, and a beautiful Caxton Book, either "*The Story of the Candlesticks,*" by Victor Hugo, or "*Poe's Masterpieces.*" ¶ These special books are limited de luxe editions, printed on fine rag paper, ornaments and initials in color, bound in substantial boards.







THE CAXTON SOCIETY

Pittsfield in Berkshire, - Massachusetts

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THERE are over One Thousand Summer Hotels in America. At these "resorts" people may be found who have everything—clothes, pedigrees, money, kidney trouble, spiritualistic belief, yachts, in-growing-toenails, bull pups, children, wardrobes, prejudices, golf-balls, monocles and wens ❧ Their only want is cerebral convolutions; else they would shun the Mosquito Farms and Hay-Mattress Hostelries. ¶ Folks with phosphorus plus, who abhor the sophomoric prattle of these Tiresome Taverns, obtain pleasure by spending a while with The Roycrofters every year.

The Roycroft Inn

A SANITY AIRIUM

Here Health is lived, and the only Aristocracy is the Aristocracy of the Intellect. Many healthy, happy, hearty, intelligent men and women come to Roycroft every Season, and a few live here. ¶ If you would spend your Summer Vacation with Real People, come and join our Merry Company ❧

For Rates, Reservations and Information, Address

THE ROYCROFT INN

East Aurora, Erie County, New York

Roycroft Style

WHEN writing men like Gentile Bellini, William Caxton, Benjamin Franklin, Horace Walpole, William Morris and Thomas De Vinne felt in the mood to exude some particularly hot copy, they hiked for the type-case and worked their energy up into a galley of Good Stuff. They set up the matter as they composed it ❧ Thus we get the words "composing stick" and "compositor." In those days the printer was always a man of considerable literary ability. People used to doff their hats when they met him on the street and address "Mr. Printer." And as a follow-up custom, it was only the day before yesterday that folks stopped saying "Mr. Editor." These early printer-authors had pronounced preferences for different type faces and families, and the adoption or rejection of these various choices segregated all shops into exponents of certain "styles." ¶ Every print shop now has its particular conception of what constitutes style in typography. No two offices have identical views on this subject, though all of them are evolving towards an Idea which had its first modern impulse in The Roycroft Shop. The beauty and adaptability of this Idea found for it considerable favor, and "Roycroft Style" is now a well-known phrase in commercial printing circles. ¶ But the best printers in the country have been unable to successfully reproduce "Roycroft Style." "Roycroft Style" is more than a style, it's an Art born of Artistic Environment, and developed by boys and girls working under conditions which approach the Ideal. The Roycroft Shop produces both Art and Artists.

If you want printing done De Luxe, let us know

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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WHEN YOU APPROACH A MAN UPON WHOM YOU WISH TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION YOU DON YOUR "GLAD RAGS"

WHEN YOU WISH A GOOD RECEPTION FOR YOUR PAPER REPRESENTATIVE YOU SHOULD BE AS PARTICULAR ABOUT ITS RAIMENT

THIS MEANS GOOD DESIGNS, GOOD CUTS, GOOD PRINTING, ON GOOD PAPER WITH GOOD INK AND ALL IN GOOD TASTE

WE DO THAT KIND

SCHAUM

ENGRAVING & PRINTING COMPANY

SUCCESSORS TO

CLARK

ENGRAVING & PRINTING CO.

DESIGNS ! PRINTS
CUTS ADS
ART STATIONERY

MILWAUKEE

A Health Home

THE reaction from gaiety is boredom, and boredom goes hand in hand with impaired digestion, headaches and frazzled nerves. Hotels can offer entertainment and surround a Guest with Service, but when Rest is required, the weary wight hungers for the solace of a Home. ¶Home may be the place where folks live—or it may not ☙ Home means good cooking, dustless rooms, snowy linen and sleep o'nights. Home means Rest and Quiet and Comfort and Sympathetic Attention without bustling officiousness. ¶There comes a time when we want this kind of Home, when we want exemption from business and domestic duties.



Rushingwater

near East Aurora, Erie County, New York, is just such a Castle of Contentment — a Health Home for those who prefer to heed Nature's Forebodings rather than brave her Punishments. ¶During the Summer of Nineteen Hundred and Nine, it will be conducted to accommodate not more than 12 Patients. This Idea of a Friendly Family grouped in congenial comradeship is rapidly supplanting the archaic notion of huddling invalids and semi-well folks together by wholesale. ¶Situated on a high promontory above the Romantic Cazenovia River and adjacent to marvelously curative Mineral Springs, Rushingwater supplies the conditions which tend to build tissue and inspirit vitality. For Personal Information Address ☙ ☙ ☙ ☙ ☙ ☙ ☙

Dr. Emma S. Sherman, Willink, N. Y.

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"THE SQUARE GUY"

Is a Long Filler 5-inch Havana Segar $5.00 per One Hundred

Bulldog Segars

ARE REAL HABANA FINE AND MILD

Our New and Pleasing Shape

After Dinner - - - $6.00
per box of Fifty

Panetelas - - - - - $4.00
per box of Fifty

"Fra" Perfectos - - $3.00
per box of Twenty-five

If Your Dealer Does n't Handle Them Order Direct From Us

JOHN W. MERRIAM & CO.

THE ROYCROFT SEGAR SHOP, 139 Maiden Lane, New York City

Do Your Own Printing and Advertising



Cards, circulars, book, or small newspaper. Press, Five dollars. Large size, Eighteen dollars. Great money-savers. Typesetting and all easy by printed instructions sent ♣ For old or young, business or pleasure ♣ Write to the factory for catalogue of printing-presses, type, paper, cards, etc. Address

The Press Company, Meriden, Connecticut

AS there is no screen nor ceiling between our heads and the infinite heavens, so there is no bar nor wall in the soul where man, the effect, ceases, and God, the cause, begins. We lie open on the one side to the deeps of spiritual nature, to the attributes of God. Ineffable is the union of man and God in every act of the soul. The simplest person who in his integrity worships God becomes God.—Emerson.

Optimism is the last refuge of a done-for pessimist.

RELIGION grows spiritually only as civilization advances human ideals, for through the realization of his ideals alone is he able to comprehend more of the source of his being. The universe upon which the eyes of Job looked, had a very different meaning than it has to the scientist, armed with his extensive array of systematized data, and many-sided viewpoint, from which to form his deductions. Hence, we would expect him to give a different answer to the two mighty questions that formulated themselves in the mind of Job, as well as to mankind of every age, country and clime, since he first stood erect and became conscious of abstract thought. These are "Canst thou by searching find out God?" and, "If a man die, shall he live again?" —Professor S. A. Weltmer.

SAD, happy race, soon raised and soon depressed,
Your days are passed in jeopardy and jest;
Poor without providence, with affections vain,
Not warned by misery, nor enriched by gain.
—Crabbe.

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The Philistines of Yesterday

NOW and then some chickadee chirps petulantly for a certain Number of *The Philistine* long agone. And sometimes they don't understand when we pass the negative. Gladly would we hand over anything in sight—for a consideration—but many of the Early Prints are as infrequent as 1875 Silver Dollars. ¶ At present we have on hand Volumes XIII to XXVII of *The Philistine,* bound in boards. If your set is incomplete,—don't delay, or it 's you for a disappointment

Price Just Now Only
ONE DOLLAR
For Each Volume

Volumes 1 and 2 *THE FRA*

MOST magazines live from twenty minutes to twenty days before the waste paper basket claims them for its Own. But *The Fra* lives Forever. Because *The Fra* is all literature—even the Advertisements—it will be perpetuated in Roycroft Style. ¶ Our Binders have assembled the First Year in Sets of Six, Two Volumes, and bound them strongly in boards, full size with ooze back and gold lettering. ¶ These Volumes will live as Commentaries on Our Times

For Each Volume Just
THREE DOLLARS
While They Last

THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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Harlequin Bells and Bauble

THE unique and only Elbert Hubbard, who among the tribe of scribblers, enjoys today the largest individual audience, is nothing if not original. ¶An entertainer of hundreds of thousands of people; a writer of distinguished note, who has the peculiar faculty of saying something so that it fastens itself on the hat-rack of the brain; considerably given to slang, but brilliant and amusing slang; a man who has made a world-wide hit by one little nothing of a story (and yet a story of tremendous swing of purpose) "Carrying the Message to Garcia;" in short, a writer of such attainment as invariably makes these strange beings, the scribblers, superhuman in their self-adulation—this queer fellow has come down to the common level of an advertising-writer! ¶What do you think of that? The wonderful philosopher, jester, satirist; the impassioned portrayer of big and beautiful emotions—the kind of emotions he says he knows he 's writing when he feels a tear or so trickle down his nose as he writes; the lecturer-writer whose ambition is "simply to radiate," actually believes that the men, whose vulgar "ads" make possible his publications, are not beneath all the quaint and attractive genius he possesses. ¶He is publishing a magazine called *The Fra,* printed in black and red. It is filled not alone with his own entertainment—and he is *always* entertaining, singularly entertaining—with the heresies of all the fellows who cannot find an open-minded organ to print them, but with advertising, lots of it, written obviously by the Fra (Elbert Hubbard) himself. ¶One thing is certain, if I were a great merchant, if I were very rich and in some business in which I had to spend fortunes for advertising, I would twist this singular man from his East Aurora enterprises if it cost a fortune a year to have him, and *I would get returns* on the fortune. For certainly, no one has ever seen the like of the advertising-writing he does for his patrons in his own publication—*The Fra.* Not knowing its rates, I nevertheless do not hesitate to say that some of the "ads" he writes are worth more than the space, however great the circulation of the medium, or however high the cost of this advertising. A man reads them—reads them all—and he can tell as clearly as he can day from night when he strikes one the Fra has n't written ❧ A curious thing, too, is that he uses every bit of space in very nearly every case. He does n't believe in white paper as against brain! And he is right—but how many "ad-writers" in all the world can say the same thing—that the white space is not better than their advertising! ¶The Fra has upset all the laws which are supposed to govern genius, for he unquestionably is a genius ❧ Not only is he an enormous worker, but he is a successful worker, and in ways so startlingly original that, if he were not successful, he would be called either a madman *or*—a genius ❧ A health to you Fra! It is really refreshing to see an editor able to write an "ad!" ❧ And such "ads" as yours are!

—J. M. Lereque, in the New Orleans "Harlequin."

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Billy Sunday, Hypnotist



O YOU propose to let "Billy" Sunday come here and *Hypnotize* Ottumwa for $4,000 or $5,000? Are you going to rush to his so-called tabernacle and hand out your hard-earned money just to hear him say "Hell" fourteen times in three seconds, and throw in a lot of dirty adjectives for good measure? Is it right to ask your grocer, your butcher and your dry-goods merchant to give you credit, and then pass over your money to "Billy" Sunday?

¶ Sunday's skin-flint brand of religion is a money-getter to the sorrow of many a town. Let 's make Ottumwa the exception. Sunday uses religion as his method of hypnotizing people, for he knows that in the heat of religious fervor people will give up money when you can't get it from them in any other way. So he uses religion.

¶ They say Sunday can do a town good. I believe it, only with emphasis on "DO."

¶ I am a taxpayer in Ottumwa. I 've worked hard for what I own. I don't want Sunday to come here and hurt my business or that of any other taxpayer in this city. If he takes $4,000 or $5,000 out of Ottumwa it hurts us all, for Sunday's kind of religion is a good deal like getting drunk—it 's all right while it lasts, but it leaves a bad taste, a headache, and an empty pocketbook.

¶ There are a lot of men in Ottumwa who feel just as I do, but who have n't the nerve to say so. "Self-preservation is the first law of nature," you know, and the fellow who has n't gumption enough to know that, and say so, is the fellow Sunday is looking for—he 's the easy money.

¶ "Smoky Row" would turn sick if one of its denizens should cut loose like Sunday does from the platform, and if the vulgar language he is brazen enough to call "gospel" were used on the stage of the Grand Opera House, I 'd get run out of town or sent to the booby hutch.

¶ Make your protest against him now and save your souls the taint of Sunday's slimy slang that he seeks to turn to gold.

J. F. JERSEY, *Manager,*
Grand Opera House, Ottumwa, Iowa.

P. S.—Remember the Week-day to keep it Holy—t 'ell with Sunday!

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Here is a mattress that is NOT TUFTED. Every other mattress IS tufted, and MUST be tufted to hold its shape and keep it from bunching, matting, becoming lumpy. But the tufting ties down and limits their elasticity. The SEALY mattress is so made that tufting is not needed. It holds its shape without tufting. It is far more elastic, buoyant, restful, than any tufted mattress.

SEALY

The Only Mattress That Is Not Tufted



The Only Mattress Guaranteed 20 Years

MATTRESS

In use at The Roycroft Inn.

The SEALY mattress is made of pure white long-fibre cotton, the finest that grows. It is luxuriously comfortable and restful, could not be made better at any price, yet is sold within the easy reach of everybody. Ask your dealer or write us for an interesting book on mattress comfort.

SEALY MATTRESS COMPANY, Dallas, Texas, U. S. A.

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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THE man who gives way to anger is apt to do something he will regret; indeed, he will regret it if he does nothing more than get angry, and fume around awhile. For anger is worse for the system than overwork, and does not improve the disposition or complexion. But aside from these things, and really desperate deeds, there is a chance always open that the angry man may make an ass of himself, and be laughed at, which to an angry man, seems about the hardest stroke of luck. No man wants to be funny in his fighting clothes, but it frequently happens that he is. Nebraska recently adopted a day-light saloon bill, and three colonels on the governor's staff were so angry because he signed it, that they resigned. Now it happens that a governor's staff is never taken very seriously, except by themselves and Young Things who "just dote" on uniforms, and an angry governor's staff is surely a great joke, and when the source of this particular staff's anger is considered, the joke becomes monumental. A governor's staff is not supposed to fight, but here is the case of one whose members behaved like fighters.—Ed. Howe.



I have always thought this (vivisection) to be a Prostitution of Medicine. Physiological research is as distinct from the practice of medicine as is astronomy from navigation, and an attempt to combine the two will endanger our position in the eyes of the public.—Wm. F. Clarke, M. D.

I look for the hour when that supreme beauty which ravished the souls of those eastern men, and through their lips spoke oracles to all time, shall speak in the west also.—Emerson.

Don't make excuses—make good!

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EXACTNESS IN TIMEPIECES



HE Price of a Watch is generally influenced by the materials used in its construction—jewels and metals. An expensive watch may or may not be a reliable *timekeeper.* For, be it known, there 's skill as well as equipment in the perfect work. A certain amount of brain-blood lubricates every good timepiece.

At the last, a watch is a *watch* and has a particular value for one thing—Exactness. The case is only the frame for the picture.

¶ A watch may be the most beautiful bauble in All the World—and of no value to a man with an Appointment.

¶ In these times when seconds measure Opportunity, you cannot afford to own a Jeweler's "Dream" that *guesses* time.

¶ Paul Bartlett, the eminent International Sculptor, says: "My Elgin has toured the globe with me for seventeen years and it tells the truth as did Michael Angelo. I never miss trains."

ELGIN WATCHES

TELL TIME TRUTHFULLY

¶ For Forty-five years the Elgin watchmakers have worked for—Exactness in Watch Building. They have long since achieved it.

¶ Any layman can tell whether or not a watch has the "look," the "lines," the "feel" that suits; and the mere opening of the case will grant an idea of the Workmanship—but only the Good Name of a Watch and its Record guarantees the *Service.*

¶ The man who values time cannot afford to lug round a mechanical Weary Willie that every little while grows tired, misses a few minutes and eventually quits work.

¶ Pay any Sum that Suits your Pocketbook for a Watch, but be sure it 's a *Chronometer.* Elgins keep pace with the seconds.

MANY MODELS - MANY PRICES - ONE QUALITY OF SERVICE

Write For Special Artistic Booklet—Free

The Elgin National Watch Company

ELGIN, ILLINOIS, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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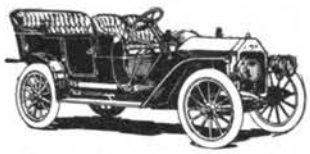
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About that CAR you are thinking of buying—low first cost is n't the main thing to consider; perfect performance and low cost of maintenance are far more important

THERE you have in brief the complete story of the remarkable success of the ***Oakland***. ¶ While it is true that the ***Oakland*** "Twenty" at $1250 is far ahead, mechanically and practically, of other cars selling at the same price—And while it is equally true that the ***Oakland*** "Forty" at $1600 stands alone as the only car of its power, rating or style, selling for less than $2500—We prefer to pass by these points as items of secondary importance. ¶ The real reason why you should buy an ***Oakland*** is not the low first cost, but for the many miles of satisfactory service you can obtain from it at the lowest possible cost of up-keep.

NOT TALK—BUT PERFORMANCE COUNTS

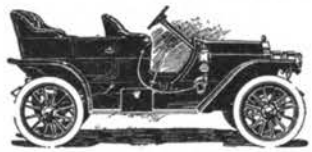
You don't have to be a mechanical engineer to appreciate ***Oakland*** superiority. Instead of the conflicting theoretical claims made for many cars, which no one but a technically trained person can intelligently discuss, we shall present a few plain facts about ***Oakland*** cars for your consideration. ¶ Our first year has just finished, with over 500 ***Oakland*** cars in operation—and in no case has any ***Oakland*** driver spoken of his car but in terms of highest praise. ¶ An ***Oakland*** "Twenty," a stock car taken right off one of our dealer's floor, went through the Glidden Tour last season with a perfect score, carrying a full load, and accomplishing all that was done by its big, high-powered competitors. No other car has ever accomplished this feat in its first season. That fact alone places the ***Oakland*** in a class by itself. ¶ The ***Oakland*** has much less weight, and fewer moving parts, than any other car of its rating and capacity. This light weight and its refinement and simplicity of construction, reduces up-keep cost to a minimum, and makes repair bills almost unknown



The Oakland "Forty"

40 H. P. Touring Car - - $1600
40 H. P. Runabout - - $1600

When you see this big car, and ride in it, it will be hard for you to understand why we do not add at least $500 to its price. ¶ The Oakland "Forty" has a 112-inch wheel base, weight 2100 pounds, shaft drive, four-cylinder motor, cylinders cast in pairs, 4 1-2 inch bore by 5-inch stroke, making a power plant that we could rate higher than 40 H. P. if we were inclined to follow the practice obtaining with other makers. It is sufficient to say that no matter how much you "let her out" you will always find the Oakland "Forty" has just a little more reserve power ready for emergency. 34 x 4 tires, front and rear. Cooling is by centrifugal pump and vertical tube radiator. Brake external and internal, acting direct on rear wheels. Transmission is of the selective sliding-gear type, three speeds forward and reverse. Steel I-beam front axle. ¶ Price includes three oil lamps, two large headlights, horn, and complete tool kit. Its flexibility of control, its quiet, steady transmission, and its remarkable roadability make it the one biggest $1600 worth of automobile you can buy today.



The Oakland "Twenty"

20 H. P. Touring Car or Roadster, $1250
20 H. P. Runabout, - - $1200

A comfortable, roomy, family car equipped with the unique Oakland two-cylinder motor. Don't confuse this with motors of the double opposed type. It is entirely different and altogether superior. Cylinders, 4 1-2 inch bore by 5-inch stroke, vertical, and as they are equipped with an extremely ingenious counter-balancing device, they run with all the smoothness and absence of vibration formerly thought possible only with a four-cylinder motor. ¶ In fact, any one taking his first ride in an Oakland "Twenty" finds it hard to believe that it is not a four-cylinder motor under the hood, so noiselessly and smoothly does it run. The "Twenty" has 100-inch wheel base. Weight, 1700 pounds. Shaft drive: 32x3 1-2 front and rear tires. Thermo-syphon system of cooling with fan in fly-wheel, vertical tube radiator. Brakes, external and internal, operating on drums of rear wheels. Transmission of a superior planetary type, two speeds forward and reverse without a single adjustment ever necessary or possible. Price includes three oil lamps, two headlights, horn and complete tool kit.

You must see an *Oakland* and ride in it to appreciate the perfect result of *Oakland* design and *Oakland* skill in construction. Write for the name of our nearest dealer who will by actual demonstration, make its superiority clear to you.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Standard Mfrs. A. M. C. M. A.

600-610 OAKLAND AVENUE, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

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One On Plutarch!

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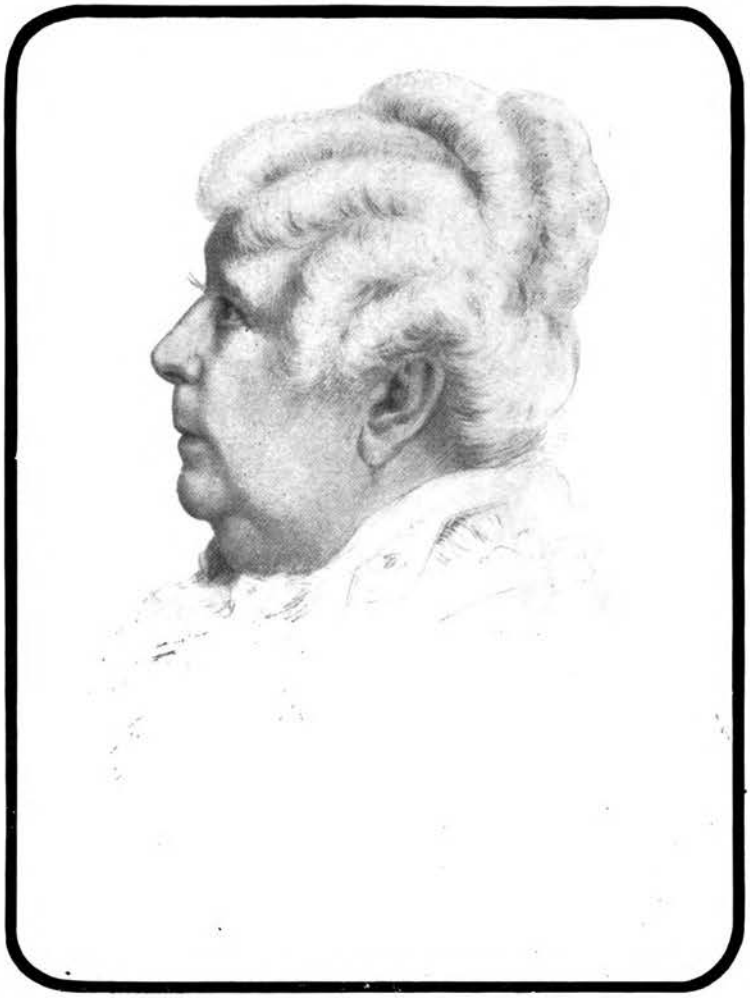
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THE FRA

NOT·FOR·MUMMIES

A·JOURNAL·OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. III AUGUST, 1909 No. 5



PUBLISHED·MONTHLY·BY·ELBERT·HUBBARD
EAST·AURORA·ERIE·COUNTY·N.Y.
25·CENTS·A·COPY·2·DOLLARS·A·YEAR

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Musical Convention

August Twenty-third to September First

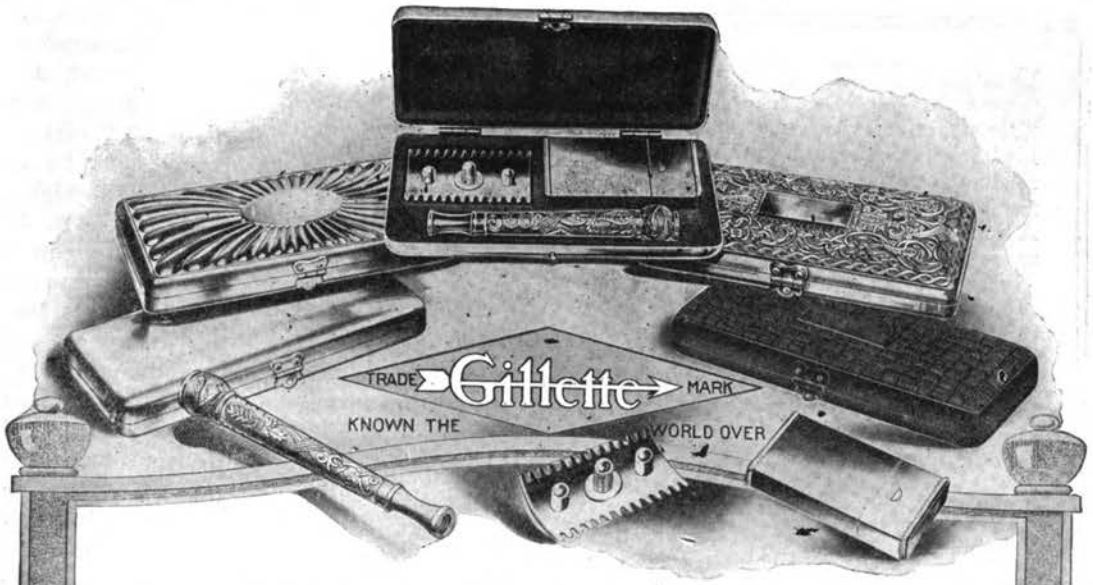
¶ Early last September, Professor S. L. Barrow-Clough, Master Musician of Winnipeg, and his sixty-one bonnie, blue-eyed Band Boys paid us a visit here in East Aurora. ¶ Out on the Peristyle, underneath an Orange Moon, surrounded by giant trees, these men played to the greatest audiences ever assembled in East Aurora. ¶ Over three thousand people, Royal, Loyal Roycrofters, gathered to greet the Winnipeg Band. They perched on the Peristyle, they carried benches down around the Fountain in the Court, they overflowed the lawns, clustered about the Well Sweep and swarmed the Stone Walls and Tree Seats in the Orchard like Locusts. Such Music! ¶ And now, Barrow-Clough and his Premier Performers are coming back. They have accepted our invitation; they will bring their Instruments and spend a week. ¶ Other Musicians, Soloists, Vocalists and Troupes are coming too, and for a time the Home of The Roycrofters will be transformed into a Garden of Harmony. ¶ So now then we announce a Congress of Musicians, August Twenty-third to September First. There is a place at the Roycroft Festal Board for every lover of Sweet Sounds. Only, if you are coming you had better let us know a bit beforehand

The Roycrofters

EAST AURORA, WHICH IS IN ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

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Psychological Effect of a Good Shave

The Foremost Health Doctor of Our Day says: "The Psychological and Physical effect of an early-morning Shave, a Tub and a Change of Clothing can never be overestimated. It is Health's Own Auxiliary."

This man taboos Drugs, and Kiboshes Introspection, by letting in the Daylight. He believes in Point of View and incidentally he cures Chronic Chronickers, by applying Commonsense and Cleanliness. ¶ Have you got an Ailment, or a Habit?—advises the Specialist—Change it for the Gillette Habit!

The Gillette Safety Service Means a Healthful Vacation

You may take a Vacation and spend your money without benefit to you. At the last, vacations accomplish only when they provide a proper mental environment. Scenery, climate and accommodations may be to your liking, and yet—some one condition or prohibition will introduce the Killjoy.

On the Other Hand even a Summer at Home may be made peculiarly satisfying by indulging a Sanitist's Schedule.

The First Act of a Well Balanced Vacation Day, whether here or there, is a Gillette Comfort Shave, combined with a Tub, a Blub, and a Rub. You'll get 20 per cent. more out of the Day, you'll increase your capacity for fun, and you'll feel tip-top all the time.

So then, why experiment with Uncertainties when a Gillette Outfit Complete fits the Corner of your Grip?

Convenient Campers' Case—For Immortals

The CAMPERS' CASE is made in gold, silver, or gun-metal. Plain polished or richly engraved. The Razor Handle and Blade Box each triple silver-plated or 14K. gold-plated—and the blades are fine. PRICES, $5.00 to $7.50. ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

You should know GILLETTE SHAVING-BRUSH—a new brush of Gillette Quality—bristles gripped in hard rubber—and GILLETTE SHAVING-STICK—a shaving-soap worthy of the GILLETTE SAFETY-RAZOR.

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549 Kimball Building, Boston

Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris

New York, Times Bldg.
Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.
London, 17 Holborn Viaduct.

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63 St. Alexander St.
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Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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BOOKS OF IMPORTANCE

'T is a fact, that the man who keeps in touch with the Progress of his Times is educated. He may speak but one Language, know little History, and no Mathematics, and yet be a power in the development of his Country or his Race.

A Scholastic Man, strictly speaking, is handicapped because forever there appears before his eyes the World's Failures as well as the World's Successes; he remembers the precedent and hesitates.

Not so the man who does not know too much. He sees the thing—only the thing. It is for him to do, and from within the palpitating power, the oneness of himself, urges him on.

So then I say to you, read only the books that affect conditions today, the Books written by your Brothers; brothers who have had their courage tested in Life's furnace—read and when the Opportunity comes you will be ready.—SAMUEL BLOCH.

BY CLARENCE S. DARROW

A PERSIAN PEARL, and other essays . . . . . $ 1.50
A volume of beautiful literary interpretations. Three of the essays are on THE RUBAIYAT, ROBERT BURNS and WALT WHITMAN.

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A story of the crimes of society against a criminal.

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The best and most scientific explanation of the value of trade-unions.

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An exceedingly valuable contribution to the literature of humanity. Every sentence a mental stimulant.

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Something that is a necessity to every one in business.

THE ROAD TO POWER, *By Karl Kautsky* 50
The greatest socialist book since "The Communist Manifesto" was written.

THE ECONOMICS OF SOCIALISM, *By Henry M. Hyndman* 1.00
The most concise and thorough exposition of the Marxian philosophy ever published.

THE CRISIS, *By Robert Hunter* 10
A valuable pamphlet about the trade-unions and the courts.

SENT ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS—FREE

SAMUEL A. BLOCH, THE BOOKMAN

SIX HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIVE N. OAKLEY AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

OUR world is pervaded and deeply moved by the power of ideals. There is no perfect statesman, or poet, or artist, but the virtues of many persons in each one of these great pursuits become detached, and like star-dust, they form a new and perfect star in the expanse of thought. The orator that stands before us in our moments of reflection and dream is not Cicero, or Burke, or Webster, but always some nameless one with a wisdom, a language and a presence better than were found in those actual incarnations. Our statesman is not Alfred, nor Napoleon, nor even Washington, but he is some yet mightier being with an infinite power and unknown name, his features not yet fully visible, as though he had not yet emerged from the shadows of old forums and the lonely columns of ruined states. All around our hearts stand these final shapes of the powerful, the perfect and the sublime—the aggregations of long ages of thought and admiration. Our earth is great not only because of what it has, but also because of what lies within its reach.

The quest after ideals is the central reason of life. This pursuit abandoned, life need not run along any longer. The pitcher is broken at the fountain. The idealists are creating a human world after the pattern shown them in the mount. Each art stands as a monument to a host of idealists who in their own day perhaps toiled hopelessly and amid the sneers of those who were only the children of dust. Music, now so infinite in extent and sweetness, is such a monument. The first rude harps are broken and lost; dead the hands that smote them; but the art is here with no enchantment

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lost. We do not know the names of those singers. Like us they were pilgrims. They had to pass into the beyond, but they left an art which the world loves. It was so of liberty, temperance, justice and all the higher forms of human life. . . . Some speak of ideals as being only girls' dreams. On the opposite, high ideals are lifelike portraits seen in advance. Only the greatest minds living in an age of tyranny could see in prophecy the portrait of a free people. Instead of being a romantic dream an ideal is often a long mathematical calculation by an intellect as logical as that of Euclid. Idealism is not the ravings of a maniac, but it is the calm geometry of life. Ideals try our faith, as though to show us that nothing is too good to be true. In noble ideals there is something aggressive. They are not aggressive like an army with gun and spear, but aggressive like the sun which coaxes a June out of a winter. All great truths are persistent. Each form of right is a growing form. All high ideals will be realized. This one perceives who takes a long view—the triumph of ideality over apathy, indolence and dust. There is nothing in history, dark as much of it is, to check the belief that man will at last be overcome by his highest ideals.—David Swing.

Use But Two-Thirds as Much



Please Note the Difference in Labels

One says "Leaf Lard." The other says "Leaf Brand."

Many housewives who think they get leaf lard never do, because of this sameness in labels.

They think a pail labeled "Leaf Brand" contains leaf lard. It never does.

Neither do pails labeled "Pure Lard."

The law won't let a label say "Leaf Lard" unless there is nothing but leaf lard in the pail.

So pails are labeled "Leaf Brand," which isn't saying "Leaf Lard."

The hope is that you are not clever or that you don't know the law.

Now that you know, get the lard you want. Buy a pail labeled "Armour's 'Simon Pure' Leaf Lard."

If you'll look for that label you'll always get leaf lard, and you'll get the results in your cooking that only leaf lard can effect.

You have never tasted such pastry as you can make with *real* leaf lard.

It is made from that flaky bit of fat that surrounds the hog's kidneys. There is only enough leaf fat to supply one-tenth of the people. Those who insist, get it all.

It is even better than butter because it doesn't cook so dry.

And you need use but two-thirds as much of it, so it's the most economical.

Armour's
"Simon Pure"
Leaf Lard

We make leaf lard in an open kettle just as it used to be made on the farm.

But we use open-jacketed kettles, and employ infinite skill.

Each pail is sealed under government inspection. You get this seal unbroken.

No other lard comes to the housewife with such a seal.

So you can *depend* on no other lard to the same extent.

Try Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard —*real* leaf lard. Learn what it means. You'll use it always.

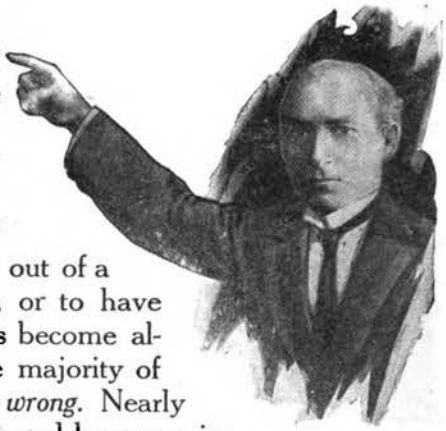
ARMOUR AND COMPANY

When Judge Wright, sitting at Danville, Illinois, declined to issue naturalization papers to a man who declared he would obey the laws of his labor-union, before the laws of the land, the Judge was right—in name as well as action.

The words remorse and reform are not synonymous.

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The Science of Curing



THE idea of taking something out of a bottle, or a vest-pocket box, or to have something "rubbed on," has become almost a superstition with the majority of people. *The whole scheme is wrong.* Nearly all human disorders can be cured by removing their primary causes ❧ These causes can only be removed by obeying a few simple natural laws. First, we must learn how to eat; we must partake of only such food as the body needs—food that contains the same chemistry as the body. Second, we must partake of these in the right combinations and proportions, so as not to overfeed on one element, while we are starving for another. When the sun is giving us our heat direct, it is both devitalizing and dangerous to take heat-producing foods. This error is the cause of all sunstroke and heat prostrations. ¶ The Chemistry of the Human Body and the Chemistry of Food have been pursued and taught for many centuries as two distinct and separate sciences, and yet, singly and alone, both of these branches of learning are mere theories, absolutely worthless and unusable. The Chemistry of the Human Body is only half of a great science—the Chemistry of Food is the other half of the same science ❧ Taken together they compose the most important science before the civilized world, because they deal directly with energy, vitality, longevity and life itself. These things govern our sympathies, hopes and happiness—they control our senses of mercy, justice and love—they determine about all that makes life "worth while." ¶ I have made a special study of Food Chemistry for many years. I also studied the Chemistry of the Human Body, and I decided to put these two sciences together; so I have united them, and made of this union THE SCIENCE OF APPLIED FOOD CHEMISTRY, which I repeat is the most important science before the civilized world. ¶ If you want to learn more about it, write for the revised edition of my book, "HOW FOODS CURE," just published. It will be sent free, along with some other good things. CONSULTATION FREE BY MAIL OR IN PERSON ❧ ❧ ❧

Respectfully,

Suite Forty-five
Seven East Forty-first Street
New York City

Eugene Christian
Food Scientist

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The Escape From Worry

Give us a winding road, a sky full of white floating clouds, a river and a bridge over which to rumble, a lake, blue and inviting, among green hills, an hour's run to dinner, and the sense of power and control at the wheel of a Rambler—and we will have no thought of business cares.

With the Rambler

there is added to the pleasure of touring the satisfaction of freedom from the worries of the road.

The Rambler Offset Crank-Shaft makes this car silently powerful, capable of running at forty or three miles an hour on high speed, and climbing any hill with gratifying ease.

The Rambler Spare Wheel saves the tiresome task of repairing and pumping up a tire, and can be substituted for the regular wheel within three minutes' time.

RAMBLER AUTOMOBILES, $1,150 to $2,500

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company

Main Office and Factory: Kenosha, Wisconsin.
Branches and Distributing Agencies: Chicago, Milwaukee, Boston, Cleveland, New York, San Francisco.
Representatives in all the leading cities.

THE CAR OF STEADY SERVICE

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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NATURE

Schilling's—The Natural Drink

He who knows what sweets and virtues are in the plants, and how to come at these enchantments, is the rich and loyal man.—*Emerson.*

WHEN you serve dinner these warm summer evenings, out on the Lawn 'neath the shade-trees, you will need to feature a drink that harmonizes.

Schilling's Best is then the drink of Hot Weather, the Drink of White Dresses, of Cool Flannels and of Palm Leaf Fans—the Drink of Both Sexes, the Drink of Health.

Schilling's Best has that insinuating, luxurious taste of the Far East, a suggestion of Crescent moons—and veiled Women. It 's amber smoothness quenches thirst without irritation or after-evil You enjoy the Dinner and the Evening and the next Morning, when the Drink has been Schilling's. A Nectar this, Schilling's—with a shaving of Lemon and a chinkle of Ice.

Schilling's is the pure, the unadulterated; it is a "straight," not a blend, nor a 'alf-and-'alf; it is not heavy, nor muddy, nor murky. It is dainty, and clean and inviting. Not a concoction—Not a composition—It is **The Natural Drink**—The Exhilaration of a Summer Evening.

Schilling's Best Crown Teas

FOUR FLAVORS

Japan	$1.20	Ceylon	$1.20
English Breakfast	$1.20	Oolong	$1.20

Schilling's Best has strength, body, taste, quality, flavor, individuality, purity, and a Moneybak Guarantee to recommend it.

Housewives who try Schilling's Best are **guaranteed** satisfaction—or an immediate refund of Money.

Send for a Pound today. The Pound Package is the Missionary that will reclaim you from Mediocrity.

Sent Post-paid wherever you are in the World.

A SCHILLING & COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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THE FRA'S
SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS

AT renewing time last April, fewer than ten per cent. of the charter subscribers to THE FRA sluffed out. ¶Their loss, tho mourned, was more than recompensed by the many Missionary subscriptions which accompanied the renewals. ¶And so, THE FRA'S circulation, warmed by the old and wet by the new, it grew, it grew. It is still growing. ¶Every day brings in many new subscriptions from the Faithful who are Tumbling into Line. And when these Folks receive the gratis Roycroft Book, which is our acknowledgment of their order, they want to subscribe right over again. ¶Hereinbelow (as Jaggers says) we append a list of de luxe books. Simply send along TWO DOLLARS for a year's subscription to THE FRA and mention the book you'd like to own.

Health and Wealth	*Elbert Hubbard*
Woman's Work	*Alice Hubbard*
Battle of Waterloo	*Victor Hugo*
White Hyacinths	*Elbert Hubbard*
The Rubaiyat	*Omar Khayyam*
A William Morris Book	*Hubbard and Thomson*
Crimes Against Criminals	*Robert G. Ingersoll*
The Ballad of Reading Gaol	*Oscar Wilde*
The Man of Sorrows	*Elbert Hubbard*
Justinian and Theodora	*Elbert and Alice Hubbard*
Bound Vol. (Selected) **Little Journeys**	*Elbert Hubbard*

THE ROYCROFTERS
East Aurora, Erie County, New York

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Good-by—The Old-time Bookkeeper

URIAH HEEP, with his lean, lank form, his skeleton hands, his black longcoat, his white tie, and his plug hat, is gone forever. And all the Other Uriahs of Ledger, and Day Book, and Inkhorn fame have tiptoed after him into the Shadows. ¶ Present Day Business Methods have worked the Undoing of the Quill Pen Mathematicians. You find a Loose Leaf System, a Card Index, where the High Desk rested; and a Wales Visible Adding Machine runs the gamut of Uriah's Brain Power, plus, without a chance for error.

Progress has taken the place of Patience. The Trial Balances that made Uriah Heep burn the Midnight Oil yield gracefully to the three-minute treatment of the Wales Visible.

The Wales Visible Adding Machine

The Corner Stone of The New *Business of Banking*

Business Men and Bankers have joined hands for Mutual Betterment. The Things proven Good in one Field have been adapted to the needs of the Other. Banks today succeed because of their ability to keep pace with the March of Commerce.

The Wales is a part of the New Regime. It has earned a place for itself in the Office of the Business Man and Banker. It has earned a place, by its faculty to do the Right Thing at the Right Time, and just a Little Better than Any Competitor.

The Wales differs from other Adding Machines as other Adders differ from the Methods of Yesterday. The Wales is the Joint Product of Three Kinds of Mind—the Banker, the Business Man and the Manufacturer, all working for a common good. It meets the need of the Exacting Auditor, it helps in every emergency of Trade, it does all Work Quicker and Better. Mechanically it is without flaw.

Many Special Features distinguish the Wales, but a single one, *visibility*—the Work before your Eyes—alone brands it The Best.

The makers of this Machine are not in a rut. They evolve, grasp, test, apply, utilize, the Ideas, Suggestions, of Unprejudiced, Progressive Men ⁂ How many of these Latter Day Improvements would Help you?

A Competitor spent $400,000.00 in trying to annex THE WALES—but failed. Let us tell you the story Sub Rosa ⁂ ⁂ ⁂



A 30-day Free Test in your own office ⁂ ⁂ ⁂ ⁂

You place yourself under no obligation—you incur no expense. Just try the Wales at our risk—and convince yourself

Write for Classy Commercial Literature—Free

THE ADDER MACHINE COMPANY

FACTORY AND GENERAL OFFICES, WILKES-BARRE, PA.

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Greatest American Medical Associations Condemn Benzoate of Soda in Food

THE American Medical Association, numbering over sixty-five thousand members, is the largest and most influential medical body in the world. At the Association's annual convention, held recently at Atlantic City, the following resolution was passed concerning the drugging of foods with Benzoate of Soda or other chemical preservative:

> ***Resolved,*** *That the American Medical Association respectfully urges upon Congress the necessity of amending the National Pure Food and Drugs Act in the following particulars, viz:*
>
> *"(1) To prohibit absolutely and unqualifiedly the use of Benzoate of Soda and similar preservatives in the preparation and preservation of foods destined for interstate commerce.*
>
> *"(2) * * * * * * * * * * * * * (c), the prevention of the utilization of unclean and offensive waste productions, which now, by the use of such preservatives, are branded as foodstuffs and sent through the channels of commerce."*

THE DOCTORS ARE RIGHT!

¶ These Resolutions express the most weighty opinions on the Pure Food Question ever recorded. They constitute an unanswerable endorsement of the stand taken by H. J. Heinz Company and other reputable manufacturers for strict purity, sound materials, and sanitation in the manufacture of food-products. ¶ In the face of these far-reaching opinions, will the Government protect the people, or must the public continue to endanger health by the use of drugged foods? Such foods are not only pronounced harmful because of a drug, but—as indicated by the resolutions—they permit the use of refuse and waste materials. ¶ From drugged food there is only one protection—***read labels carefully.*** The law demands that every article of food prepared with Benzoate of Soda must have that fact stated on the label. Look particularly for obscurely-placed fine type, making some such announcement as "Contains one-tenth of one per cent Benzoate of Soda." ¶ Heinz Tomato Ketchup, Fruit Preserves, Sweet Pickles, Apple Butter, Mince Meat, etc., do not contain Benzoate of Soda or any artificial preservative. These—and all of Heinz Fifty-seven Varieties—are prepared from fresh, pure materials, by clean methods, in open-to-the-public, sanitary kitchens which are visited and inspected by thousands annually from every part of the world

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

Members of American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food Products

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ENERGY AND VITALITY

ALL existence is a form of Energy. The Universe remains poised only through the Opposition of atomic forces.
Man himself is a bundle of nervous energy—more or less. And just in proportion to the normal distribution of this energy is he Wise or Foolish, Successful or Incompetent, Sick or Well.
¶ Different types of Humanity—aye, of all higher animal life—spring from a varying Nervous Control.
Men of the type who wear their nerves outside their clothes and who scream with annoyance at petty disconcertments are not in the Class which Accomplishes. The Big Man can not inspire or direct energy in others unless all his faculties co-ordinate. Straight-limbed, clear-eyed, clean-countenanced and poised must be those who do the Work of the World.
Improper Conditions produce the Imperfect Type. To banish these conditions, to correct the Evils they have Interposed, is the work of the modern school of Drugless Therapeutics.

The American College of Neuropathy

teaches the Restoration of Health by a scientific application of Natural Laws.
Within the past twenty years the entire Medical Profession has shifted ground. Progressive Physicians are now ready to admit that the use of Drugs is barren of Successful Results. Neuropathy embraces a better Code for Curing.
The effects of every complaint or disease are peculiar to the Individual who is afflicted. By the Neuropathic Method a complete analysis of the *Cause* of each ailment is secured and the proper remedial agency applied
The American College of Neuropathy is not a Hospital nor a Sanitarium. It teaches the Practice of Neuropathy. ¶ Both men and women may enroll as students here and the Semaphores of the Zeitgeist indicate for them a Profitable and Useful Future. If Interested Write

W. WALLACE FRITZ, M. D., DEAN

Two Hundred and Twelve Pennsylvania Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

MAN is a peculiar animal, full of microbes and small conceits. He goes into all the corners of the earth and sets up a house which he dedicates to God, just as if God did n't have anything before he came He makes the house holy, man does; consecrates it—makes it God's house. By and by somebody comes along and makes man an offer for God's house; wants to use it to paint signs in or as a place to store things in. There is a more fashionable street in town and the congregation feels the need of a more fashionable locality and a more fashionable building. And so the house of God, dedicated, consecrated and made holy by man, is sold to the highest bidder. Presto change! What have we now! An old rattletrap of a building, doors chalk-marked, gates and fence tossed about,—just a sickly, unsightly ruin. You see, man's "dedication" was a sort of commercial quantity: a hypnotic joke he worked upon himself—a sort of flapjack on the pan waiting for somebody to turn over—and his house of God was a mere myth, built up by himself, with God a silent partner, having very little or nothing to say.
—Enderby Press.

MINISTERS as a rule are spoiled, and the spoiling has been done in many cases by the church people Adulation and flattery, in which the women for the most part indulge, is one of the elements from which the preacher suffers. Gifts of various sorts, from a penny to what a penny stands for, to a paper of pins, are demoralizations.
So are half-fare permits on railroads, which at one clip take out half of the recipient's spirit of independence. So are ten-per-cent reductions

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in the stores; they must turn the accepter into a sort of mongrel man, nine-tenths man and one-tenth beggar.

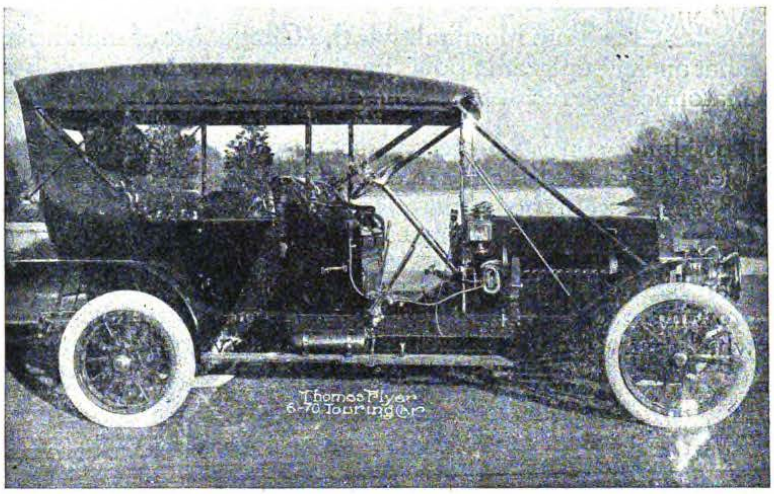
Such things spoil the pulpit by making it feel itself entitled to privileges beyond those which the pew enjoys, or by accustoming it to the flattery which is destructive of spiritual nerve-fiber.

The ministry likes to stand around after service on Sunday and take the taffy which the sisters give. And there is no food value in taffy; there's nothing but wind in taffy, and all the dominie gets out of it is a blown-up head. ¶Again, the minister is a kind of dead beat. He is out to get something for nothing, wherever he can, working the clergyman racket, the half-fare racket. Why doesn't he pay his bills as others must?—Rev. Richard S. Holmes.

Why Not Live In The Twentieth Century?

ANIMAL POWER IS AUSGESPIELT

WHY ride in the ox-cart of your grandfather or the jolting coach of a generation past? Today the boulevards and pleasure-drives of cities are being ***built for rubber tires*** and not for steel wheels and iron-shod hoofs. ¶ This is an Era of Power and Progress, of Mechanical and Electrical Energy. We live in the Age of the Automobile. ¶ The man who once has owned a car, seldom reverts to the Horse. He may buy other, stronger, speedier Cars. But once a Motorist, he is a Motorist for Life



THE THOMAS FLYER

THE CAR THEY FOLLOW—¶ The adaptability, the economy, the efficiency of the Thomas Car require no more convincing credential than this: ***Thomas Cars are never traded back for other brands.*** Ride in one and know the reason.

THE CHAMPION ENDURANCE CAR OF THE WORLD

¶The seeker of perfection in an Auto, consciously or otherwise, gravitates toward the Thomas. The direct route is cheaper than either the circuitous or the zig-zag. Do not buy your experience too dearly Decide on a Thomas Car now and spare sparring with the kind of Car that makes you want a Better One.

E. R. Thomas Motor Car Company

BUFFALO, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK STATE

THE old prejudice against trade has gone even from the strongholds in Europe. This change has come because trade itself has changed. In old days every branch of business was conducted upon the smallest retail scale, and small dealings in small affairs breed small men; besides, every man had to be occupied with the details, and, indeed, each man manufactured or traded for himself The higher qualities of organization and of enterprise, of broad views and of executive ability, were not brought into play In our day, business in all branches is conducted upon so gigantic a scale that partners of a huge concern are rulers over a domain The large employer of labor today has sometimes more men in his industrial army than the petty German kings, in days gone by, had under their banners. —Andrew Carnegie.

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Healthful Hospitality

EXPERIENCED entertainers of the Housewifely Kind know that the basis of a successful dinner must be an element of Surprise. Not a Radical Departure, but some shy, insinuating distinctiveness that makes the meal remembered.

True Hospitality is the Gentle Art of making folks feel good. That ancient epigram about the shortest route to a man's heart may not be anatomically exact, but no one questions the truth it implies.

Hospitality consists largely in setting forth palatable, nourishing, digestible, well-cooked food. Here discrimination becomes necessary. Chance plays no part in the preparation of a perfect meal. Only skilled blendings of faultless ingredients create the Superior Dish.

Man has never known a want which Nature could not supply. With the growing necessity of a "shortening" for food there evolved the brain which perfected a vegetable-oil into a marvelous cooking-condiment.

Cottolene

The pure demulcent fluid distilled from the snowy, tufty tops of Gulf State Cotton has been christened Cottolene. This wholesome, vegetable, natural crisper of culinaries has bettered the biscuits and pastry in thousands of American Homes. **Also, It Digests.** People with delicate stomachs need no longer eat grease ❧ Pies, Doughnuts and Eggs cooked with Cottolene can be fearlessly enjoyed by the most determined dyspeptic.

Cottolene is not a Substitute for Anything. No animal-oil ever has, or ever can award a satisfaction to compare with it. Even in crude form, the delicate flavor and fragrance of Cottolene please the taste. That amazing American delicacy generally followed on the Bills by the words "Maryland Style" reaches its zenith of gustability only when fried in Cottolene.

¶ Cottolene comes to you in sealed air-tight tin pails. Try one pail, and if you are not sufficiently pleased to buy another, the grocer is authorized to refund your purchase-money, on application. So it pays to investigate ❧ Made only by the

N. K. Fairbank Company, of Chicago

Cook Book Free. Send a red stamp to pay postage, and we will mail you our new "Pure Food Cook Book," edited and compiled by Mary J. Lincoln, the famous expert, and containing nearly three hundred valuable recipes.

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Teeth are the Thing!

I COMMEND you to the following First Principles of Teeth Technique. You may modify them, slur them, scorn them, reject them, or accept them, as you will, but at the last and forever—they are the TRUTH.

FIRST—I CHARGE YOU, A PERSON CAN NOT BE BEAUTIFUL WITHOUT WELL-KEPT TEETH—for one can not give a greater offense to the eye than a mouthful of discolored, ill-kept tombstones. Though the body be of the Sylph, and the features of Venus—the overbalance of bad teeth will more than neutralize the good impression.

SECOND—I CHARGE YOU THAT A PERSON CAN NOT BE COMPANIONABLE WITHOUT WELL-KEPT TEETH, for the breath that assassinates at five paces will kill the sturdiest friendship. In business, at home, driving, dancing—a person who neglects his teeth breathes a note of chaos into the Harmony of Life.

THIRD—I CHARGE YOU, A PERSON CAN NOT BE CLEAN WITHOUT WELL-KEPT TEETH—for, at the last, the simple practise of the care of the teeth reflects on the habits of the guilty party. And it is safe to say, an individual who neglects his teeth will neglect his person, and when the tooth-brush is shunned so is the bathtub. One bold enough to display for the contempt of mankind an unclean mouth will take greater chances when the embarrassment is less.

FOURTH—I CHARGE YOU THAT A PERSON CAN NOT BE HEALTHY WITHOUT WELL-KEPT TEETH, for the simple reason that every mouthful of food that passes into his system is first mulled over and contaminated by the germ-cuddlers. And if a mouth is unsightly even with the aid of oxygen to help cleanse it, you may imagine the condition of the hidden organs of digestion. So then, the person with bad teeth is a Defective, who complains of lost appetite, lost sleep, unexplained ailments, etc.—with the cause of all the trouble in plain view—Bad Teeth.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder

One man there is who has conferred a benefit on the human family by concentrating on Teeth and Their Care. Dr. I. W. Lyon, an Expert Dentist, has for forty-three years urged attention to teeth. He is a pioneer and he has accomplished a great work.

This man points out that the teeth are either the most beautiful or the most objectionable feature. Says Dr. Lyon: "It is just as important to clean your teeth after each meal as it is the dishes—more so—for there are other dishes, and you have but one set of teeth."

For almost half a century, Dr. Lyon and his Tooth Powder have blazed the trail, and today thousands and thousands of people all over the world pay direct tribute to the man who stands for Mouth Sanitation.

It requires but nine minutes a day, in three-minute relays, to keep your Teeth in perfect condition. By the discriminate use of Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder, you make yourself good to look upon, healthy, a better friend and a more charming companion.

You can do no better, no matter even though your teeth be good, than to become acquainted with Dr. Lyon and his Tooth Powder.

Any self-respecting druggist will hand over the Blue Package, and the Patent "Measuring Tube" and the Perfect Powder—all for a Quarter.

IF YOUR DRUGGIST CAN NOT SERVE YOU, ADDRESS

I. W. LYON, D. D. S.

Five Hundred and Twenty West Twenty-seventh Street, NEW YORK CITY

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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The New Education

OUR educational system is defective. ¶For the sake of the one per cent of children who eventually reach college, we are corrupting the ninety and nine by teaching them useless Arts, indifferent Graces, and Mannerisms that will never enter into their After-life. We are employing a Super-scholastic Method in taking them away from Life, to theorize on its possibilities; attempting by regulation and rule to instil an education that will suffice. Of course we fail.

A false pride has misled us. Believing that the man who used his hands in Labor was not on a par with the man who used his Head, we isolated the Brain Worker. But the progressive Educator now realizes that the Perfect Man will be the one who may dictate with an evenly developed brain to hands that can execute.

At Interlaken School

the boys not only get the Theory, but the Practice, too. They study Botany first-hand; Mathematics they apply to actual Construction; the Languages they talk to one another, feebly, perhaps, but with the full strength of desire—all mixed with enough Honest Work to keep them Healthy.

¶MANUAL TRAINING IS THE WAY OUT: Instead of the stuffy Schoolroom, it is the big Out-of-doors; instead of Books, they are absorbing Life—all are Playmates, Co-workers, Chums together—Doing the Thing!

Classes are held ON THE SPOT—out in the Orchard, down by the Lake, off in the Woods, at the Stone Ledge—and incidentally, the Boys get the benefits which an Open-air Life provides. Insomnia and Loss of Appetite are unknown at Interlaken.

It is Commonsense Schooling that Dr. Rumely is carrying on, and yet it is so simple that our National Educators have not grasped it. IT IS LEARNING WHILE LIVING. He blends rather than separates, and incidentally, your boy grasps his studies as he never did before. It is Educational Companionship—all going the same way, cheerfully, and no one wants to hold back.

A year at Interlaken School will do more for your boy than two years at a school where Dignity snuffs out Desire, and too much Discipline kills Individuality ♣ Progressive Parents should write for Particulars to

Dr. Rumely, Interlaken School, La Porte, Ind.

THE Rev. Johnston Meyers, a Chicago Methodist preacher, has been noted for some time for certain startling innovations sprung on a rather strait-laced sect ♣ He has said that the church sociable is more productive of good than the ordinary church service. This may not be regarded as startling, in view of the fact that church sociables have long been useful, not to say essential, as a means of raising the funds which go to make salvation free. But he did not stop there. He formed a young people's social society, composed of members of either sex. A courting-club, the conservatives called it, and the minister replied that he was glad of it; that matches made in the church were better than those made on the outside. Then he declared in favor of dancing, and has lately come out in favor of high-class drama, particularly "The Old Homestead," which, he says, is better than the best sermon, and stronger ♣ In twenty years from now, Dr. Meyers believes, the churches will be urging young people to attend theaters instead of forbidding them. The Rev. Dr. Meyers is, we fear, in danger of losing his lucrative job and his good standing with the Methodists, but if he does, he will start into new fields well advertised.—Ewing Herbert.

♣

MEN are tattooed with their special beliefs like so many South Sea Islanders; but a real human heart with divine love in it beats with the same glow under all the patterns of all earth's thousand tribes.—O. W. Holmes.

♣

The meddlesome tongue of gossip makes and controls moral cowards.

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WHAT are you doing with the talent which God gave you? In what way are you trying to live for your fellow man as well as for yourself? What is your conception of your responsibility as a wonderfully-made, God-sent messenger to the world? ¶It is easy to say that we will cut loose from the noisy crowd and retire into a privacy upon which the world shall not break. But can we do it? Can we detach ourselves from the world, its hurly burly, its stern realities? Can we harden ourselves against the prickings of Conscience, deafen our ears to the call of Duty? ¶You see that the world needs earnest workers,—and you are ashamed to fold your hands and sit in slippered ease at your fireside. You hear the din which rises from the great battle-field of life; you see the lines of the righteous waver and break; you hear the trumpet which calls for you, and you are ashamed not to go. You can not bear that evil shall triumph while conscience calls you "coward!" because you will not take your place in the battle-line. Madness it may be, but whenever Right unfurls her flag and cries, "Follow me!" you must obey.—Thomas E. Watson.

KRELL-FRENCH



PIANOS

In Your Home!

YOU need a piano to complete your parlor. Why don't you get it? Price? We have them at any price within reason—that is, at any price which will admit of a first-class product. Terms? Any honest man can buy of us on terms to meet his income. Design or Wood? We can give you a choice of about fifty-seven varieties of Designs and Woods. We even make them to order when so desired. Can't play? Why bless you, we have pianos with players inside of them at what you formerly paid for a regular piano, and not so good as the Krell-French standard either. ¶ In Short, what do *you* want? It is our business to supply your demands, and our facilities are such that we *know* we can do so to your satisfaction and *save you money*

LET US GET TOGETHER

with a good little heart-to-heart correspondence and scrap it out. CATALOGUES FREE to those interested enough to ask for them

Krell-French Piano Co.

Factories, J Ave. & L. E. & W. R. R., Newcastle, Ind.

WHAT your employer thinks of you, what the world thinks of you, is not half so important as what you think of yourself. Others are with you comparatively little through life. You have to live with yourself day and night through your whole existence, and you can not afford to tie that divine thing in you to a rogue.—Orison Swett Marden.

¶The science of medicine is founded on conjecture and improved by murder.—Sir A. Cooper.

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Woman Suffrage Convention

AUGUST TWELFTH TO TWENTY-SECOND

WOMEN will Vote. They are proving their capability by triumphant progress in every walk of Life. Their suffrage can not much longer be denied them. ¶ To secure a thing, prepare for it and it is yours. Every woman should be in a position to exercise properly the franchise that is to be hers. Many great, good and needed reforms are expected of the New Voter ¶ To perfect the present Organization, National Leaders and Devoted Followers of the Woman Suffrage Movement alike will meet in East Aurora, August Twelfth to Twenty-second. At Roycroft, Women are emancipated and undemonetized. They Live, Speak, Work and Think as Free and Independent Folks. You are invited to be present. Come and get a glimpse of the Mutuality of Tomorrow

Advise The Roycroft Inn to Reserve Accommodations

THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

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THE FRA

A JOVRNAL OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. 3 AUGUST No. 5

Strong drink makes no man more useful;
but it renders many a useful man useless

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign, Two Dollars and Forty Cents

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

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TRADE-MARK REGISTERED

THE OPEN ROAD
AFOOT WITH THE FRA



HAVE been out to Missouri, the State where the people demand visual demonstration.

At Kirksville I met the father and founder of Osteopathy. His name is Doctor Andrew Taylor Still. Doctor Still lives in a forest, but the world has made a path to his door. He is eighty years old, but looks sixty.

He is tall, lanky, homely, angular, and even chews infinite tobacco ❧ ❧

He was burning brush on his farm when I found him. His trousers were tucked in his boots, he wore a blue flannel shirt, and his big brown hands were the hands of Esau. When a boy called him to come over to the college he went just as he was without one plea.

Dr. Still looks the toiler—the working man—one who goes forth to his labors until the evening ❧ ❧

Dr. Still thinks he is a backwoodsman.

That is where he plays to the gallery of his psychic self. He has posed so long that the pose is absolutely natural. Therefore he is not a poseur.

His outside is rough, brusque, but all this seeming coarseness masks a very tender heart. His mind is receptive, sensitive, alert, open to all impressions of earth, air, sky and all living things ❧ ❧

Dr. Still resembles Tolstoy in his habits, in his looks, and in his independent, fighting attitude of mind. In his youth he would have been a dangerous man to oppose in a physical way. ¶ Had he lived in the Far West the butt of his pistol would have been well notched. Now the

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plane has shifted from the violent to the mental. ¶ His only weapons are ideas.

When I wanted to talk to him about medicine, he changed the subject to that of a new smoke-consumer he had just invented. He swore with an oath that he knew nothing about medicine—had never really read any books, was absolutely uneducated, and was only a mechanic. Then he told me of how he had studied engineering, and how his interests were all in mechanical devices and farming.

Yet here is the father of Osteopathy, the man who has been, and is, a very important factor in destroying the medical fetich that once held us all in bonds.

Like Tolstoy, Doctor Still would give away all of his money if he could. He probably knows nothing about his financial affairs. If he wants money he asks his wife for it, or his son. It will be remembered that when the wife of Tolstoy tried to have him adjudged insane because he was giving away his property, the court ruled thus, "A man who gives away his money is not necessarily any more insane than a man who keeps to himself all the money he can get."

I have a suspicion that Dr. Still's indifference to finances arises from a firm faith in the ability of his wife and children to look after these things for him. Here again is the unconscious playing of a part. The man gets others to do his work. ¶ Were he actually as innocent and ignorant as he appears, this big and prosperous institution would not have grown up around him.

Also, if he were a pretender, a faker, a four-flusher, it never would have evolved. The man is absolutely honest, but he is not so lacking in worldly wisdom as he thinks he is.

Good things are secured by indirection. Anxiety defeats itself. But an absolute carelessness and indifference is fatal. Doctor Still wants little—that is true. But in surrounding himself with able and competent people he has shown great wisdom. Then he shows still greater wisdom by leaving them alone and allowing them to think they are managing him.

Doctor Charles Still, the actual manager or court of last appeal, is a quiet, able and competent man with commonsense, plus.

Doctor George Still is a lecturer, demonstrator, and a very rapid and daring operator, who pushes the Mayo Brothers for first place in the Middle West in his chosen line. Yet look you—the "Old Doctor" does not cut into live tissue and is much given to pooh-poohing surgery. Moreover, he has recently gone before the Missouri State Legislature, and advocated a bill forbidding vivisection in any form. In his speech he made the statement that in his opinion the only advantage in vivisection is that it gives practice by cutting into a live animal, and makes a similar operation on the human subject easy.

Yet at Kirksville vivisection is one of the requirements, and is constantly carried on under certain restrictions.

The question very naturally arises, why, if Doctor Still does not believe in vivisection, does he allow it in the College of which he is Principal and President?

And the answer is that consistency is a paste jewel, also it is the hobgoblin of little minds, and he who hopes to find it in the keeping of a genius is figuring without his landlord.

Doctor Still allows anybody to do whatever he wishes, until the individual has had enough, for while the Doctor is a fighter, he is also a non-resistant ☙ ☙

Non-resistants are all great scrappers—ask Clarence Darrow or Bolton Hall!

The College of Osteopathy at Kirksville has a student enrolment of between five and six hundred ☙ ☙

These pupils come from all over the world. ¶ Many of them are of middle age, and some have seen considerable of the world. About one-third of the number are women. As a body they would rank high—a very earnest, strong and active lot of men and women. They have all come here—they have n't been sent. And so they are workers. They are hungry to know.

Doctor George Laughlin, son-in-law of the Old Doctor, is the chief demonstrator and teacher of Osteopathy at Kirksville. He is the man on whom the professional mantle of Old Doctor Still will fall. That it may smother him when it falls, there is no danger.

Doctor Laughlin is plain, simple, honest, frank, direct, owns a big farm, and raises the blackest and fattest pigs you ever saw. Laughlin knows that the man with a fad does n't go bug. Laughlin has the "healing touch," working many spectacular cures just as did the Old Doctor when he caught the attention of a busy world, and began siphoning success, ridicule and curses in his direction.

He has the Healing Touch.

What is the Healing Touch?

Bless my soul—I do not know.

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But I do know that every little while, all down through history, there have been men who by the laying on of hands could make the lame to walk, the deaf to hear and the blind to see.

My opinion is that through a personal influence these men inspire in the patient, the aggressive or fighting attitude, without which we would all sink into despondency and quickly die.

All good doctors have this ability to awaken hope and help the patient to cure himself.

"Great teachers do not teach us anything," said Emerson, "they merely change our mental attitude. They arouse, animate and inspire us."

¶ They vitalize our dormant energies.

So there are physicians who exercise this subtle influence which makes the faint heart strong.

¶ Concerning this influence of mind on mind, we know but little. It is like electricity, we see its manifestation, but know nothing of its substance.

Osteopathy is nominally the science of the bones. Disease comes from maladjustment, a pressure on nerve substance by bone substance.

¶ Through manipulation a right adjustment is brought about, nerves act normally, circulation is equalized, the secretions flow, elimination follows—the man is well.

The "manips" have a still further use. They impress the patient with the fact that something is being done for him. It is the outside manipulation versus the internal chemical explosion.

Doctor Still was almost alone when thirty years ago he lifted a stern, warning voice against drugs, calling attention to the fact that while the drug had a direct or primary effect that was known, it also had a secondary effect which could not be foretold. And this reaction often causes other diseases, and brings about sore complications which require further drugs to mitigate. The drugging habit once entered upon has no end but the grave.

Very naturally the medics said things about Dr. Still, and not being able to meet his arguments, contented themselves by calling him bad names. The gentlest aspersion of the bewhiskered ones was to say he was crazy.

Now Dr. Still has won. He is rich; he is honored; and he is beloved. He is thought well of in his own town. A man who earns all the money he wants, who works with his hands, who sleeps well and eats well, and who is generous and kindly, is n't exactly insane, even though he does not dance on order of Madam Grundy.

¶ There are Osteopaths who are given to the affirmation that Osteopathy has nothing in common with Homeopathy, Mind Cure, Christian Science, Massage, or New Thought.

Doctor Still is too big a man to make any such drag-net claim; he knows that ideas are never found pure any more than metals are. Every idea surging through a personality is a different idea from the same idea voiced by some one else. While Osteopathy is the science of a right adjustment of the bones, it is also very much more. It would be silly to suppose that a man who would overeat, or overstimulate, and who was hotly intent on getting money without earning it, could go to an Osteopath and get permanent relief from his physical disabilities. The basis of good health, no matter what your creed, lies in the commonsense life of active, energetic usefulness.

We are apt to look upon a label as a concrete thing—an entity. You may clap your Christian Science sticker on a man, and he may yet be little, fussy, dictatorial and dogmatic. Call him a Unitarian, a Rationalist, a New Thoughter—or any "ite" or "ist," and he may still be without a sense of humor, and without gratitude, and therefore probably possess a torpid liver.

¶ Commonsense views of life, systematic, congenial work, and the spirit of friendship are all powerful agents for good. ¶ You go to Lourdes and you find the crutches piled high; you go to Kirksville and you witness the same phenomena

What do we find in common in Lourdes and Kirksville? I 'll tell you, you find love, hope, aspiration, the stimulus of strong personalities, and a change of environment.

These are all healing factors, all are prophylactic

Personally, if I were sick, I would never go to Lourdes. I might, however, go to Kirksville.

What would make me choose? Temperament.

Osteopathy as taught at Kirksville seems to be the science of commonsense. It is based on simple honesty. You consult and advise with the patient. You take him into your confidence, and secure his co-operation.

Neurology plays a big part in all diseases, and this is fully recognized.

At Kirksville no prescriptions are written in Latin. The patient is a pupil of his physician—a student of health. The prescription is understood. He is given lessons in prophylaxsis and is told that at last the case lies largely in his own hands

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There is a Pauline Osteopathy, practised by the zealous wiseheimers who claim to have discovered the secrets of life and death. All noble truth suffers thus from some of those who advocate it, and get it at second hand. I meet lawbreakers constantly who think they are just like me. Osteopathy has suffered from its friends

To amend what you know with assumption is a very old scheme. To take a basis of commonsense and on it build a structure of metaphysical clap-trap is easy in some communities. ¶ At Kirksville this attempt to piece out knowledge with pretense is severely denounced. Honesty in the treatment of the sick is just as necessary as honesty in business, aye, or in marriage. So says Old Doctor Still of Kirksville. ¶ Dr. Still is a manifestation of the great unrest and challenge of the times. His influence in breaking up the ankylosis of orthodox medicine has been beneficent, far-reaching and profound, and as such his name will live in history.

I'll tell you how I got on. I kept my eyes and ears open and I made my master's interest my own.—George Eliot.

THE Chautauqua Idea has outstripped the dreams of its founder, John H. Vincent, and has taken a course unguessed both by him and his gifted son, Doctor George E. Vincent. The modern Chautauqua is the Garden School of Plato, Americanized—a fair, a festival, a holiday, devoted to intellectual, esthetic and social pursuits. It is a new departure under the sun and has not nearly reached the height of its evolution. Every year brings decided changes in way of betterment.

The Holy Day, the Holiday, the Feast Day, and the Time of Great Rejoicing are festivals as old as man. To make a pious pilgrimage to this place or that was once a duty, and a duty is a thing we find a joy in doing, and then make ourselves believe is a task—thus we get a credit which otherwise would not be ours.

Had my foresight in Eighteen Hundred and Eighty been equal to my hindsight in Nineteen Hundred and Nine, I would have dedicated my life to the Chautauqua Idea, and captained it to a success unknown in the history of pedagogy—or else I would have gone down with the debris when the forts of folly fell; and the victors when they came, would have found my body by the wall.

THE fairs of the Orient were always closely timed with Holy Days. These fairs and bazars where everything was sold and bargained for, and where the cries of the huckster mingled with the prayers of the devotee, were common sights. Sheldonism was unknown.

The western survival of this instinct is seen in any County Seat of the Middle West on a Saturday afternoon and evening, when the gramaphone of the Nickelodeon is rivaled by the drum and tambourine of the Salvation Army. The Nickelodeon ministers to the people who go forth to their labors until the evening, as well as to those who have no labors. It prevents introspection, lightens the burden of life by helping us to forget it, and gives a theme for conversation until Saturday afternoon comes and we can go again. The expense of hiring living people to play histrionics is lessened by the puppets of Punch and Judy; and now moving pictures and the talking-machine make continual plays possible at small expense.

And lo! The agrarians rejoice, the mill-hands wax glad, and the rest of us sneak our way in to see how bad the show is, or else we take the children and brazenly attend.

ABOUT the year Eighteen Hundred and Five, there was a tidal wave of religious emotion in America that found form in Camp-meetings. ¶ No auditorium was big enough to seat the throngs. People would gather for fifty miles and live in tents, or in the prairie-schooners, and praise the Lord for a week or more.

The great Kentucky Revival is a matter of recorded history. It was a gigantic spiritual jag, in which whisky and vital statistics played big parts. Whole villages went bughouse.

Various families were so wrought upon that they refused to go home from the Camp-meeting; they abandoned and repudiated all exclusive relationship and banded themselves into groups, awaiting the "Second Coming of our Lord," and the transfiguration to Heaven, where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage. ¶ Those who are interested in this particular phase of social psychology would do well to read the history of Shakerism.

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This Camp-meeting impulse was carried up into Ohio, across to Indiana and Illinois, through Michigan and western New York.

New England was a little too cold and cultured to take to it. Besides that, New England had the sea as an outlet for cooling and exercising pent-up emotion. But the plains, prairies and forests needed the stimulus and change of Peter Cartwright's presence and oratory.

Man is a gregarious animal. The "Meeting-house" was a social necessity of the Puritans. ¶ They thought it was religion that brought them together. But religion was only an excuse, just as it is with Jeremiah and Jerusha who meet purposely by chance at the Methodist Church on Sunday Evening, when Jeremiah, he sees her safe home, first asking, "Jerusha, do you like chicken?"

"Of course," answers the shy maiden.

"Well, then take a wing," and he proffers his arm as a clinging support to the Amazon who, if she were going into battle with spear and shield, would ask but one question, namely, "Is my helmet on straight?"

Mankind has ever deceived itself as to the reason why it does certain things. That gentle philosopher, Mr. E. S. Martin, says that women do not get together and form literary clubs because they love literature, but they form the clubs because they love to get together.

Incidentally, even the sadly satirical must admit that the girls imbibe and absorb a certain amount of literature from their getting together

In Illinois, in a sparsely settled country, in the late Sixties, I have seen ten thousand people gathered together in the woods along the banks of the muddy Mackinaw. The excuse was a Camp-meeting. To be sure, a political barbecue, with Tom Corwin as speaker, gathered just as big crowds in Ohio. Were the people intent on political truth? Not exactly—they were after the good time and the excitement of mingling in a crowd.

Were we intent on religion at the Camp-meeting?

Let me speak for one—I was n't. The wails and groans of the sin-stricken, the cries for mercy of those under conviction, and the jubilant shouts of triumph from those who had "the assurance," were only amusing to me. However, I took care to keep myself immune and not get too near, lest I be caught in the swirl of feeling, and I too be howling for mercy. Many came to scoff and remained to pray. But more came to scoff, and continued to scoff—it was proof of your proud and devilish prowess.

The scoffers were quite as popular in their own circle as the prayerful ones were in theirs.

If good people came fifty miles, the bad ones gathered to the call of the wild for a hundred. ¶ On the fringe of the pious throng, men and women intent on deviltry mixed with rustic innocence. At night pitch-torches and bonfires led the way to tents where hard cider flowed and gambling was rife. If the more brazen of the rogues were driven out by the force of Muscular Christianity, they started an opposition dust a little distance away.

That there were many conversions goes without saying; but that the whole thing was an orgy in which all and each plunged according to his nature, is sternly true. And yet Professor James of Harvard has written an essay in which he not only defends the orgy but recommends it. He says that it is a useful psychic exercise

Into this arena of discussion I do not enter, feeling that I am not qualified to speak—I merely state the facts.

From Eighteen Hundred and Fifty, there was a gradual decline in the Camp-meeting propensity

The County Fair, and the Agricultural Horse Trot, were in the ascendency. They represented more brains and less emotion. The elements of secrecy and night were eliminated. The County Fair represents human achievement. And a horse race in the open is better than a still-hunt in the woods.

Sam Jones called a Chautauqua a cross between a Camp-meeting and a County Fair. Accepting the simile, it will be found that the child is an improvement on either of its parents. ¶ It is also a half-orphan, since the Camp-meeting is dead, but the County Fair is still alive. And it will live as long as it stands for human achievement and displays the results of industry, economy and good taste, but it will have a Chautauqua attachment.

In October, Nineteen Hundred and Eight, the "Opera House Guide" showed that there were five hundred and sixteen Chautauquas in America.

JOHN H. VINCENT was born in Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-two.

He became a school-teacher and boarded

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'round. He attended several buckwheat colleges at odd times, and evolved into a Methodist Preacher. His education was gotten after he left school—gotten out of his work, at his work, and in continual bouts with the world, the flesh and the devil.

His habitat was northern Illinois, and his hunting-ground principally the Rock River Conference ❧ ❧

As an exhorter at Camp-meetings, his services were in demand. In the late Sixties, this young preacher became gradually convinced that the Camp-meeting was becoming an anachronism, an excuse, and a thing that Christianity might well slough.

WHEELS ARE ALL RIGHT, BUT MAKE SURE THAT IN YOUR EQUIPMENT THERE IS NOT A FLAT ONE ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

He began to focus on Sunday-school work, and had a glimmering glimpse of what a secular school might do for young and old, with religion as a round-up.

To this end he helped organize the "Sunday-school Union," and arranged a system of Lesson Leaves. There was no genius in his cosmos. He was a consistent, conventional Methodist, who worshiped the god Terminus, shaved his upper lip, wore a white tie, and in all of his sermons dwelt heavily on the undisputed fact in a very solemn way, that you will never have but one mother. The emotional and the lachrymose were close to the surface, and yet he had much simple commonsense in worldly matters ❧ ❧

IN Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-two, he heard of an abandoned Camp-meeting ground on the shores of Lake Chautauqua, in western New York. The grounds were secured for a small rental, and Vincent issued a call through his periodical, "The Sunday-school Teacher," for a Sunday-school Assembly. The old Camp-meeting experiences were in his brain—he had gotten the habit, like a horse that has been used on a milk wagon gets the habit of stopping.

The Assembly was a sort of school, or say a conference for Sunday-school teachers and "workers." The idea seemed to take. The old plan of calling the sinners together had this disadvantage: the sinners who came were too many and too polluted to disinfect. Now, the plan was to simply help decent people and let the sinners go to hell—provided the local clergy could not head them off in their endeavor to exceed the speed-limit sprint for Tophet.

It was a Camp-meeting for the education of people who would educate others.

It was minus the soul-saving and snatching-souls-from-the-burning policy.

In Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-four, there were over fifty Methodist families on the Chautauqua Assembly grounds, all living in tents ❧ Vincent was leader of the group. Suddenly one day it came to him that these people should study something besides the Bible if they were going to be good teachers. He had a small school-history of Rome, and read from this. Then he sent for a dozen copies and gave them out, and had classes and quizzes on secular Roman History.

The next year Greek History was added, and talks on Botany were sandwiched into experience meetings.

In Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-nine, I was living in Buffalo. I had a cousin by the name of Jabesh Harris, who collected kitchen grease and made it up into soap, which he personally served to his "route."

Jabesh was a Methodist, and wore a six and three-fourths hat. He had much worldly shrewdness, and knew a good thing when he stumbled over it. One thing he prized was salvation. He assured me that he was n't going to hell when to be saved meant simply belief.

¶ Jabesh had often tried to bring me forward to the mourners' bench, but without success. Now, he had something that I needed as much as conversion—that was education. He was right—I needed it. I was twenty-two years old, and knew my failings—or some of them.

He told me of Mr. Vincent's "Assembly," where everybody read up on Julius Cæsar.

Jabesh had a tent there, and supplied soap to the bunch for a modest consideration. I visited Chautauqua with Jabesh, rowing over from Mayville. To camp out and study, struck me as a mighty good scheme. Not only that, but Vincent laid out a course of reading for these people that extended through the whole year, and from time to time they were to report progress to him.

Jabesh loaned me his books, and I read up on

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Socrates and Cicero. I could not join the class because I was n't a Methodist or a Sunday-school teacher.

In Eighteen Hundred and Eighty, I again met Mr. Vincent (shortly after this he was made a Doctor of Divinity, and later a Bishop) and he told me of "The Chautauqua Circle." This was a plan of study—a four years' "College Course." Two persons studying together could form a "Circle," three would be better, and fifty would not be too many.

The good old evangelistic idea of the cottage prayer-meeting was utilized, and the circle was told to meet once a week in the homes of the various members.

The initiation fee was fifty cents—the set of books was five dollars a year, and the Chautauqua Magazine a dollar a year more, making six dollars and a half for a year's tuition and books. ¶ The local leader, or president of the Circle, of course, worked without pay.

In four years, if you stuck to your work, you were graduated and given a diploma, beautifully engraved and duly signed, sealed and certified. ¶ Theoretically, you were supposed to go to Chautauqua and receive your diploma, walking through the Golden Gates, and receiving the hand-grasp of Gabriel, otherwise Mr. Vincent. But if you could n't go, it was sent to you by mail and the hand-grasp was given over the miles

I organized various local circles, and was president of one for eight years. I received my diploma, and then took various post-graduate courses, receiving sundry seals, with which my diploma is embellished. At the same time that I was following the Chautauqua course in New York, my mother was doing the same in Illinois. ¶ We graduated the same year, and our course of studies was always a source of pleasant correspondence

So well did the idea take that it soon overran its original intent of educating Sunday-school teachers, and became a cause of consolation and profit to thousands of men and women everywhere. There was much contributory literature advertising the plan, and the stories by "Pansy" helped not a little.

Mr. Vincent became Doctor Vincent, with honorary degrees from Yale, Harvard, Washington and Jefferson Universities. His glowing personality, not too profound, impressed the multitude wherever he spoke. A part of the plan was to have a lecture course in each town where there was a "Chautauqua Circle." I maintained a lecture course in East Aurora, and held the lectures alternately in the Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian churches, enlisting the co-operation of each, a thing which some declared was impossible.

John H. Vincent came several times and lectured in our course. In Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-two, we paid him forty dollars for a lecture; in Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-four, seventy-five dollars, and in Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-six, his price had advanced to one hundred.

One man at least, the Chautauqua Idea educated. And that man was John H. Vincent. ¶ In Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-eight, he hated a Catholic as the devil hates Holy Water; the sight of an Episcopalian gave him goose-flesh, and sent him off talking of "popery," and that Babylonish woman. In Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-eight, he had invited Bishop Potter to speak at Chautauqua, and a little later Bishop Ryan also was so honored. ¶ Vincent simply had not known other denominations, but his conversion did not take place until his son had married a charming girl who was a "Churchwoman."

When it was seen that the Chautauqua Idea must have a home, Lewis Miller of Akron, Ohio, stepped forward and financed the real-estate side of the question. A good hotel was built on the site of the old Camp-meeting ground. An auditorium was erected that would seat five thousand people, and this was fitted out with a valuable pipe-organ and other needed accessories.

So occupied was Vincent in spreading his ideas, in building up the place and conducting the summer encampment which began July First, and continued until September, that he had been glad to delegate many details to others.

In Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-five, there were nearly a hundred thousand people enrolled as Chautauqua students. The money they paid for books was over half a million dollars a year. Vincent had given this valuable privilege into the hands of certain good men, who mistook a great plan of education for a good scheme to sell books. The set of books was changed every year, so as to compel the student to buy more books. Also, the books used in one four years' course could not be used by other students later. This was a great business stroke, since it cut off all traffic in second-hand

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books. It also laid the management open to the comments of the critical. The books were very cheaply printed and bound, and had a slap-dash look.

The accusation of graft was freely bandied.

THE headquarters of the Chautauqua Idea were supposed to be at Chautauqua, and should have been there. However, John H. Vincent lived at Plainfield, New Jersey. The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle was under the direction of a worthy woman of the name of Kate F. Kimball, at the same place. ¶ Miss Kimball used also to lecture occasionally, and spoke for me twice at East Aurora. Her heart was in the work, but unfortunately, the business grew faster than did her business ability

The books were being made at Meadville, Pennsylvania. The Magazine was issued from Cleveland, and George E. Vincent, instead of buckling down to the details of the greatest and most beneficent educational plan ever up to that time devised by mortal man, was at Yale University exploiting culture. A little later his father and mother moved to New Haven to be with him, and Miss Kimball struggled on alone, under her mountain of correspondence.

John T. Duncan, Superintendent of the Chautauqua Grounds, lived at Syracuse, New York, and Doctor Harper, the "Principal" of Chautauqua, was bowed with his burden as President of the University of Chicago.

The eggs were in a dozen baskets, and were being watched by a multitude of petty, pious, pestiferous, peascod grafters.

In this time of welling prosperity, some one made a lot of money, and also an awful lot of money was wasted. Let it here be stated that the man who made the money was not John H. Vincent. He was so innocent of finance that a big, fat wad of bills, counting up to, say, five hundred dollars, was more to him than a New York draft for ten thousand.

The calamity in any enterprise is to have it grow faster than the men who manage it. Vincent loved the smoke of rhetoric, and a sea of fluttering, white handkerchiefs made him forget cold cent-per-cent contracts, and chuck the future

The goose that laid the golden egg was plucked of all her feathers. All that she could now do was squawk.

Dr. Vincent was made a Bishop of the Methodist Church. He lived for a while on Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, and was then marooned to Topeka, Kansas, and later exiled to Zurich, Switzerland. His son, George E. Vincent, was a professor in the University of Chicago, in a sort of fond hope that the hoi polloi would hitch up a sure-enough college in their minds with Chautauqua, and come to rub a little culture off upon them.

John H. Vincent has never gotten over the inward grief that he was not a "College Man." He became one vicariously in the person of his son—this was the best he could do.

There will be hundreds of Methodist Bishops; there will be thousands of College Professors, but never again will the Wheel of Fate stop at the combination which once smiled at John H. Vincent and his son, George E. They chose cheap and transient honors under the wings of big conventional institutions, when they might have put for open water and sailed the seas with God. They were not snake-proof.

Chautauqua, on Chautauqua Lake, in Chautauqua County, New York, is now only one of five hundred Chautauquas.

GOOD things go only when piloted by a man who has a fighting faith in them. One Paul Jones is worth all the syndics and directors that ever sat around green baize. ¶ When a directorate does things it is because one man says it must.

Side-lines and enterprises on the "outside" are mox nix ouse, as we say at Princeton.

When the Vincents made a hike for Respectability and nestled close under her Paisley, centralization ceased, dissolution laughed, and the Hessians were in the saddle.

The ideals which John H. Vincent had for the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, are fully set forth in a book which he wrote about Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-four, entitled "The Chautauqua Movement." Temptation in the form of a bishopric still wriggled in the grass.

The ideals and ambitions were very noble, and also reasonable. Vincent was evangelizing close to the ground. His were the aspirations of a second Vincent de Paul.

At that time I was doing business in Buffalo, and living in the village of East Aurora, eighteen miles away. I rode back and forward on the train night and morning. Always in my little valise, I carried one or more Chautauqua books.

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¶ The boys with pasteboard proclivities played cards in the smoker. Three or four of us read, and made notes on our reading. We acquired the Study Habit. And any man who gets the Study Habit and holds it for ten years or more becomes an evolved and an envolving person.
¶ The men who rode in the smoker, if not dead, are playing cards yet. Several of my Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle friends became fairly famous and decently rich. One is distinguished. I give the credit to John H. Vincent's Chautauqua Idea.
Mothers with one foot rocking the cradle, read their Chautauqua lessons. Others placed the open book on a shelf and read as they washed the dishes ✍ All over the world this was going on.
The only criticism ever brought against the Chautauqua Idea is that it was superficial, and this is true, but the thing itself was n't as superficial as the man who made the comment.
All of man's learning is comparatively superficial. Universities are painfully so. But the remark was flung at John H. Vincent so long and so often that he got the habit of pleading guilty, apologizing, and swearing a halibi. It stuck to him like a banderilla, and he grew to dodge the throw before it was made.
His dream was that his son should carry on the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and make it a World Movement, a universal, in absentia university, with Chautauqua as the home of the Alma Mater and a rallying point for the Alumni. But to save his son from the criticism of being superficial he would give him a classical education. It was two years at a preparatory school, four years at Yale, and a year of foreign travel.
Seven years' separation from the actual world of work will wean most men from the practical world of useful effort. However, some men succeed in spite of the handicap, for God is good ✍ ✍
To separate a person from his work in order to educate him for his work is a fallacy founded on the assumption that a priestly education is the only one which is not superficial. The mention of Bryant and Stratton gave Vincent chills. To be practical was to be superficial. To be unintelligible and incompetent was proof of profundity ✍ ✍
George E. Vincent came out of Yale with honors, also a pitying patronage for all rude, crude and uneducated people. Never again could he meet common folks on an equality. He knew everything but the obvious. He did not know that his isolation in college had encrusted him in a self-contained ignorance, and encysted his soul in sciolism. And when a Ph. D. was given to him by the University of Chicago, it marked the deep damnation of his psychic taking-off ✍ ✍
I hired George Vincent for his first paid lecture. I paid him five dollars for the effort. It was at the Baptist Church, East Aurora. Every seat was taken, for we all felt a personal interest in this son of his father, a prenatal Chautauqua product. The lecture was given with a Gatling-gun rapidity and precision that at first excited our astonishment and then our admiration. The subject was "The Rise and Fall of the Irish Empire," or something like that. It is still remembered by the natives and talked over on winter nights when cider and hickory nuts are imminent, apples are on the hearth and the north wind blows woo-hooh.
Like all memorized lectures, it was bad, but as a first offense it was brilliant. Since then, George Vincent has proved himself a speaker of worth and power. The man has learning and a wit touched with aqua fortis, but humor exists in his cosmos only as a chemical trace. Education is to him a matter of the conventions, and in lieu of logic he refers you to books, not life. In practical things he does not know a guinea-pig from a jack-rabbit, a coulter from a clevis, an Ayrshire from a Holstein, a Jack from a Jenny. When George Vincent tells you that you will never have but one mother, you write it down in your note-book as a biologic fact.
When John H. Vincent used to tell us the same truth we listened with suffused eyes and cheeks aglow ✍ ✍
The men are totally unlike. The father is friendly, confidential, paternal, unctuous and full of gentle solicitude. The son is self-contained, silent, secretive, at times scintillating, proud, with the thought of caste an ossified item in his ego. He speaks of classes and masses. To him a university is life, and the outside world of working, striving, struggling men and women is but a collection of yaps—amusing, to be sure, but yaps, just the same.
¶ Production is foreign to his thought, save as a pleasing theory.
In many ways he resembles my old college chum, Prof. Jarrett Bumball of Harvard. Both are blase, and aweary with the world. Neither

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ever dined with Mamma Childs. Life, to both, is a sort of satire on the stage, interesting, my dear boy, but superficial, damnably superficial.

THOMAS A. EDISON married a daughter of Lewis Miller. They met at Chautauqua in Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-two—met on a Chautauqua basis; they met, loved, married, and were happy ever afterward.

Edison followed the Chautauqua course of reading for four years and duly cabbaged the desired sheepskin. Then he and his gracious wife followed up the readings and took several post-graduate seals. He was much interested in Vincent's work, and would have financed it in a big way, and so would Lewis Miller, but they saw that the souls of the Vincents were fully satisfied with a nice pile of one-dollar bills. A double handful of silver would have given them paresis. There is where Bryant and Stratton could have saved them.

When the Chautauqua Idea lost its leader, just for a ribbon to stick in his coat, it did not die. ¶ Nothing dies. Things change their shape, that is all.

So behold, instead of a centralized, organized Chautauqua, a Chautauqua of systematic study, of regular readings, of examinations, quizzes, diplomas, of seals and stars, the dam went out, and we have the same spirit widely diffused and expressing itself in a form which, when it first appeared, caused John H. Vincent to take legal counsel to see if he could not place an estoppel upon it.

John H. Vincent's Idea was built on the fact that the American mind is hungry. We want to know. The shibboleth of Missouri—"Show Me"—is not covered by a Missouri caveat, any more than the mortgage-lifting mule and the mighty hen are monopolized by Bill Reedy, Champ Clark and Joe Folk.

The present Chautauqua Idea brings the university to your door. It is the lecture idea on a scale raised from pianissimo to fortissimo. The expansion of an idea, once adopted by the people, makes imagination stand aghast and call for moxie. When John D. Rockefeller states that never in his most enthusiastic moments did he guess the extent to which the Standard Oil Company would grow, he stated the simple truth. Sears, Roebuck & Company is a miracle of commerce, even to the men who manage the mighty concern.

Any man who has done big things, or even dreamed big dreams, who can stand before an audience and talk, now gets a hearing. And moreover, he gets paid for thinking aloud.

Tom Lawson was offered a thousand dollars for a speech, by the Chautauqua at Albert Lea, Minnesota. He was so complimented that he went for nothing. Governors, United States Senators, a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, aye, five candidates for President, and the President himself, compete with minor poets for the personal plaudits of the plain people on Chautauqua platforms.

The New England Lyceum, with its dozen men of mental might, pales into insignificance before the Chautauqua of today. James J. Hill would never have been heard at a Lyceum, but I heard and saw him at a Chautauqua.

What is the required plant or outfit for a Chautauqua? ✍ ✍

Well, you remember some one described a university as a log, upon one end of which was Johns Hopkins and upon the other, a boy.

We held a Chautauqua, at least people called it one, at East Aurora, where our meeting place was in the woods, and the whole audience walked two miles in a body, and sat on logs or reclined on the ground. The speaker stood on a stump in the center of the group ✍ These informal gatherings have proved very popular. ¶ At Scio, Ohio, I spoke at a very successful Chautauqua that was held on a college campus, under a big tent. It was vacation time, and the students being away, the dormitories were used to accommodate the visitors from a distance.

In a Colorado town, the Court House was used, and there were two programs a day, afternoon and evening. At Hiawatha, Kansas, a big tent was set up in the public square, and the farmers came with their families for miles to participate in the feast of reason and flow of soul.

The ideal place, of course, would be the woods, where there is running water and plenty of out-of-doors for the children and the people who want to visit and hold family parties. As I write, there comes to my mind the beautiful Chautauqua grounds at Lincoln, Illinois—simply a natural oak forest of two hundred acres, covering several little hills. Here were shade, water, room, prospect, various buildings for shelter if it rained, and an auditorium that seated five thousand people. The admittance to the grounds was ten cents, and a reserved seat in the auditorium was twenty-five cents. To those buying season tickets the rate was much

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less. This Chautauqua at Lincoln was made possible through the faith of the manager of the trolley line, and his faith was not misplaced. ¶ At Fort Smith, Arkansas, are a dozen permanent buildings, erected by the Street Railway Company. The whole setting is beautiful, artistic, costly and complete. The audiences often run as high as ten thousand a day.

Interurban transportation lines are a great factor in the evolution of the Chautauqua.

What are the attractions that make farmers and villagers quit work and come?

I 'll tell you: Just two things—public speaking and music.

The quantity and quality of these two things at a Chautauqua vary, of course, with the management

"A White City," or amusement park is not a Chautauqua, although it may at times have Chautauqua features. A Chautauqua is primarily a place devoted to the discussion of high, intellectual themes.

The music is introduced as an accessory; and it is a very necessary accessory. Now, the higher the class of your music and the better your speaking talent, the greater your success. Yet a degree of conservatism is advised until the public knows what you have to offer. A Chautauqua devised principally to make money, does n't; but one managed with a high ideal does. No one can tell how much appreciation there is in a community until you try your people out with big talent. The prophecy of the man born in the town, "Oh, our people will not pay for a good thing," is as a rule an error of mortal mind.

I know a coal-mining town on the Ohio that has a superb Chautauqua program. When the management, making a wrong diagnosis, put on a minstrel quartette from Bingville, with monkey business attachment, these men of the safety lamp and smut signed a round robin, addressed to the manager, asking him to cut it out and give them a little more phosphorus. ¶ Their smut was only on the outside, and in their breasts glowed the safety lamp of truth. At Streator, Illinois, is one of the best educated men in America, who was a coal-miner. John Mitchell was a product of that same geologic outcrop. Booker T. Washington was a coal-miner. ¶ During the last two years, I have spoken at fifty or more Chautauquas, and always I have felt that there was a deal of stern, discriminating, analytic intellect before me. The people are hungry to know.

What do they want to know? They want to know about history, the records of men and women who have fought big battles and won, or who have gone down to defeat with flags flying. ¶ They want to know about the musicians, inventors, painters, sculptors, writers, heroes, soldiers, martyrs; about chemistry, zoology, botany, tree-planting, railroads, road-building; about books, schools, manual training—anything and everything of human interest.

Of course they also want to be amused. They want to forget their cares and the petty round of daily details that make up life for so many of us. A Chautauqua audience is an American audience, and is always ready to laugh.

But woe betide you if you can not do anything besides making people laugh. Personally, I use laughter in speaking just to get entrance to the heads and hearts of my people. The joke gives the listener a rest. The laugh lets them relax—and then back I come to a great and vital theme, and give them doses of truth hypodermically administered

At Smithville, Ohio (whoever heard of Smithville?), is a most successful Chautauqua, managed by a farmer by the same of Eberly. This man has had the courage to "key it high." And lo! the people have stood by him, so the prophet of evil who waits to say, "I told you so," is given the merry ha ha.

With my own eyes, I saw over seven thousand people on the Smithville Chautauqua grounds at one time, and yet the town of Smithville has only three thousand people. There was a band, an orchestra, some very good singing and public speaking. Two days' receipts would have paid for the entire plant, including auditorium. ¶ At East Aurora we had five thousand people gathered on an evening to hear the Winnipeg Band, a superb company of forty players, and these players were working men—yes, working men, I said, but drilled to a rare unity by a great leader, S. L. Barrowclough, who avers that he is not a professional musician.

Five thousand people in a town of twenty-five hundred! They gathered for five miles around, they came with the family and dogs, with pipe and taber. The freedom of the great out-of-doors calls and invites. You do not have to have a new dress to go to a Chautauqua. The whole thing is Jeffersonian, and as ex-President Roosevelt aptly says, "distinctly and distinctively American."

The Chautauqua, as it exists today, is whole-

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some and natural. It means a holiday without a headache. The gambler, the bootlegger and the male and female pirate do not flock to a Chautauqua. They are not comfortable there. If they come by accident, they are subdued by the decency of the atmosphere, and so are lost in the mass ✍ I never saw a single case of violence or disorder at a Chautauqua.

The horse-race invites disputes, fistic and otherwise, and the old-time Camp-meeting was lacking in something, if it did not supply a few broken heads.

But the times have changed. Humanity is on the uplift—the world is growing better.

THE old idea of college education was that you sent your boy to these great men, the college professors, and these professors told the boy things which plain folks never knew nor could comprehend. Also, the boy was taught to read out of books which common people could neither read nor understand.

A little earlier in the game, great men were "inspired," or at least were experts in inspired literature, so they could tell you what it was all about ✍ ✍

Education as evolution is a new thing. We now see that education does not consist simply in filling up the student's think-tank. All we can do is supply the conditions of growth, just as we give the plant heat, sunshine, moisture and soil, and let it go at that. Nature makes it bloom and blossom and bear fruit.

Education is a matter of growth. The old idea of imparting truth is fast going into the dust-bin of things that were. College degrees are useful mainly for social purposes, like the pearl-handled razor purchased by the colored person. No one claims that college graduates are any more efficient than other men equally well born who are graduated from the University of Hard Knocks; and Brother Bok would have us believe that ninety per cent of the students in our great colleges have assets in way of gonococci, with the cigarette habit as a secondary result of the higher training.

Without for a moment allowing the Bok bias to be read into the record, the dangers and disadvantages of quitting work as a preparation for work, are known to all save the devotees of bridge-whist, tiddledywinks and the tuxedo.

Our growing desire for knowledge has shown us the injustice of educating one or two members of a family and letting the rest grow up with minds choked by parsley and pigweed. Not only the injustice, but the silliness and vacuity of it, are apparent. The fact is, that educating one girl or boy in a way so that this girl or boy comes home and is unable longer to affiliate with the rest of the household, is a tragedy. True education would lift the whole family. I know one farmer who last year attended four Chautauquas, spending a week at each, with his wife and six children. They have mutual themes and are all growing together.

Now, what is true of a household is true of a community. We believe now in racial education, because isolated education tends toward social cleavage and class hatred. That one set of men should have all the education, and another set of men do all the work, is essentially medieval, and is bankruptcy for both.

The value of a college education lies in the change of environment supplied to the youth, more than in the things he is taught.

Man is a migrating animal. He shifts his position, goes here and there, and gathers gear. ¶ Through this adjustment and readjustment, he evolves. The Aryan race has fought its way clear around the globe. We have pushed in the Chinese Wall from the other side. There is no longer an "Out-West." There is just as much culture in Oklahoma as in Massachusetts. No longer can one place claim to be the "hub." If there is a hub, it is a spot that stands still, while the spokes and felloes are in motion.

The Chautauqua brings the world of thought and music to your door. It puts the rural district on a parity with Oxford, Cambridge, Boston, Ithaca and New Haven. The farmers have ever fought Freedom's battles. They are the men who fire the shots heard around the world ✍ ✍

The International Correspondence Schools are a variant of John Vincent's Chautauqua Idea, manned by business men of great ability and great devotion. The business course recently introduced into Harvard, the cutting down of the college course from four years to three, and in some instances to two years, are fingers pointing the way.

We want an education that is practical, that will help us carry the burdens of the world—that makes for Health, Sanity and Self-Reliance. ¶ Feeling the trend of the times, the colleges are slowly and very surely falling into line. With them it is a matter of self-preservation.

That little college at Scio, Ohio, utilizing its

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plant in the summer vacation for a Chautauqua, is only one instance. All of the colleges have summer courses that are practically Chautauquas, the intent being to supply stimulus rather than a knowledge that might make the recipient bulge at the occiput, and render him myopic as well as bow-legged.

In Georgia, I met a colored man, a graduate of Tuskeegee, who was utilizing a church for a two weeks' Chautauqua. Is n't here a cue! Use the churches as schools for grown-ups.

But the trouble with the church buildings is that they are too small, and there are too many of them. The Evangelical Alliance, realizing this, is using all its efforts to stop the building of new churches in small towns. The cry is co-operate—co-operate! In various cities of the West there are now auditoriums, permanent buildings, that will seat from five to ten thousand people.

In St. Paul, Minnesota, a noble structure of steel and concrete has just been finished, that will seat three thousand people on its stage, and seven thousand on its main floor and galleries. ¶ The city of Des Moines has a "Colosseum," built on a Greek model, that is an object-lesson in good taste and effectiveness. It seats five thousand people, and will be used for musical festivals and a winter Chautauqua, and big public gatherings of an educational nature.

Denver has a magnificent architectural object-lesson that would have done Rome proud in the reign of Augustus.

Every town and city should have a similar auditorium. They make for church-unity, and the encouraging thing is that a few people at least, in every community, know it.

Besides the people who sit in the seats at the Chautauquas, is that small army which appears upon the stage. The Chautauqua is educating a large number of speakers and performers. We grow by doing. "Courage consists in having done the thing before," says Emerson. To talk to five thousand people at one time is an event, and he who can do so for two hours at a time, must get a deal of good out of it. He is being taught by the listeners. Oratory is collaboration, and to collaborate and commune with a thousand or more is no small matter.

Do you say that any fool can talk for two hours? My answer is that he can't talk to a Chautauqua audience for two hours unless he is saying things every minute, simply because a bored Chautauqua audience does n't stay. It puts for the open as soon as the speaker begins to saw the air and spar for wind. It knows when it has enough. It is a natural audience, and the beauty of the whole Chautauqua Idea is that it is a natural manifestation of the people. Vox populi, vox Dei! Let the people speak, and then give them the best.

I have faith in America. The exclusive in education, like the exclusive in religion and in society, will have to go. We are moving as a people, and our faces are toward the rising sun —the rising sun of Truth.

Life is the continuous adjustment of internal to external relations.—Spencer.



THE ROYCROFT SCHOOL OF APPLIED ARTS: The Roycroft Shop was established fifteen years ago. From the first we have had a few girls and boys as apprentices. Some of these have trained on and become artists—all have learned the art of being useful. To make your own living is an achievement, and life is the finest of the fine arts.

We have tried to teach boys and girls to live—and to live you must be useful, not merely ornamental.

Many parents who have visited Roycroft, seeing our plans and methods, have importuned us to take certain boys or girls, some of whom seemed to need a little different attention from that which could be given in the public schools. ¶ And now to meet these requests we have instituted a SPECIAL SCHOOL DEPARTMENT of our work, under the immediate charge of skilled teachers who are also workmen and artists.

This department will of course at all times also have the personal supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard.

This trade school will cover all the courses taught in the best Grade and High Schools, and in addition there will be manual training as applied in cabinet work, designing, house-building, bookbinding, out-of-door sketching, music and gardening. Woodcraft, farming, horseback-riding and the care of live stock will not be overlooked. The Roycroft Farm and The Roycroft Woods supply many opportunities for useful lessons.

While The Roycroft School will be a separate department of The Roycroft Shop, yet all of the

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resources of The Shop, such as art-gallery, chapel, library, etc.,will be at the disposal of our pupils. There are also many opportunities of meeting eminent visitors, and of hearing people of personality speak.

Our intent will be to evolve boys and girls who can earn a living; and as soon as the pupil has developed sufficient skill he will be given work in The Shop, if so desired, at the thing he can do best, and be placed on the pay roll and paid all he earns.

So here we have a home amid artistic surroundings, out-of-door work instead of indoor gymnasium, books, a bench, a desk, lectures and the personal attention—let us hope never fussy and dictatorial—of men and women who have not forgotten that they were once children, and who love their work.

The entire cost per year, including board, room, and tuition, is Five Hundred Dollars, one-half of which is payable October First and the balance February First.

Clothing is at the expense of the parent and should not exceed fifty dollars a year.

Spending-money need not be supplied, as each pupil will be given the opportunity to earn the little that is needed for books, pencils, laundry, stationery and incidentals.

This matter of earning money and taking care of it, and spending it wisely, is one of the lessons taught, even to the youngest. We have our own bank and encourage all of our pupils to have a bank account and pay bills in checks.

¶ No collections are taken at our chapel, and no charge is made to any of our pupils for admission to lectures, concerts or entertainments.

The school year begins September Fifteenth and continues until June First.

Our endeavor is to keep the mind of the pupil free from religious fetich and superstition, therefore we teach no religious dogmas. We quarantine the student against the infection of fear. Always, however, we pay distinct attention to conduct—to ethics—and endeavor to instil lessons of reciprocity and co-operation by both example and precept. Mutual helpfulness is to us the only true religion, and to be a grafter is the unpardonable sin.

In addition to the regular yearly scholars we often have with us teachers of manual training schools who desire special instruction, who can stay but a short time, and who wish to perfect themselves in some of the following studies: Typesetting—monotype and hand; Presswork—cylinder and platen; Bookbinding—forwarding, finishing and hand-tooling; Leather Modeling; Hammered Copper; Cabinet-making; Water Colors; Designing; Proof-reading. Proof-reading is an accomplishment and a trade; competent proof-readers are always in demand. Our pupils are given practical work, not merely academic instruction.

The charge to such students is Twenty-five Dollars a week, in advance. This includes board, room and tuition. Needless to say our tables are abundantly supplied from our farm and dairies.

¶ Excepting in printing, the work the student does is his own, and in this case we charge for materials used at bare cost.

SCHOOL OF PRINTING:—In some ways we believe we have the best equipped printing-plant in America. There are no secrets about our business—the results we obtain from patience, care, taste, thought, love and work.

¶ Mix these in right proportion and you have found the sesame.

Each student is given in charge of a particular Roycroft printer to whom he looks for help at all times. The run of the Shop is his and what he gets depends upon what he brings and his power to absorb. The charge for tuition in the School of Printing is Twenty-five Dollars a week, in advance, which includes board, room, instruction—and use of the towel.

SCHOOL OF BOOKBINDING:—When bookbinding is mentioned we are apt to grow garrulous. We have received orders from several of the great National Museums of Europe for Roycroft bindings; and do not hesitate to place our work in competition with the best.

¶ Our Mr. Kinder ranks as one of the three great bookbinders in America. Mr. Kinder came to us in Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-seven.

¶ To bind books beautifully and well requires as much genius as to make a financial success of incubator chickens. We supply the opportunity, but not the genius.

Many public libraries now have their own bookbinders. We prepare young men and women for such positions. Terms, Twenty-five Dollars a week in advance, which includes board, room and tuition. Each pupil is placed in charge of a competent binder to whom he is free to go for help at all times. Mr. Kinder can also be freely consulted by all of our pupils.

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HE comic is Dissonance viewed from the Imperturbable. Life is a contretemps.

Life is an encounter between I Will and Thou Shalt Not. Life is Mind out for a Lark.

Life is what you will, but the hiatus between what you want and what you do not get is the great motive for the humorous in art, literature, and the magazines

Spencer says laughter is caused by a "descending incongruity." In plain English, a "descending incongruity" is an unexpected tumble, and I need not add that no tumble is planned. Man describing a parabola as he slips upon the banana peel of Chance is the cause of that inextinguishable laughter that reverberates from Olympus to Broadway.

¶ George Meredith tells us that the comic is the laughter of the Reason. And reason, he might have added, is the laughter of the Emotions.

The smile is the scintillant light that sparkles on the tear. The comic is the tragic viewed from the wings.

Humor is the tabasco sauce that gives life a flavor

It is mirth that keeps us sane.

The tragic is ridiculous because it has no sense of proportion. The Tragic View measures man against man. The Comic View measures man against the Universe. One records the collisions of personality. The other records the impact of the mischievous molecule against the irrevocable. The Tragic View is defective because it takes itself seriously and bombards eternity with its whimperings. The tragedian like the prophet is a belliaker. The Comic View is perfect because it takes nothing seriously, chucks the menace to devouring Time, and impales the inevitable on a smile.

The Comic View is exhilarating. It mounts the barricades of limitation with a hop-skip-and-a-jump. It knows the value of all things.

Science? Mere mumblings in a vacuum.

Life? A parenthetical affirmative between two negatives

Honor? A bauble for idealists.

Morality? A clever device of the first impostor—the State. Tra-la! Hoop-la! Hold up your paper hoops, Master of Ceremonies, and see Merry-Andrew dive through them and slit them into tissue ribbons.

The Comic View is the cosmic view. The world of time and chance is as meaningless as "Sordello." The Demiurge, the world-creator, is the Browning of celestial mechanics: style without ideas. The world is chaos dramatized. The earth is the Farnese torso among the sculptured planets. Life is a problem in contingencies. Nothing eventuates. Actions are webbed nothings spun by a syncopated Spider.

¶ Time is a loafer playing at tenpins.

And whether you drink, or sleep, or make wry faces at Demogorgon, or shy spitballs at Fate—it is all the same. You dissolve at last into fine smut. The Earth gets you.

So get the Cosmic-Comic View before you slough off and snuff out. Peep at yourself en passant. Look at your meaningless gyrations and silly circumvolutions from a perspective.

¶ Stop your sulking and come up the Engadine. Sitting recumbent in your stews, you taint the light-dowered air. Your disappointments are bacterial. You litter the things that devour you.

¶ Your sighs are miasmatic. Your liver has got in your eye and your heart in your boots. Get flush with the spirit that abides.

The raucous guffaw of Rabelais reverberates to this day. The silvery rill of Cervantes—who dragged Prometheus from his rock and set him tilting at windmills—is Spain's immortal contribution to the Comic View. The dry smile of Moliere lingers on French letters. The metallic chuckle of Mephisto—I believe it was his chuckle that saved Faust! And even the sardonic grin of Aristophanes is as broad today as it was when it first split his face.

These are the wondrous mirrors that image the human contretemps and flash back our calamitous comicalities. Here mankind is skewered on the poignant wit of genius. Could we read Balzac at a single sitting the best of us would forever renounce life. How grotesque are our days! How aimless our actions! How petty our passions! The "Comedie Humaine" is a picture of a huge animal chasing its tail.

Louis Lambert mistook the cataleptic trance for the Kingdom of Heaven! Pere Goriot gave up all for love and died of starvation! Old Grandet desired gold and wallowed in it; his daughter Eugenie desired love and died a pallid virgin. And yet Lowell says, "God may be had for the asking!" Balzac knew better: It is the gods who may be had for the asking.

¶ Man darts out of negation and begins to scratch the ground like a chicken out of the

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egg. With what care he builds the house of life! With what seriousness and pride he goes about his daily tasks! He begins each day at exactly the same place he began the day before. But being serious, he lacks omniscience. ¶ He builds as though it were for eternity, as though Death—the joker in the stacked pack—did not lie in wait for him. His house is suspended in air, and for every brick he puts on the edifice, a brick at the bottom drops silently into space. He is a mechanical figure moving on a grooved stage between the right wing of despair and the left wing of ennui. His spiritual tympanum has been destroyed in the great Boiler Factory. Else he would renounce and smile

To reach the Comic Height you traverse the Valley of the Shadow. The Country of the White Lights is reached only through the Land of Ultra-Violet Despairs. You first wander through the pits of implacable negations and beneath sickly, pitted suns, and keep tryst with Succubus

¶ The pinnacle of the ludicrous is attained only after having won all sorts of nasty opinions of yourself. The little peeping double on high is evolved in travail. In early life our theories of personality are geocentric and our social universe is Ptolemaic. On our dear tear-mildewed souls we mirror the earth and the fatness thereof. Everything revolves around us. ¶ The Self is garbed as Hamlet. What eyes behold us! How our every action is recorded! We manufacture utterly absurd moral systems that we imagine others think we ought to live up to. We shed oceans of tears because ourself does n't like ourself. The very stars we believe to be spy-glasses pointed straight at our mewling and puking souls. O, the agonies of the self-conscious — the parturition of self from self! Ego, like protozoon, multiplies by fission. ¶ Each new thought is born with the evil eye. ¶ But sudden on a day the black garb is doffed —we know not how. Tears cease to flow, and the sob ends in a squeak. We are aware of a synthesis, an amalgamation, a blending as of many waters.

It is the miracle of perspective. What was all this pother about? Who is this blubberer? I turn aside, watch myself come and go, and now smile indulgently at my antics. Funny little fellow, you there—erst myself—with your labors and loves and mouthings! Hi, little fellow there, come amuse me; give me a jest or break a bottle with me; sing me a funny woe-begone serenade beneath Dolores's window; or let me see your funny little legs sprint to the tomb. Hey there, little mannikin that once I thought a giant Thor, what deviltry will you be up to tomorrow?

There is a wail in the night. A babe is crying for the moon. The wail has ceased; the babe has cried itself to sleep. This is often called renunciation. But the Comic Self on high smiles. He knows.

THE ROYCROFT INN—East Aurora's famous flapjack foundry—accommodations for man and beast



IN the springtime of his manhood Auguste Comte, sensitive, confiding, generous, loved a beautiful girl. She did not share his intellectual ambitions, his divine aspiration: she was only a beautiful animal.

Man proposes, but he is not always accepted.

She married another and Comte was disconsolate—for a day.

He pondered the subject, read the lives of various great men, talked with cowled monks and sundry friars gray, and after five years wrote out at length the reasons why a man in order to accomplish a far-reaching and splendid work, must live the life of a celibate.

"To achieve," said Comte, "you must be married to your work."

Comte lived for some time content in his philosophy, constantly strengthening it and buttressing it against attack; for we believe a thing first and skirmish for our proof afterward. ¶ But when past forty, and his hair was turning to silver and crow's-feet were showing themselves in his fine face, and when there was a halt in his step and his laughter had died away into a weary smile, Comte met a woman whose nature was as finely sensitive and as silkenly strong as his own.

She had intellect, aspiration, power. She was gentle, and a womanly woman, withal. His best mood was matched by hers; she sympathized with his highest ideal.

They loved and they married.

The crow's-feet disappeared from Comte's face, the halt in his step was gone, the laugh returned,

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and people said that the silver in his hair was becoming ❧ ❧

Shortly after, Comte set himself to work overhauling all of the foolish things he had said about the necessity of celibacy. He declared that a man without his mate only stumbles his way through life. There is the male man and the female man, and only by working together can these two souls hope to progress. It requires two to generate thought. Comte felt sure that he was writing the final word ❧ He avowed that there was no more to say. He declared that should his wife go hence, the fountains of his soul would dry up, his mind would famish, and the light of his life would go out in darkness.

Remorse is the form that failure takes when it has made a grab and got nothing ❧ ❧ ❧

The gods were envious of such a love as this.

Comte's mate passed away.

He was stricken dumb; the calamity was too great for speech or tears.

But five years later he got down his books and went over his manuscripts for the third time. He revised his philosophy of what constitutes the true condition for the highest and purest thought ❧ ❧

"To have known a great and exalted love and have it fade from your grasp and flee as a shadow, living only in memory, is the highest good," he wrote.

A great sorrow at one stroke purchases a redemption from all petty troubles; it sinks all trivial annoyances into nothingness and grants the man lifelong freedom from all petty, corroding cares. His feelings have been sounded to their depths—the plummet has touched bottom. Fate has done her worst; she has brought him face to face with the Supreme Calamity, and thereafter there is nothing can inspire terror.

¶ The memory of a great love can never die from out the heart. It affords a ballast 'gainst all the storms that blow. And although it lends an unutterable sadness, it imparts an unspeakable peace ❧ ❧

A great love, even when fully possessed, affords no complete gratification. There is an essence in it that eludes all ownership. Its highest use seems to be a purifying impulse for nobler endeavor. It says at last, "Arise and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest."

Where there is this haunting memory of a great love lost there is always forgiveness, charity, and a sympathy that makes the man brother to all who endure and suffer. The individual himself is nothing; he has nothing to hope for, nothing to gain, nothing to win, nothing to lose; for the first time and the last he has a selfishness that is wide as the world and wherein there is no room for the recollection of a wrong.

In this memory of a great love there is a nourishing source of strength by which the possessor lives and works; he is in communication with elemental conditions.

Harriet Martineau was a lifelong widow of the heart ❧ That first great passion of her early womanhood, the love that was lost, remained with her all the days of her life, springing fresh every morning, her last thought as she closed her eyes at night ❧ Other loves came to her, attachments varying in nature and degree, but in this supreme love all was fused and absorbed.

In this love you get the secret of power.

A great love is pain, yet it is a benison and a benediction. If we carry any possession from this world to another, it is the memory of a great love. For even in the last hour, when the coldness of death shall creep into the stiffening limbs, and the brain shall be stunned and the thoughts stifled, there shall come to the tongue a name—a name possibly not mentioned aloud for years—there shall come a name; and as the last flickering rays of life flare up and go out on earth forever, the tongue will speak this name that was long, long ago, burned into the soul by the passion of a love that fadeth not away.

❧

This, that and the other should be done.
Certainly!
And you are the man to do them.

❧

SENSIBLE lovers never postpone their quarreling until after they are married. ¶ They take it up early in the game and dispose of it before the clergyman is notified that his services are needed.

"Only one get mad at a time," seems a very good marital maxim.

Just here seems a good place to say that originally and naturally, the woman was the homemaker. She took the lead in all things pertaining to the well-being of the family ❧ When men

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began to own women and traffic in them, and repress and suppress them as slaves must be repressed, it marked a degeneracy of mankind, because to own a slave is to be one.

The mother whose sons are to found a race is a free woman.

She at least is as free as a lioness, and a lioness is never dictated to, nor batted around by her mate. He never puts her on an allowance. Things belong to her quite as much as to him. The use of a third does not suffice.

No male lion has "rights"—he has only privileges

If there is any punishment being passed out he gets what is coming to him. He is always deferential, always on his good behavior—just like a lover before the priest has said the "magic words."

If he ever trespasses upon her rights, he is speedily reminded of his inferior position. He may be King of Beasts—let him get all the sweet satisfaction out of his title possible—but he does n't jerk his sceptre over her.

And the reason for this is because her body feeds the young, and motherhood—the maternal instinct playing through her, the very hope of perpetuity of all lionhood—is hers; and this gives her a strength, a courage, a pride that makes her invincible.

The male lion can be stampeded by a mouse.

¶ But have a care how you trifle with the mother of lions! Even an elephant does not stop to argue with a lioness. She never counts the cost—she never thinks of her own safety—caution to her is unknown. She will throw herself like a whirlwind upon an enemy, no matter how great, if once aroused. The life of the race is involved! It is more than the Cosmic Urge that is now involved. She is acting, tooth and claw, in behalf of threatened and outraged Nature

And as motherhood was once the supreme thing in Nature, so must it be again. The man who has a slave for a wife will probably have slaves for children. And when men are sensible they will cease to breed human chattels.

Woman suffrage will tend to educate women by enlarging their outlook and extending their sky-line.

It will bring men and women together mentally, and work towards a mental mating.

"To educate a child, begin with his grandparents," said a great teacher. If you begin with the child's mother, you do pretty well.

¶ Votes for women, means the better education of women—and also men.

The basis of commonsense is to know that good men may differ, yet in their differences agree.



IN the State of Iowa certain interests are trying hard to pass a law forbidding Sunday amusements. This fight of our church friends to say what we shall do on our one day of rest dies hard. In Venice of old they used to get out the soldiers and round-up the Jews and take them to church. It is the same old spirit. Resistance to tyrants is a duty. Here is a little speech recently made by my friend C. D. Cass, before the Judiciary Committee of the Iowa General Assembly:

The persistency with which this Sunday-closing bill comes back and is pressed upon this committee, session after session, compels one to believe that the churches, alarmed at the healthy and vigorous competition which they are suffering, and at the marked and noticeable tendency of the people to shake off the shackles of mental slavery, are attempting by this method to fill the ever thinning ranks of churchgoers and fuse together their disintegrating audiences.

The advocates of this measure say that entertainments may be run to which no admission is charged. But they know full well the impossibility of doing this. A public amusement can no more be run on Sunday, by a private institution, without receiving a fee to meet the expenses, than can a church. The jingle of coin within the sacred confines of our churches is not an unheard-of thing. But let us get to the merit of this question. The Constitution of this great Commonwealth provides that any one may worship God as he sees fit. Now, some of us who are neither smarter nor duller than our friends of the cloth, believe as sincerely and honestly as they believe, that the God of open air and sunshine, the God of happiness and enjoyment, the God of green fields and running brooks, the God of wholesome, healthy activity, if you please, is just as essential and important to the proper and rightful observance of our man-made Sabbath, as the God of inspired eloquence touching on abstract topics.

The absurdity of the proposition that the attendance upon a Sunday ball-game, by a laboring man who is confined closely during the week, leaves this man completely fagged out

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and unfit for Monday's work, is too manifest and apparent to need refuting. If two hours spent in the open air and sunshine, watching a clean, healthy sport such as a ball-game, leaves a man in the pitiful state our Pastor friend mentioned at the last meeting, in the name of all that is fair, I ask what condition is this same man in, when he steps from a church after spending two hours behind closed doors and high hats listening to abstract teachings couched, usually, in language not understandable, breathing all the while air poisoned by many breaths, and communing with sad-faced individuals who are trying hard to facially express all the weight of soul responsibility imbibed from a much abused and much misinterpreted book? I submit to you gentlemen, which is the more important to the mental, physical and moral welfare of our laborer?

But they say, "The Sunday theatre is unclean." I say to you that the Sunday theatre is no more unclean than the Monday theatre, or the Tuesday theatre, or the theatre of any other day, and the mere fact that a theatrical performance is given on Sunday does not make such performance unclean, any more than a church prayer-meeting given on Thursday makes such prayer-meeting unclean.

I am not advocating unclean entertainments. I do not stand for the unclean show of any kind, and I insist that there are plenty of laws now upon our statute-books to cope with the unclean, and if our good friends would profit from the use of their time and efforts, let them spend some of it in obtaining the enforcement of our present laws. If they would but use the time which is expended every two years in mouthing the old, old arguments to you; if they would only use this time, I say, trying to better conditions under our present laws, the net results to our good friends and the public would be very much more satisfactory.

To my mind the step which they propose is clearly a step backward. They may talk of the Puritanical Sabbath—I speak to you of the Puritanical whipping-post and ducking-stool. They may talk of being first, and for that reason every one's else right being subordinate to theirs—I speak to you of the Indian, whose ancestors walked the grassy slopes of Puritanical New England untold years before our friend's Puritanical ancestors murdered their neighbors for witchcraft. They talk to you about an undisturbed Sabbath—I speak to you for the laboring man of family, whose only opportunity to go and see and do is this man-made day. And in passing I might say there is no reason why a man could not go to a church on this day in the morning, and go to an amusement park with his wife and children in the afternoon, and still be an honest, upright, conscientious, Christian citizen, despite the fact that into the church collection-box he dropped the usual twenty-five cents in the morning, and through the ticket-window in the afternoon he handed the usual ten cents each, for admission.

¶If there is in either of these acts any element of unchristianlike conduct, then my reading of the life of Christ, who taught charity and love and needed no Sunday-closing law to bring him hearers—I say, my reading of His life has been fraught with error.

The sunrise of mental freedom was heralded when Roger Williams led his little band of faithful adherents away from that Puritanical Massachusetts Bay Colony, and step by step we have since progressed, despite the antagonism and snarl of priests and churchgoers, until we have reached an open road of spiritual and mental conditions which have never been so completely satisfactory, so convincingly satisfactory, within the memory of man.

The world has grown better. It is now indisputably better. It is getting better every day, thank God, and the reason for this improvement can not be found in measures such as this.

Life is a growth—a series of progressions, and never has an arbitrary curtailment of legitimate privileges been of benefit. Our growth for the better has been the result of education and enlightenment, and not the result of drastic laws. The old blue code of our Puritanical friend has no place in this year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Nine.

In closing I call your attention to the fact that you are legislating for the State—not for a municipality—for our children and our children's children, and so far as I am concerned, my children are better off in being allowed healthy, wholesome amusement on Sunday than in being taught to believe the unrighteousness of any useful human employment

Thou Shalt not steal: Keep out of range, but rig and wreck on Stock Exchange.

The Roycroft Sunday School Lessons for Month of August

By Alice Hubbard

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

Lesson LXI—Sunday, August 1, 1909

The love of protecting too often degenerates into downright tyranny.

Motherhood is the most important of all the professions, requiring more knowledge than any other department in human affairs.

I view it as one of the greatest crimes to shadow the minds of the young with gloomy superstition; and with fear of the unknown and unknowable to poison all their joy in life.

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ELIZABETH CADY STANTON was born in Johnstown, New York, November Twelfth, Eighteen Hundred and Fifteen. Her mother, Margaret Livingston, was the daughter of Colonel Livingston of the Revolution. ¶ Her father was Daniel Cady, a distinguished lawyer and judge of New York State, who was elected to Congress the year Elizabeth was born. In her book, "Eighty Years and More," this great woman tells of how the thought was thrust upon her when she was only four years old, that it was considered better to be a boy than a girl. A baby sister was announced, and the comment Elizabeth heard on every hand was, "What a pity it is she 's a girl!" And she felt a pity for the baby sister.

There were five girls and only one boy in the Cady family then, but it does n't matter so much about being a girl when you are little. A baby is usually spoken of as " it," anyway.

In the household of Judge Cady was a trusted negro servant, Peter, who had a legal taste which would be satisfied by hearing the proceedings in the Court Room. Wherever he went, there went with him three little Cady girls, and so Elizabeth was early familiar with law and court proceedings.

All along through life there are events which mark epochs that are new births for the mind. One of these came to Elizabeth when she was eleven years old. Her only brother came home from Union College to die. The father was bowed and almost broken with grief. Little Elizabeth climbed upon his knee and in every way tried to comfort him. At length with a deep sigh he said, "Oh, my daughter, I wish you were a boy." Then the little girl with arms about his neck said, "I will try to be all my brother was." And then and there in the child-heart began that magnificent struggle for the emancipation of woman, second to none in history. Then and there she began to feel the artificial barriers that have been built to oppose the progress of woman.

Why was it not so good to be a girl as to be a boy? Why had boys privileges and honors that were denied girls? Who said woman was inferior to man and how and why? When Elizabeth Cady was eleven years old there was formed in her mind a distinct determination to prove that a girl is of as great value as a boy. ¶ All the heartaches and struggles and torture from the childhood to the end of life of this woman were turned into benefits to the human race. Were it not for this fact we would recall her many early experiences of misery and pain with indignation and tears. Elizabeth learned Greek, rode horseback, did everything a boy did or could, hoping to hear her father say, "Well done! A girl is as good as a boy." But the Puritan father never said it. ¶ The girl was prepared and ready for Union College when all her boy friends went, but Union College would not take girls. ¶ The wrongs against women that were brought to Judge Cady to adjust, she heard much of, and then she read the unjust laws made by men against women. She read the law books in her father's library.

Light was coming.

Her grandfather Livingston was a Revolutionist, and Elizabeth was familiar with all the causes of the secession of the Colonists from England

And this young girl could not see why it was any more of an indignity or insult to intelligence for men to be taxed without representation or voice in the government, than it was for women to be so used in this so-called Democracy. Nor was she as a woman ever able to see any justice in it.

And is there any justice in it now?

The work of Elizabeth Cady for more than eighty years was to rouse woman to the work of emancipating herself from this condition of subordination, and to cause men to realize that they have no right to compel people, regardless of sex, to be governed without the consent of the governed

Deep in the heart of this great, strong, energetic child was graved the wrongs and injustice of the race

She saw with her magnificent brain that the superstitions of the ages must be enlightened before men would see the truth. She saw that all social laws, all political laws, all religious organizations are founded on the fallacy that woman is inferior to man.

She knew how deadly was the foe, but she entered the fight.

How little strong men with their logic, sophistry and hypothetical examples appreciate the violence they inflict on the tender sensibilities of a woman's heart in trying to subjugate her to their will.

Lesson LXII—Sunday, August 8, 1909

The chief thought revolving in my mind during the years of Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-four and Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-five, had been "The Woman's Bible." In talking with friends I began to feel that I might realize my long-cherished plan. Accordingly, I began to read the commentators on the Bible, and was surprised to see how little they had to say about the greatest factor in civilization, the mother of the race, and that little by no means complimentary

The more I read, the more keenly I felt the importance of convincing women that the Hebrew mythology had no special claim to a

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higher origin than that of the Greeks, being far less attractive in style and less refined in sentiment. Its objectionable features would long ago have been apparent had they not been glossed over with a faith in their divine inspiration.

For several months I devoted all my time to Biblical criticism and ecclesiastical history, and found no explanation for the degraded status of women under all religions, and in all the so-called "Holy Books."



IN reading Mrs. Stanton's account of her study of the status of women in the Bible, I am impressed more with the fact that the Bible has not so much to say that is detrimental to the condition of women, as the commentators have.

To be sure, Moses made different laws for woman than for man, and counted the women with the cattle and chattels. Moses's sister, Miriam, seems to have been a very capable woman, disbarred from great responsibilities only on account of her sex.

Some woman, evidently, had given Moses a heartache, and for this he certainly left a curse upon all womankind.

He had trouble and wanted to put the blame somewhere ❧ ❧

We wish Moses had had his Plutarch or Vasari that we might know details. However, he wrote a confession in his laws for his people.

But Solomon had plenty of opportunity to know women and he had an ideal. Here is what he says: "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

She is like the merchant's ships; she bringeth her food from afar.

She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens ❧ ❧

She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.

She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.

She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed with scarlet.

¶ She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple.

Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised ❧ ❧

Give her of the fruit of her hands: and let her own works praise her in the gates."

Solomon gives us here the picture of a woman economically free, independent in thought and action, and mentally developed. She does not have to ask her husband at home for anything, nor about anything. Her husband can not ask her, "What did you do with the dollar I gave you last week?"

Solomon's ideal woman is owned by no one but herself! She acts independently and is not restricted.

But Solomon was cosmopolitan and not confined to the society of Israelites.

Paul had much in common with Moses.

He wanted woman to be kept from interfering with his plans and pleasures.

Men little in stature are usually sensitive about taking advice from wife or sister. They often insist on a recognition of their superiority and are strong on the "obey" clause in the old barbaric marriage ceremony. And this ceremony was a sort of sale contract.

A man who is mentally or physically in bondage is ever eager to hold slaves.

The free mind gives freedom to all, so far as one person can give it to another.

The free mind makes no prison cells to hold in bondage the mind, body or spirit of another.

¶ The Jews were held in bondage too long; they sort of got the habit.

The women in the Old Testament were chattels, usually counted after the herds and cattle.

The prejudices and barbarisms of the Old Testament have not all passed away from the New Testament, for Paul makes the last status of the woman worse than the first.

And the medieval prophets, priests, preachers, and commentators of the Scriptures, have worked the situation up into a state that is almost crime.

Women make the church possible today—it is a woman's institution, manned and officered by men, and men are its only beneficiaries. The women are the financial support of the church.

¶ Remove the weekly dole given by serving women and women who plan and economize so as to have something for the contribution box, and factory chimneys would displace church steeples ❧ ❧

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And yet here is what Pope Pius Tenth said in the year Nineteen Hundred and Nine, to Catholic women. And what the Pope says is law—to Catholic women:

"Those who wish to make woman the equal of man in all things and give her the same rights are assuredly in error. Women mixed up in the agitations of public life would be the ruin of the family and society.

"Woman should be the companion of man, at the same time accepting his authority, an authority mitigated by love, and nothing more."

After that we are not surprised that Cardinal Gibbons is not in favor of woman suffrage or feminine intelligence. On June Eighteenth, Ninteen Hundred and Nine, the Cardinal addressed the girl graduates of St. Joseph College, Emmitsburg, Maryland. Just why there should be colleges for beings doomed to permanent and perpetual inferiority, I don't know. It seems a contradictory and unwise thing to allow

I would warn all people who wish women to be kept inferior to men to never permit a girl or woman to taste freedom or to allow development. Shun the college for her, or else have Moses and Paul taught exclusively. The Cardinal should sign this address, "Yours for the annihilation of the Race,—Cardinal Gibbons."

But he did n't. This is what he said: "I am entirely opposed to Woman Suffrage—not that I hate women, but because I love them and want them to fulfill the mission God intended for them. Nowhere are women so honored as in the United States, and this is due to the chivalry of the men. You want to be sure to retain your dignity and if you are protected by the male sex, what more do you want? If you play in the arena of politics you will be covered with political dust.

"If you grasp after too much you will lose everything

"Every one of you has a personal and exclusive mission from God. As sisters you must not expect to preach, except to those you come in contact with in the daily walks of life. In the church women must be silent. That is not our fault, but the fault of an old man by the name of Paul. There are places where you need not be silent. Woe be to society if it had to depend on the male sex alone. The world would go to the devil"

Of course God has told Cardinal Gibbons exactly His plan for women and the purpose for which He made them! Also the mission He has for women to fulfill. And evidently God feels it safer to tell Cardinal Gibbons His special messages to women than to give the message to the women themselves.

The Voice within, the God within—not for women!

But women are more generous than the Cardinal thinks. They are willing to lose their souls for the race, and thereby many women have developed souls.

If political dust bespatters and harms man, woman gets it at second hand just as surely as it exists, and it is no more unsullied for having come through the medium of her husband.

Cardinal Gibbons, you underestimate all women, and, worse, you underestimate man, God and yourself.

The Cardinal does n't know that thousands of women today are dying from dementia protectiana. "What more do you want?" Ah, women want life, eternal life which comes only from exercise, living, from being not protected. ¶ Only paupers want protection. I hope protection is n't the desire of the Cardinal.

And Bishop Doane, of the Church of England, as he conducts it in Albany, New York, also talks to girl graduates: "The professions of law, medicine and the ministry are all open to you if only you will content yourselves with a second-rate status in these callings. You may sit at any board of liberal culture and accomplishment—if only you will sit 'below the salt.' ¶ "A woman with a medical vocation should be, not a physician, but a trained nurse.

"If your talent runs to law, you should be no Portia pleading for justice in the open court, but should do your pleading in some inconspicuous place—as with Mrs. Ballington Booth in the cells and corridors of jails.

"If a minister of the Gospel, you must not intrude into the high clerical office; you must be a handmaiden of the Lord in the comparative privacy of Sunday-school classes."

It is well the Bishop feels the superiority of man while he can, for the chimera he now has may pass

Certainly the Bishop is sitting "below the salt" of the intelligent women of today. And women do not have to rate him second in his "calling" for he has done this himself.

Would it not be well for Pope, Cardinal and Bishop to get in touch with the Infinite Tide of Times and become as little children?

Again, I urged my coadjutors by speeches, letters, and resolutions, as a means of widespread agitation, to make the same demands of the Church that we had already made of the State. ¶ They objected, saying, "That is too revolutionary; an attack on the Church would injure the suffrage movement." But I steadily made the demand, as opportunity offered, that women be ordained to preach the Gospel and to fill the offices as elders, deacons, and trustees.

Lesson LXIII—Sunday, August 15, 1909

However, women learned one important lesson—namely, that it is impossible for the best of men to understand women's feelings or the humiliation of their position. When they asked us to be silent on our question during the War,

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and labor for the emancipation of the slave, we did so, and gave five years to his emancipation and enfranchisement. To this proposition my friend, Susan B. Anthony, never consented, but was compelled to yield because no one stood with her. I was convinced at the time, that it was the true policy. I am now equally sure that it was a blunder, and, ever since, I have taken my beloved Susan's judgment against the world.



OR more than fifty years Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony worked shoulder to shoulder for the emancipation of woman.

In America, it was Mrs. Stanton who fired the first shot heard 'round the world.

On July Fourteenth, Eighteen Hundred and Forty-eight, the "Seneca County Courier," the village paper of Seneca Falls, New York, published a notice that a Woman's Rights Convention would be held in the Methodist church of that village on July Nineteenth and Twentieth. It was just an announcement, not even signed. But behind the notice was the energy, intelligence, and power of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucretia Mott, Mary Ann McClintock, Jane Hunt, and Martha C. Wright.

The meeting-house was crowded and the people were desperately in earnest.

This was the most momentous reform that had yet been launched on the world—the first organized protest against the injustice which had brooded for ages over the character and destiny of one-half the race.

These women framed a Declaration of Rights and Resolutions, and these were printed.

The whole thing seemed so natural, so just, so right, so in harmony with the spirit of the America of Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-six, that no thought that the writers of the Declaration would be the target for persecution and buffoonery, entered the minds of these pioneers for freedom. To their surprise they were the object of the ridicule of every newspaper that got the news. They were shunned by their friends and blushed for by relatives.

More than a touch of ridicule went with the agitation

Women who wanted recognition as individuals, regardless of sex, were considered immodest, wicked, mannish.

It would be untrue to say that these women did not care. They were hurt and suffered, yes, even as men. But they were undaunted, even as men, and that August they held a meeting in Rochester, New York.

Now in Rochester there lived one Susan B. Anthony. She was not at this Woman's Rights Convention, but was told of it by her mother and sister who were. At first Susan was amused, then she became interested, then she gave he life to the cause.

When the next meeting was held in Seneca Falls, Miss Anthony was there and met for the first time Mrs. Stanton. And then began an ideal friendship which lasted for more than sixty years,—until death did them part.

These two women were bound together by the one purpose, the one service.

Miss Anthony had initiative and the courage of her convictions. She felt the wrongs of the discriminations used in giving the franchise to male negroes and not to white women.

So in the fall of Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-two, Miss Anthony tested the interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment. She cast her vote at the Presidential election.

And this brilliant woman, this woman of brain, a model citizen, whom any nation might well be proud to own, was arrested for so claiming her rights as citizen.

And she was tried and found guilty—of having a choice of who should represent her in government and of expressing that choice as her forefathers had done.

Men should never teach to women the lesson of human rights. Women have brains. Brainy men should never allow their daughters to grow up.

Mrs. Stanton tells of the Judge's sentence upon Miss Anthony:

All the inconsistencies were embodied in that Judge; punctilious in manner, scrupulous in attire, conscientious in trivialities, and obtuse on great principles, fitly described by Charles O'Conor—"A very ladylike Judge."

Behold him sitting there, balancing all the niceties of law and equity in his Old World scales, and at last saying, "The prisoner will stand up."

Whereupon the accused arose.

"The sentence of the court is that you pay a fine of one hundred dollars and the costs of the prosecution."

Then the unruly defendant answers: "May it please your Honor, I shall never pay a dollar of your unjust penalty," and more to the same effect, all of which she has lived up to.

The "ladylike" Judge had gained some insight into the determination of the prisoner; so, not wishing to incarcerate her to all eternity, he added gently: "Madam, the court will not order you committed until the fine is paid."

It was on the Seventeenth of June that the verdict was given. On that very day, a little less than a century before, the brave militia was driven back at Bunker Hill—back, back, almost wiped out; yet truth was in their ranks, and justice, too. But how ended that rebellion of weak colonists? The cause of American womanhood, embodied for the moment in the liberty of

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a single individual, received a rebuff on June Seventeenth, Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-three; but, just as surely as our Revolutionary heroes were in the end victorious, so will the inalienable rights of our heroines of the nineteenth century receive final vindication.

Lesson LXIV—Sunday, August 22, 1909

It is folly to talk of the sacredness of marriage and maternity, while the wife is practically regarded as an inferior, a subject, a slave.

Having decided that companionship and conscientious parenthood are the only true grounds for marriage, if the relation brings out the worst characteristics of each party, or if the home atmosphere is unwholesome for children, is not the very raison d'etre of the union wanting, and the marriage practically annulled?

It cannot be called a holy relation,—no, nor a desirable one,—when love and mutual respect are wanting.

And let us bear in mind one other important fact: the lack of sympathy and content in the parents indicates radical physical unsuitability, which results in badly organized offspring.

If, then, the real object of marriage is defeated, it is for the interest of the State, as well as the individuals concerned, to see that all such pernicious unions be legally dissolved. Inasmuch, then, as incompatibility of temper defeats the two great objects of marriage, it should be the primal cause for divorce.



TO be at our best we must be with our peers. With them we do not crawl nor cringe, we are upright. ¶ The standard of the man you are with, as a rule, makes the standard of your action with him. With a weakling, you are apt to be weak. If he whines, unless you are careful you will get a minor in your tone.

Women without property or power to earn, stand as dependents—paupers—to the great, great majority of men. We do not love weakness and we are very liable to patronize it, pity it, have a contempt for it. And it is a very, very great man who can separate his pity and contempt for the weakness of the woman, from the woman.

And when a man feels contempt for a woman, the law of compensation that holds this world in balance makes the woman's heart full of contempt or hate for the man, for she feels herself a martyr and looks for her reward in heaven when none is in sight on earth. ¶ So each feels superior to the other, and neither of them is building strong or high or holy with such thoughts. ¶ A contract made between men must impose mutual obligations or it is not binding.

Fifty years ago the marriage contract was unilateral, but it was a tie that binds. The man in the case promised to love and cherish the woman, and he construed the meaning of "love" and "cherish" to suit his own mood or desire.

When the papers were drawn up he gave to the woman a ring and said these words after the black-robed contractor, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," but he did n't mean it for a minute, for the laws of his country did n't provide that she should have them. It was a joke to everybody who had any sense of humor, except the happy bride.

However, she was usually undeceived the first time she asked her lord for money, and found her endowment was simply a "part of the ceremony."

She contracted to love, honor and obey the man with whom she made contract, and the obedience was compelled at the whipping-post again and again. The ducking-stool was to enforce man's rights and came because of woman's protest against unilateralism.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton was the sanest brain of her time—of all times. She could look out from beneath the cloud of superstition, prejudice and tradition and see the truth.

The right was sacred to her, and truth the only thing worth having.

Not until Eighteen Hundred and Forty-eight, could a married woman own property in New York State, and in Europe she was a pauper until Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-two.

Mrs. Stanton says the married woman was penniless, nameless, and childless—a dumb piece of property.

And here is what this great woman says of divorce:

The question of divorce, like marriage, should be settled, as to its most sacred relations, by the parties themselves; neither the State nor the Church having any right to intermeddle therein. ¶ As to property and children, it must be viewed and regulated as a civil contract. Then the union should be dissolved with at least as much deliberation and publicity as it was formed. There might be some ceremony and witnesses to add to the dignity and solemnity of the occasion. Like the Quaker marriage, which the parties conduct themselves. So in this case, without any statement of their disagreements, the parties might simply declare that, after living together for several years, they found themselves unsuited to each other, and incapable of making a happy home.

Lesson LXV—Sunday, August 29, 1909

The happiest people I have known have been those who gave themselves no concern about their own souls, but did their uttermost to mitigate the miseries of others.

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IBERTY comes to us, if at all, through freedom of thought and action ❧ When the mind is imprisoned by prejudices and by conventionalities and is ruled by others, it has no growth. The brain is useless if unused. To work exclusively under orders is death to creative ability. Independent action, though wrong, is better than to be ever obedient to that which is outside of one's own mind. Each must think and act for himself if the highest joy ever given to man is realized ❧ ❧

The desire to possess and the willingness to be owned is inmeshed into our bone and sinew; it is in the air we breathe; our traditions are full of it; our religion is built upon it. And not until we can imagine a Supreme Being who is capable of freedom, who owns nobody and whom nobody owns, who does not wish to be worshiped or feared, who can take care of himself and is self-reliant, who demands nothing from us and from whom we demand nothing—not until then, I say, can we be emancipated.

Your friend paints a picture. You buy it. You may have pleasure in looking at it and a certain satisfaction in thinking you possess it, but to him and to him alone is the benefit.

If the gods assemble on Olympus and take note of us here on earth, they must laugh at the foolish ones who own slaves that act for them; at those who have soft places and eat the fruits the Philistines have raised.

Are the fortunate ones those who spend money or those who earn it?

We never possess anything. We are fluid and transient, perpetually changing. We cannot own anything unless we are rocks or petrified men. Action is the law of life.

Moses did not enter into the Promised Land. ¶ And happy is that leader who sees it only from the mountain top. Canaan was just the same kind of country Moses had been traveling through for forty years. Were any of his followers more blessed than he?

"Little do ye know your own blessedness, for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour."

The only crime that can be committed against a person is to deprive him in any way of intelligent activity. So if one-half of the human race limits the activity of the other half, it is sinning against it, and its punishment is in being held by the leash with which it holds the other.

As woman is part of the world's work, she should work in each part of it, as man should. ¶ Granting that there are certain kinds of work that women are best adapted for doing, and certain work that men excel in, there is no activity of body or brain or emotion that is not common to the elements which make the human race.

Specialists are not valuable unless they know the things that are related to the things on which they specialize.

The doors of the world's work-shops—life's activities—are opening to women and men alike, and side by side they are entering in. Side by side man and woman went out of the garden of idleness into the barren fields. Hand in hand they must labor if they make the desert an Eden where God may walk and commune with them as man to man. And we shall do this.

If we have stooped
Into a dark, tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; we press God's lamp
Close to our breast; its splendor soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom; we shall emerge one day.

❧

Each Small Gleam Was a Voice

By Stephen Crane

EACH small gleam was a voice,
A lantern voice—
In little songs of carmine, violet, green, gold.
A chorus of colors came over the water,
The wondrous leaf-shadows no longer wavered,
No pines crooned on the hills,
The blue night was elsewhere a silence
When the chorus of colors came over the water.
Little songs of carmine, violet, green, gold
Small glowing pebbles
Thrown on the dark plane of evening
Sing good ballads of God
And eternity, with soul's rest.
Little priests, little holy fathers,
None can doubt the truth of your hymning
When the marvelous chorus comes over the water,
Songs of carmine, violet, green, gold.

❧

Literature, taken in all its bearings, forms the grand line of demarcation between the human and the animal kingdoms.—Goodwin.

❧

A MAN of originality, say like Michael Angelo, Shakespeare or Richard Wagner, defies both analysis and imitation. He who attempts to imitate a genius gives an imitation of a caricature, an impersonation of a make-believe.

❧

Lord Nelson used to say that he found his one blind eye quite as useful as the other.

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The Myth of a Free Press

By William Marion Reedy



HAT is what the newspaper is here for, nowadays—the money. ¶ It were folly to attempt to disguise the fact. Teach the boys to write! Who ever sees an item in a newspaper well written? Time was when journalism had kinship with literature. Now the chief requisite in a reporter is legs. All he has to do is to get his misinformation as quickly as possible, shout it over a telephone to the office, where it is misunderstood, and then the facts are set up in a "box," topped with headlines and followed by loosely-written slush.

The prizes of journalism are not for those who can think soundly or write well. The man who writes has no chance to reach the real topmost power in journalism. He can only become an employee of some rich concern, writing not what he believes, but what his employers order him to think. What editor today controls his paper? I can think of but one—dear old Henry Watterson, a relic from the golden age. Where is there an editor today like Dana, Greeley, Halstead, McCullagh, Hyde, Joseph Medill, Raymond—a man who makes his paper's policy the expression of himself alone? There isn't one, unless it be Joseph Pulitzer. He is the only great newspaper owner who can write. Except him, and possibly Mr. Hearst, there is no newspaper owner who holds general principles, or literary grace, or any form of idealism supreme. The owners of newspapers are business men. They want dividends. They want the business, the commercial ideal, upheld at all hazards. They must get the money from the men who have it, they must cater to please the men who run the community, and such men are out for their own pockets first, last, and all the time. All the rest is "leather and prunella." The great intellectual personality no longer dominates the great paper. The supreme headship of a great newspaper is not the man who may be turned out in a school of journalism, but a money-maker. The journalist proper can never be more than "a hired man" on a great paper. So a school of journalism does not promise the sort of success that means the exercise of the real power of journalism. And yet I come with a protest against the commercialization of journalism and with a plea for a return to idealism

Everything in this country has been regulated, more or less, except the daily press. The daily press has participated, more or less, in the regulation, but there are reasons for believing that one of the greatest evils in the United States is this same daily press itself, and I have thought that this might be a good occasion to present some of my reasons why a great many people, including myself, believe that daily journalism, in some of its most successful manifestations, is really a great menace to Democracy.

All of us admit all the good that may be claimed for the press and for publicity—and Lord knows the press can "toot its own horn" with all-sufficient plangency—but no person capable of observation, or of thought, can, nowadays, cling to the superstition that the great daily press is free, or independent, or in any sense an organ of public opinion.

I may state what is well known to you all, that it is impossible, nowadays, to found a newspaper unless a man be a millionaire, or through a combination of capitalists, who hope to be millionaires when they grow big. In getting together any combination of capitalists in any large city it is impossible to escape including in the number, men who have chiefly acquired their wealth through investments in corporations based upon public franchises of one sort or another, and this being the case, we know it is only human nature that such men will insist upon the conducting of the newspaper in a way to insure the protection of their own interests. ¶ In the case of newspapers founded by men of small means in the past, and now attained unto greatness, we must remember that the founder in each instance has invested his money in exactly those enterprises which look for their success to the exploitation of the public. Thus, his interests become the special interests, and whether he will or no, in conducting his newspaper, he will have sympathy with all private interests similar to his own. Take the case of the New York "World," and Mr. Pulitzer. Mr. Pulitzer has reached his present state from humble beginnings. He has conducted a great newspaper, generally speaking, along free and independent lines, and yet, when a certain popular candidate for President replies to the strictures and attacks of Mr. Pulitzer's "World," with an inquiry concerning the railroad and other investments of Mr. Pulitzer, there is none of us that fails to realize the perfect appositeness of the retort.

IT is for this reason that we find so many of our great newspapers tearing the air with their shrieks, and pawing up the earth about minor evils, but remaining silent when fundamental wrongs are brought under fire. We find these newspapers very strong on the idea that we shall have good men, but ever ready to attack the good man when he comes out in support of an idea, the tendency or purpose of which is to extract from the holders of privilege, a share of the gains from those privileges that belong by right to the community which, by its growth and activity, has made those privileges valuable. There are many great news-

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papers pretending to be friends of the people, but where is there one that does not, at the first faint symptom of an attack upon the source of corrupt wealth, with which its proprietor is in sympathy, immediately fall back upon the so-called constitutional guarantees of property, and check progressive Democracy with the cry for conservatism?

NO one who has lived all his life in cities, to one who has spent most of his days and nights with the men who write the great daily papers of the cities, it is perfectly evident that ninety out of one hundred editorial writers on the press today are men who are in intellectual and sympathetic revolt against present-day conditions. You will find the average editorial writer a socialist, and as for the reporter, he is most likely to be an anarchist. The reason of this is plain enough. The men who make the newspapers are behind the scenes—they see the workings of the wires—they note the demagogy of politicians, they are familiar with the ramifications by which the public-service corporations control the old parties down to the smallest offices, and even at times finance reform movements, which always stop at the election of some respectable figurehead or dummy, but never proceed to any attack upon the fundamental evils of our social and economic system. ¶ It is my firm belief that were it not for the capitalists at the head of the great daily newspapers, if it were possible for the men who write the news and the editorials of all the newspapers in the United States, to take absolute charge of their publications and print the news exactly as they see it, and write their views exactly as they feel them, for a space of three days, there would be such a revolution in the United States of America as would put that of France to shame. The only possible reason why this might not occur is that the editorial writers and reporters actually believe in nothing—not even in the various remedies, rational or wild-eyed, which occasionally, in private, they proclaim

If your neighbor's team is stuck in the mud, it is not quite enough to advise him to "hitch his wagon to a star"

How are we to believe in the truth, the freedom, or the independence of the great American newspaper in the face of such incidents, well known to the public, as I shall undertake to relate? In Chicago there is the case of two great newspapers, one of them Republican and the other Independent, who have been found clearly guilty of robbery of the school-children of that city. Through the connivance of a school board, one of the members of which was an attorney for one of these newspapers, the land occupied by both these journals, in the very heart of the business center of Chicago, was leased to these great institutions for the molding of public opinion, on a basis of site value absolutely absurd and ridiculous, and upon terms very much lower than those granted on similar lands to other leaseholders in the same neighborhood. ¶ This favor, exacted of a public body, and at public expense, was given solely through fear of attack by, or desire to stand well with the publications in question. When there came into power in the school board, under Mayor Dunne, a number of men who could not be reached by political or other interests, and these men attempted to set aside the outrageous lease in question, both these papers began a crusade against the honesty and intelligence of the school board, and developed the campaign into one for the election of a mayor who would oust these school-board members who tried to win back the property for the school-children, rallied to their support all the corrupt and vicious elements of the Chicago slums, likewise the forces that could be controlled by the street railways and other public-service corporations, elected the mayor, and turned the honest members of the school board out of office. They have since been reinstated, but not until the corporation Mayor had appointed a sufficient number of "safe and sane" friends of the powers that be, to block any effort that might be made by the honest members to secure from these great publications a just compensation for the use of the lands belonging to the public schools of Illinois and Chicago.

IN the city of St. Louis it is well known in advance just what position the leading papers of the city will take, upon any question involving the so-called sacred rights of the holders of privilege, mostly corruptly acquired. ¶ In this State at the present time we find, apparently, a whole party pursuing truth-telling newspapers, and either condemning them in county conventions, or, through juries, rendering atrocious libel damages against them. And we may ask ourselves, why is this? There may be something, and I believe there is, in the idea that certain bosses, smarting under the fire of criticism from these newspapers, do the work of denunciation at the county conventions, and often through the force of political associates managing to sway juries; but for the most part it is due to the fact, in my opinion, that the people have no faith in the newspaper as a public institution. They realize that it is a money-making, private scheme, pure and simple. From long familiarity with the course of these newspapers, whether Democratic or Republican, the public is convinced that, in a large, broad and free moral sense, such publi-

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cations have really no right to criticize anybody. ¶ The people of Missouri know very well the history of the great daily papers to which they look for news and opinions. I shall not attempt to relate this history, but will leave it to their memories for analysis. The people know very well that the newspapers, however they may proclaim their devotion to the popular cause, may always be depended upon at a critical moment to rally to the defense of any interest strong enough to bring to bear influence upon the business offices of the paper in question. The people, not only of Missouri, but of every State, have come to recognize that the great newspapers do not lead. At best, they only follow, but they do not follow far. The decline in the interest of the editorial page is noticed everywhere; not that the editorials are not as well written as they used to be, but simply because the public has no faith in them, and this fact is recognized in the conduct of at least two great newspapers—the New York "Herald" and the Cincinnati "Enquirer," two of the most conspicuous successes in the business, that sell at the highest price per copy. They have no editorial policy to speak of, and at times the latter paper has abandoned its editorial page altogether

To one on the inside of daily journalism it is laughable to observe how, with the decline of interest in the editorial, the daily newspaper, in order to accomplish its purpose of swaying the public, has had recourse to doctoring the news. ¶ There is not a great, powerful interest in the United States that is not, at the present time, maintaining a press bureau, the sole purpose of which is to get into the news columns of the papers, articles so framed as to constitute effective arguments against all proposed interference with such interests. We have long been familiar with the action of the book publishers in furnishing to the newspapers printed reviews of new books. We have all seen the excellent work of the theatrical press-agent in generating an interest in the show or the star which he represents. But it is not so generally known, I imagine, that all of the public-service corporations of the country are cemented in one organization, which conducts a press bureau, and a very active one, that prepares articles, furnished free, against the agitation for municipal ownership of public utilities. The beneficiaries of the protective tariff have their press bureau, and so has nearly every other big interest in the country. ¶ Every great railroad has its bureau to accomplish the same general purpose of giving the public the "dope" that is to the best interests of the corporation. During the insurance investigation in New York it was shown how the press was worked by agents on big salaries, to boost the business and increase the graft of the men at the head of the enterprise, who were taking the cream off the top of the milk supplied by the general public; and even while the investigation was still in progress, there were instances in which there appeared in the columns of the dailies dexterously worded articles, the purport of which was to take the edge off the facts uncovered in the examinations by Mr. Hughes, now Governor of New York. There were clear cases in which paid notices at one dollar per line were run in the newspapers as part of the record of the investigation, and during the whole sensational period of the inquiry the greatest St. Louis paper, in point of wealth and power, never at any time gave to the facts more than a column of space

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FURTHERMORE, when we look at the great newspapers, we observe another laughable feature in the manner in which they work upon the general public, the most elaborate confidence game known in the history of America. We read in the editorial columns, here and there, the most violent denunciation and scathing derision of the wealthy and fashionable, but we turn to the news column and find this same newspaper catering slavishly, in gorgeous description and striking illustration, to all the basest vanity of the wealthy, and to the curiosity of the poor. We are told what the millionaire eats for breakfast, dinner and supper, and whether he prefers nightshirts or pajamas. ¶ We see illustrated the stockings and the lingerie of the golden brides of foreign noble adventurers, and we are treated to such a sickening celebration of wealth as is not to be found in any other country on the globe. To those of us who are, as we say, "in the know," this is a deliberate policy. The great newspapers play to the masses for circulation, and then turn around and coddle the classes for advertising

The most violently socialistic and anarchistic editorials are found in the papers that cater most to the glorification of the pleasures and possessions of the extremely wealthy; but, let there impend in the community in which any of these sensational papers is printed, any proposal for the regulation or the destruction of the system which produces our most offensive wealth, and we find the anarchistic page grown suddenly conservative, and harking back to the old cry that property must be protected, and that the only cure for the evils is individual honesty and restraint. There is a great outcry always against wealth and corruption in the abstract, or a thousand miles away, but when it is brought down to the concrete, at its own door, the average newspaper suddenly draws in its horns, and is found apologizing with more or less speciousness for the institutions and for the system and for the individuals that rob the community. It is no wonder, therefore, that the public has lost faith in the editorial. It is cause for gratification that the public is now awaken-

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ing to the fact that it cannot any longer believe in the news.

THE course of the newspaper towards the Reformer is an interesting one. If a Reformer arises anywhere, if the people take to him, the press follows for a time—but only for a time. Take the case of Folk, in Missouri; La Follette, in Wisconsin; Heney, in San Francisco; Pingree, in Detroit; Golden Rule Jones, in Toledo; Tom L. Johnson, in Cleveland; Henry George, in New York. For a while—so long as they are new to the public—the great daily press will exploit such men, but as soon as it becomes evident that the Reformer is sincere,—that he really means to make war upon privilege, that he purposes to carry out his promises to the people,—what do we find? Invariably, that the bigger press turns upon him unanimously, and if his position is economically sound and logical in character, and can not be successfully assailed in rational argument, recourse is had at once to the weapons of abuse and ridicule. There is not a man in the United States today who has tried honestly to do anything to change the fundamental conditions that make for poverty, disease, vice and crime in our cities, in our courts and in our legislatures, who at the very time at which his efforts seemed most likely to succeed, has not been suddenly turned upon and rent by the great newspaper publications. If this occurred but once in awhile, we might regard such matters as mere coincidences, but in view of the fact that it occurs all the time, there must be a cause for it, and in searching for the cause we must look for the motive, and by the process of exclusion and elimination we come finally to the last motive, which is self-interest, and we find, from what we know of the people who own and control great newspapers, that every one of them is identified through sympathy, through investments, through revenue, through association, with the great corporations who milk the community by means of the powers which they have filched from the body politic.

Take the case of Roosevelt. He was the popular hero, and early in his career caught the popular imagination. The newspapers "played him up" strongly and in every possible way; but at an early stage, beginning to suspect that he really meant some of the things he said, they fell in with the plan of "shelving" him in the Vice-Presidency. Fate overtoppled their scheme and he became President. More and more, as it became evident that Roosevelt really meant the things he was saying to the public, and however erratic or vague his purposes might be, he was likely to hold on to them to the end, there came gradually a change. For a long time Roosevelt was so popular with the people that the newspapers dared not attack him, and we found almost as much praise and even adulation of him in the newspapers of the opposition as in the papers of his own party. But as his policies and projects developed, and it seemed clear that he was to proceed according to his lights, to the performance of the promises he had made the people, and really meant to strike at the great wrongs of privileged wealth, the great newspapers began gradually, subtly, to turn upon him, and now the whole pack is leading in the cry of "back to conservatism." It was only when it seemed probable that Roosevelt was likely to accomplish something in checking the aggression of the great corporations, that the corporations became afraid. As soon as they became really afraid, the newspapers began their various open attacks upon or indirect discrediting of the President. They have attacked him on all sides, one class of journals belaboring him because of his sincerity but erraticism, and another class criticizing him because of his insincerity and finishing up of nothing. The fact of the matter is that Roosevelt, with all his faults, has educated the public mind to a knowledge of the methods by which the public is plundered, and the plunderers have enough power to coerce the newspapers into a concerted effort to break the Roosevelt power and interest. Undoubtedly they have been, to a large extent, successful, but however successful they may be, it is my conviction that Roosevelt's work will stand; that never again will the public be at the mercy of the corrupt influences of wealth and privilege as they were before his coming upon the scene as President.

THAT these opinions of mine are not radical or rare is subject to demonstration, and let any man mix up to any extent with the men who write the newspapers in any great city, and he will come away from such association with a rather sickening sense of the great sham of journalism. He will find from "the boys who write the news" just how the news is perverted, and just what influences control and direct the perversion in the case of any individual newspaper. There has recently been printed a book by a man named William Salisbury, called "My Career as a Journalist." It is a book badly written, or, as the New York "Evening Post" said, "a vulgar book, vulgarly written." It exposes thoroughly the sham, falsity, fakery and corruption of the great newspapers. One of the chapters most illuminating is that in which the author tells of his experience as a reporter on the "Chronicle," of Chicago, run by the late famous John R. Walsh. He describes how that paper was established by Walsh, simply to serve as an engine for the promotion of Walsh's own schemes in speculation and plundering. He points out the fact that there existed in the office a list of the men and institutions which were not, under any circumstances, to be criticized or opposed in any of their projects,

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simply because they were in more or less close alliance with Walsh. Mr. Walsh, through the possession of this newspaper, through the terror he was able to inspire with such a weapon, through the power he had to favor or subvert the schemes of other men like himself, became almost the dominant financial figure in Chicago. His paper made a great pretense of conservatism. It had much to say against the agitator whose political influence threatened the investments of "the widow and the orphan." He was ready with the epithet anarchist, socialist, and what not, against any man with an idea at variance with the accepted doctrines of those who adhere to the good old adage that "they shall take who have the power, and he may keep who can." But not even the possession of a newspaper, standing for "the best interests," could save him from the results of his own devotion to the advanced business methods of these best interests. He used the money of the people, placed with him for safe-keeping in his banks, floated flimsy enterprises in railroads and mining and other things, and finally his sins found him out, and this great conservative journalist and friend of business is today under a sentence of five years in the penitentiary for violation of the bank laws, in the nature of larceny. There is much more in Mr. Salisbury's book than this, showing how the public is entertained with fake news, and how personages whose opinions are not acceptable to the great powers behind the newspapers are misrepresented and made ridiculous by reporters writing them up and interviewing them, with the sole purpose of discrediting them with the people.

THE two best written papers in the United States, in the opinion of journalists generally, are in the city of New York, and both of them are hopelessly committed to plutocracy. I refer to the "Sun" and to the "Evening Post." Of these papers it was once said by a wit, that "the citizens of New York, finding vice so attractive in the 'Sun' in the morning, and virtue made so repellent in the 'Evening Post' in the evening, there was nothing to do but take to one of Beadle's dime novels." Unfortunately, the literary merit of both papers is such that they are in demand in the editorial sanctums of every other daily paper in the country and there is very little written in comment upon any serious, vital, general topic, for any of the great dailies outside of New York, that is not based upon the opinion of one or the other of these New York dailies on that subject. The papers in "the provinces" may occasionally traverse the opinion expressed in the "Sun" or the "Evening Post," but always the influence of the underlying thought in the editorial betrays the color of its origin in one or other of the two papers I have mentioned. Each of them is an organ of special interests, with some academic exceptions. Their inspiration is found in Wall street and their attitude is always one of antagonism to any of the proposals for changes in the social or economic system of the country, that emanate from any quarter not approved either in the office of Mr. Morgan or Mr. Rockefeller. Once in a while they make some concession to the cry of reform when some particularly glaring case of plutocratic or corporation crime is brought to notice, but in the main they stand for the situation as it is, and for the perpetuation in power of the franchise corporations that make up the great aggregation of wealth that dominates the cities and States, and eventually, the whole country.

Not so many years ago, a man from Tennessee went to New York and started an ideal newspaper. It was going to print "all the news that was fit to print." It was going to make a play to the intellectuals. This last, in a measure, it succeeded in doing. It was conspicuous in its outcry against the departure of the Democratic party from its ideals in Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-six, and thenceforward. It gradually fell in line for Roosevelt, and proclaimed him a hero, which he continued to be until he began to put his proclaimed principles into operation, when it turned upon him with all the rest, and denounced him as vagaristic and dangerous. ¶ Recently, this wonderful, high-toned, intellectual, free and independent "Times" became engaged in a controversy with the New York "American," controlled by Mr. Hearst & Mr. Hearst, or his editor, got mad and broke loose in a broadside against the "Times," showing how the "Times" was controlled by certain firms and men conspicuous in the "Big Cinch" in Wall street. The "Times" retaliated with a proceeding in court against the "American," but when Mr. Hearst's lawyers threatened to call the Wall street men who furnished the funds and inspiration for the "Times," the latter paper dismissed its suit and Mr. Hearst agreed to publish a paragraph setting forth that the difficulty grew out of overheated passion in the course of political argument & The power behind the throne in the "Times" was not exposed, and all Gotham snickered at the sight.

An incident occurred in New York some few weeks ago, illustrating better than anything that I can think of, the power of the advertiser over the newspaper. A certain man, a member of a great merchandising concern in Philadelphia, was caught in a nameless crime in the city of New York. After an unsuccessful attempt to bribe the detective who caught him, while under restraint at a hotel, he cut his throat. The New York papers blazed with the sensation, but in all the Philadelphia newspapers—and some of them are among the greatest and most powerful in the United States—there appeared not one line concerning this awful event, simply because the concern with

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which the degenerate criminal and suicide was prominently connected, was a heavy advertiser in Philadelphia newspapers. But when the newspapers of Philadelphia printed no line concerning this really great sensation, one of the New York papers displayed its enterprise by getting out a special and expanded edition of the entire horrible story, and flooded the streets of Philadelphia with the same, to the great profit and glory of its proprietor. The same thing occurred as to the Milwaukee papers. They ignored the story, but a Chicago paper printed a special edition that Milwaukee might not remain in ignorance.

Some months ago, in an investigation conducted in Kansas City by the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission, it was brought out that a distinguished citizen of St. Louis, identified with a large merchandising establishment and a prominent member of a public commission appointed by the Mayor of St. Louis to regulate the most important public utilities of the town, was one of the men who had been for years receiving copious rebates upon his business. The information was sparsely imparted to the St. Louis public in the news columns on the day upon which the testimony was given before the Commission, but in only one of the big dailies in St. Louis did there appear a single line of editorial in condemnation of the action of the aforesaid prominent citizen, although it was a patent absurdity that a beneficiary of the favors of railroads, to the extent proved against this gentleman, should be a member of the commission to regulate a public-utility corporation in which the railroads favoring him were members, with large interests

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THE independence of the press is a fake. In every city the papers may appear to fight one another upon the surface, but in every case they have a business combination to shut out the newcomer. The established daily papers in any city are as much a trust as the steel trust or the Standard Oil—while the Associated Press is another national trust—and it is exceptionally rare that any one can break in upon the combination and fight it; and if one does, it must be solely through the possession of financial support great enough to fight to a finish the established newspaper wealth of the community, controlling and owning carriers, newsboys and newsdealers absolutely. Of course, when a new paper so backed succeeds in establishing itself, it is not to be expected that the paper will take up the cause of the people against the interest of the men of great wealth, who have put their money into the new journalistic enterprise. The newspapers of any city will always be found a unit when there comes up any matter in which the public-service interests and the interests of the advertisers are a unit.

At the height of the recent—or perhaps we should say the present—panic, the daily newspapers were as dumb as oysters before the lawlessness, the brazen effrontery and the sublime nerve of the consolidated banks in refusing to give the depositors their own money, and in issuing promises to pay, which had no more validity than the rankest counterfeit. In St. Louis, when one newspaper presumed to utter a feeble chirp upon the subject, in one edition, the office was jammed and crammed with great advertisers, ordered there by the banks, to protest against further criticism of the lawless action of the bankers. There was no pretense that what the bankers were doing was right, but the newspaper had to modify its tone, and said very little up to the time that all the "John Smiths" were called in.

NATURALLY I will be asked, "What is the remedy for all this?" I don't know that I have formulated one. I will say that I don't believe in the cry for more law on this, or any other subject. We have too much law already. ¶ I don't believe, either, in the autocratic powers of suppression being vested in the post-office authorities. Of course, I do not believe in allowing fraudulent schemes to run riot until the people have all been skinned of the money before there can be a court of adjudication on the charge of fraudulent use of the mails. I don't believe in the suppression of papers for the expression of ideas. I don't believe in the suppression of papers as obscene, that discuss decently the physiological facts of life. To what an absurdity the post-office may go in the definition of obscenity, I would recall that a newspaper in Chicago was deprived of the privileges of the mails because it advertised "Sanger's History of Prostitution." According to the post-office authorities this was an obscene book, when in point of fact it is no more obscene than the Report of the Bureau of Mines and Mining or the Patent Office of the United States. I believe if a newspaper can be suppressed because it advocates no government at all, it can be suppressed for advocating any government which may be opposed to the form of government, or its constituent leaders, which undertakes the suppression. Law won't cure the evils I have sketched out here. I don't believe there should be any interference with the freedom of the press. The right to print is unrestricted, but he who prints, is, or should be, responsible for damage done to other rights, in the exercise of his own

I am inclined to believe that the time is about here when we shall have to return to the use of the pamphlet, if we are to have any such thing as free utterance of heretical opinion, and heretical opinion in this country is always and everywhere nothing but the idea that this government has departed from its original

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principles, in that it has built up through privilege an oligarchy of wealth, and in doing so has necessarily done most outrageous violence to the principle of equal rights for all. There can be no privileges if there be not an expropriation of the rights of others, to the holder of the privilege. Every privilege is built upon an arrogation of the rights of some individual, or of the community at large. With the great newspapers closed to the man with new ideas, there is no place for him to turn, except to the pamphlet. The liberties of England, of France, and of Germany, so far as they have liberties—and, indeed, in some respects they have more liberty than we have ourselves—were gained through the dissemination of ideas by the pamphleteer; but for the pamphleteer—Tom Paine, for example—there would have been no American Revolution, and no liberty for ourselves. With the great daily newspapers absolutely controlled by the men and interests whose sole desire is the perpetuation of the present status, with the great organs of public opinion openly fighting or secretly betraying the popular movements for a return of this nation to the principles of democracy, it would seem to be a matter of but a short time when it will be impossible for any man or set of men, devoted to a principle antagonistic to the wishes of our more and more consolidated aristocracy, to secure publicity for their ideas. The daily newspaper is gradually drifting into such a state of intellectual ossification under the influence of the restrictions put upon it by the wealth interests of the community in which it is published, that the irruption into one of their offices of a man with an idea is almost enough to create a panic and a call for the police. There is no longer an attempt made to speak honestly for the people. ¶ Every great subject is considered first in its relation to the existing private interests, and lastly in relation to its bearing upon the public welfare. The Sunday supplements and the comic section are unloaded upon a helpless people, apparently with no other purpose than to debauch their minds and prevent them from doing any serious thinking.

BUT the case is not hopeless. Something can be done. My opinion is that the country editor can help, and help greatly. Let him study the daily paper in the light of such instances of a revelative character as I have described here, and of many others which he can find out for himself by a little inquiry, and then, let him cease to follow the lead of the papers of the cities on public issues. Let him think for himself, and write his own opinions in a way to make his readers think. If he will but pause to take a look at things for a little while, he will find that, in nearly every important matter upon which the editor is called upon to express himself, he is burdened chiefly with advice and suggestions from people in his own community whose personal interests are most at stake in relation to this issue. He will find that the people in every community who are in close touch with the men who run and draw results from the great corporations in the larger cities, are always the men who are ready to point out the beauties of conservatism. He will find them eloquent on the theory that what is good for them is good for the whole community. ¶ He will find them presenting to him arguments which are exploited, more or less directly, in the great dailies, in opposition to new men and new ideas. He will find that the politician, as a rule, takes his cue finally from these great conservatives. He will find that all the machinery for the making of public opinion is in the hands of people whose interest it is that public opinion shall in no way interfere with their graft. He will find his every mail burdened with printed slips from various publicity bureaus, which he can use free, and in every case he will find that the purpose and purport of this slip matter is to bolster up some great private interest built upon public rights and property, or to discredit some man or movement, proposing to put a check to the aggrandizement of such wealth by the restoration to the community of the rights which have been filched away from it, through the connivance of corrupt representatives. The sort of big corrupt journal to which I have called attention, flourishes because the people do not think. It distorts and perverts its news in order to lead the occasional thinking reader to wrong conclusions, for a man is certain to reach a wrong conclusion if his reasoning is necessarily based upon false premises for thinking.

It is best of all to begin every day in this way: Think when you wake up in the morning whether you could not give joy to at least one person during that day.—Nietzsche.

THE Reverend W. H. Head, of Chicago, preached a sermon Sunday night upon the joys of being a parent, and he became so eloquent in describing the rapture he felt in looking at his baby that, when some one said the baby looked like him, a young mother in the congregation sprang to her feet crying out, "My child, my child," and then fainted. The preacher and a member of the congregation carried the young woman to her home in a chair. She moaned all the way, "Something has happened to my child," but when they reached the house they found the baby all right and the father taking care of it.—Ewing Herbert

Men must be taught as if you taught them not, and things unknown proposed as things forgot.—Alexander Pope.

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Advertising Diplomacy

Some Ad Writers utilize the pen policy of making their Advertisements interesting—to others besides themselves. Some write with plenty of Cerebric Pressure, spontaneously, and every Ad apart from its immediate Selling Worth has Educational Delights. They say something without losing their Smile and you remember the Good Stuff.

Into every Good Advertisement is introduced a Shading—a Quality that tends to soften the rigid outlines of the Sales Scheme. You are attracted, interested, convinced. And yet the Pessimist sneers, "round Robin Hood's Barn."

You should not expect a Man to read the thrilling and elevating tale of a pail-o'-lard without a fair exchange in the way of Ideas. You must point a Moral and introduce a Comparison—or your Stuff is Punk.

Don't be tense or tedious. Don't be sour, dour or statistical. Don't be a slave to your Subject. Remember always, you are writing for the Other Fellow.

There can be no Harmony, no Perfect Understanding between Man and Woman, without a Third Thing of Mutual Interest, says the Philosopher. Just so! Just so! And the same applies to Advertiser and Buyer.

The Wise Member of the Perfesh who writes into his Ads a little more than his wild desire for Cash—eventually gets the Cash. For be it known, we always get the Thing when we are Worthy.

Your Classic Salesman would not force a pail of Lard under a Customer's nose. In making his Sale, Lard would not be his Subject Supreme from Foreword to Colophon. So then, if Advertising is Super-Salesmanship, why not a little Delicacy and a little Diplomacy when you speak its Merits to the Many?

All the "dead" copy published is born of the Advertiser's belief that he will lose if he dares to corral an Idea—if he dares to print Something considered not exactly Legit. That's why $99\frac{44}{100}$ follow a Blind Trail.

The Bromidical Bosco reasons that to advertise Lard, he must talk Lard, eat Lard, sleep Lard and swim in Lard. That Lard must be smeared all over his "copy," that his whole Advertising Stunt must smell of Lard. 'Tis a very Great Error. For, be it known that the chap who gets away with it is the one who wraps his Lard in Paraffine Paper and slips it into the center of a Bunch of Violets.

Elbert Hubbard

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YOU increase the efficiency of your Office Force exactly in proportion as you supply Typewriters that work without friction.
The Psychic Operator passes her Annoyance Waves all along the line. Observe next time your stenographer complains of the keys "sticking." See if something isn't getting on *your* Nerves. 'T is a simple proposition.



The Monarch Typewriter
The Machine of the Facile Touch

A full day's work and perfect peace comes with the use of the Monarch. It co-operates with the Operator. It never pounds, protests nor sulks. There 's never a hitch nor a snarl of the ribbon. It keeps perfect time to the finger-tip taps of the lightest-touch typist.
The easy-running, sweet-tempered, velvet keyboard controls an assembly of perfect mechanism. Naturally it produces the greatest volume and best quality of work.
Light touch is only one Monarch feature. There are many others—all worth learning about. Let us give you a demonstration. Write for illustrated descriptive literature.

THE MONARCH TYPEWRITER COMPANY
Monarch Typewriter Building
300 Broadway, New York
Branches and Dealers Throughout the World.

The First True Gentleman
With Important Foreword by Edward Everett Hale, D.D.

The dictionaries and the students of words have a great deal to say—perhaps more than is worth while—of the origin of the word Gentleman,—whether a gentleman in England and a gentilhomme in France mean the same thing, and so on. The really interesting thing is that, in a republic where a man 's a man, the gentleman is not created by dictionaries or by law. No man, perhaps, was better fitted to define "gentleman" than the late Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Chaplain of the U. S. Senate, who was the most loved man of his time. We have printed this masterpiece in an edition de luxe, on white antique paper, in red and black, bound in brown boards with white vellum back, stamped in gold. This is a choice piece of bookmaking, and the price is sixty cents per copy.

Caxton Brochures

If you are not acquainted with the Caxton Brochures, you should send for a copy. They are little masterpieces of the world's best classics in a most pleasing form. The last number contains, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," with a fine pen-drawing of Washington Irving. You may have a copy for fourteen cents. Send us One Dollar and we will send you six numbers: "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," "Will o' the Mill," by Stevenson, "Self-Reliance," by Emerson, "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," "Love Letters of Henry VIII," and "Wisdom of Franklin." We will also include a copy of "The First True Gentleman," as mentioned above.

The Caxton Society, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

THERE is a larger doctrine of regeneration, and a more Spiritual one, than that proclaimed by the revivalists. It is less miraculous and more in accord with natural processes of cause and effect, though it need not contradict the teaching of the church except in so far as the church limits the methods of Divine Grace. When there rises some man of spotless name, of active and high moral nature, whose life becomes an emblem of human uprightness, may we not claim that he was transformed by the great regeneration? If we select the name of Emerson we shall have before us an example of that class of men whose lives are essentially Christian, but who are reckoned as "unconverted." Of similar moral dignity and worth were Horace Mann, Longfellow, Lincoln, and Charles Sumner. If "conversion" implies some higher form of manhood, we may well wish it would hasten to show us specimens of its work. If, as we are told, the church holds superior causes, it should show superior results. There should be a philosophy of conversion that might enable us to enroll such names among the children of Christ. Not that some theory ought to be invented upon their behalf. They need no protection from theology. It is the theology of the church that needs help. We need only say that a regeneration is a high and pure life, find it where we may—in Emerson, Epictetus or Aurelius. To say that these noble minds do not reach their virtue in the right way, is to make heaven itself unable to recognize the substance of things, or that it is wedded, like a fashionable resort, to the etiquette of religion. They err who try to localize and closely time the birth

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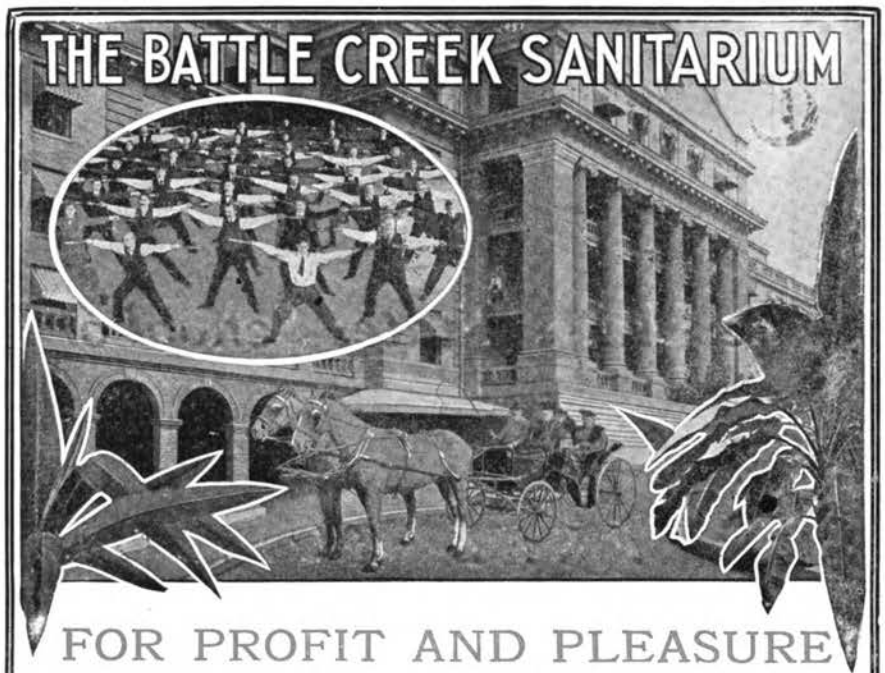
of the soul into a new life, by attempting to know too much of the winds of heaven, their source, their velocity, and their path ❧ Those winds may indeed roar in revivals like those of Wesley and Whitfield and Finney, but they may also whisper in the room where a skeptic is reading, with a new emotion, the story of Jesus, or is for the first time offering a simple and silent prayer ❧ It adds to the glory of Christ if His life and words throw around mankind an environment of such power as to shape a new character and inspire men to a new excellence. His virtue was not restricted to those who touched the hem of His garment. His seamless robe passed away, but His spirit left the paths of Galilee to become a perpetual and redeeming quality of the world.—David Swing.

❧

WHAT church would Jesus join if He were in New York? is a question asked, and answered after a fashion, by the Rev. Charles A. Eaton, of the Madison Avenue Baptist church, in that city. ¶ The answer the inquiry suggests to us is another question, namely, What church would admit Jesus as a member if He were in New York or any other city of modern Christendom?—The Truth Seeker.

❧

IF you succeed in life, you must do it in spite of the efforts of others to pull you down. There is nothing in the idea that people are willing to help those who help themselves. People are willing to help a man who can't help himself, but as soon as a man is able to help himself, and does it, they join in making his life as uncomfortable as possible.—E. W. Howe.



FOR PROFIT AND PLEASURE

A TRIP TO BATTLE CREEK

IMMORTALS coming to East Aurora Conventions—or on the Homing Way—should stop for a time at Battle Creek. Here is the Health Center of America. Using nothing but Nature's own remedies, backed by Brains, Dr. Kellogg and his Assistants have worked wonderful cures—Miracles, these would have been called in Olden Times. ¶ Sunshine, Baths, Sensible Foods, Exercise, Proper Clothing, Mental Attitude, all play a part in the Kellogg Scheme of Body Renovation. Please don't presume that Battle Creek Sanitarium is a Sick Man's Paradise—not so, the minute a Patient reaches there he *starts* to get well. No one sits in the Harness at Battle Creek. The Smile is the Password. ¶ You will need to see The Roof Garden, The Palm Room, The Wonderful Curative Electric Instruments, The Complete Laboratories, The Dynamometer, The Marvelous Baths (the walking leg-bath, for instance) and The Swimming Pool, The Arc Light Department, The Static Electric Department, The X-ray Laboratory, The Mechanotherapy and Vibrotherapy Equipments, The Sun Sand Bank, and—particularly for Housekeepers—The Outdoor Sleeping Rooms, The Culinary Department and The Laundry. ¶ Sick Folks get well at Battle Creek—and Well Folks learn a thing or two about the Science of Right Living. A visit there can only do you good. ¶ Write today to Dr. Kellogg for Illustrated Booklet ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

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THERE is no nation so far advanced, nor savage tribe sunk so low, that it does not produce music. And no tribe has ever been found that did not make music by stretching strings on wood and then vibrating them with the hands or with a stick. ¶ Every child makes the discovery for himself that a string drawn tight will "sing"; and the thought of making a musical instrument in this way doubtless originated with the hunter who twanged his bow. ¶ In Africa Stanley noticed that his guides who were armed with bows and arrows would strike the strings, one man after another, so as to produce a weird sort of music, and this music acted as a rest to the nerves on the long march. ¶ The harp was only a warrior's cross-bow with a few extra strings added. And from the harp, the strings of which were smitten by hand, there gradually grew the claver, or clavichord; then the harpsichord and finally the grand piano. ¶ Music is an expression of Life—gladness; but there be children who are compelled to take music-lessons while their noses are held.

The United States School of Music

offer the services of a trained faculty of instructors in Musical Education as an improvement over the individual tutor-and-pupil plan. ¶ The student of their courses in Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo, Cornet-playing or sight singing may thus develop into a Master of the Study without acquiring any of the sometimes objectionable peculiarities of the private teacher. ¶ The United States School of Music was established in 1898. Its purpose was and is to further and promote Musical Progress in America. That the greatest number of people may acquaint themselves with a working knowledge of some instrument at a minimum of expense, they give

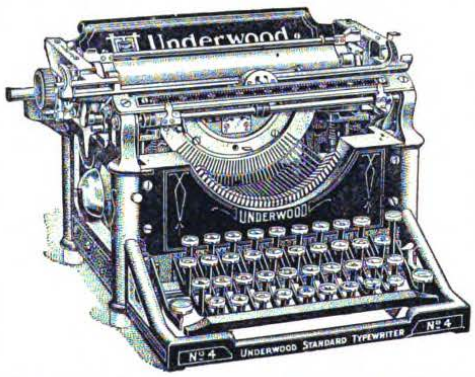
FREE TUITION

consisting of one lesson weekly (by mail), charging only for postage and the music, exercises, etc. used. ¶ The system of this schooling is especially adapted for those folks who have always desired to know more of Music, but have *feared* they could not learn. Such should send for their Free Booklet and Tuition Offer, in which the entire Idea is fully explained. ¶ Write as a FRA Follower to

The United States School of Music, Box F, 225 Fifth Ave., New York

IF YOU BUY A MACHINE

FOR YOUR OWN PERSONAL THUMPING, or if you install an Outfit for a Corps of Clerks, it must be the Right One, else it's Tears of Regret for you. Whether it be ten errors in the letter you write yourself, or ten kicks a day from ten disgruntled typists, the effect on your temper and digestion is the Same. ¶ The average fly-by-night Typewriter with its alleged revolutionary improvements grows out of date in about two years. Its fame and reputation become "staggering" and dim, like the work it turns out ☙ It develops locomotor ataxia, sciatica and lumbago—henceforth, ***that*** brand is to you a byword and a hissing.



Equip Your Office With an Underwood

and watch your correspondence come to life. The Underwood is the one typewriter which the captious cannot criticize. The most partial stenographer never asks permission to operate her own machine when you offer the use of an **Underwood.** ¶ The Underwood Model Five writes Eighty-four Characters, takes paper ten and a half inches wide and runs a line eight inches long ☙ All its improvements have stood the test of Necessity and Wear. IT IS THE MACHINE YOU WILL EVENTUALLY BUY ☙ WRITE FOR SPECIAL LITERATURE — FREE

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER COMPANY

City Hall Park, West - - - New York City

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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A THOUSAND WORDS A MINUTE

over a single wire, instead of the Old Companies' average of fifteen words per minute

25-WORD TELEGRAMS, ANY DISTANCE, FOR 25c
50-WORD "TELEPOSTS," ANY DISTANCE, FOR 25c
100-WORD "TELETAPES," ANY DISTANCE, FOR 25c
10-WORD "TELECARDS," ANY DISTANCE, FOR 10c

These are some of the startling innovations in telegraphic service and rates that are sure to interest every progressive American.

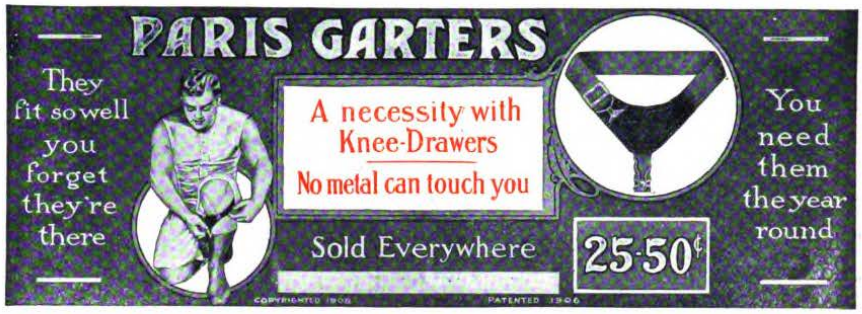


After several months' successful operation commercially in the East, the Telepost's first western section has been opened up. Offices are now open for business in St. Louis, Missouri; Sedalia, Missouri; Terre Haute, Indiana; Springfield, Illinois, and Aurora, Illinois. Announcement will shortly be made of many other important extensions. ¶Line construction is being pushed in many widely separated sections, and additional cities are to be connected in rapid succession until every city in the United States is given the Telepost's quick and accurate service, at rates so low that all can afford to carry on all their more important correspondence by wire. ¶The pamphlet offered below contains, among other things, the Company's financial prospectus; but whether you care to consider an investment or not it is well worth your while to read this brief and interesting description of Delany's revolutionizing invention. It will give you many pleasing surprises in ten minutes' reading. ¶Just how soon your community will enjoy the benefits of the Telepost service depends somewhat upon the co-operation that you and your fellow townsmen give. The Telepost Company asks no bonus from any community. It is organized on a business basis that enables it to pay its own way. What it does ask and expect is a square deal, and thus far the Company has had little cause to complain of anything to the contrary. While it is true that the Telepost Company can, under its Federal-granted privileges, force its way wherever it desires to run its wires, it has, however, not yet been compelled to resort to such measures. ¶The Telepost Company wants the good-will of every intelligent citizen. This it will have when its purposes and plans become generally known. Let us mail our Pamphlet "No. 380" to you and to your friends. Among other interesting things it will define the great benefits to be conferred upon commerce and society by its improved methods of communication.

TELEPOST COMPANY, 225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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SIX-PER-CENT BONDS WITH FIFTY-PER-CENT STOCK BONUS

¶Secured by real estate and houses on Long Island, purchased and managed by the Dean Alvord Company, of New York City. Owners of the bonds share in the profit from the property through the stock bonus. Interesting circular mailed on request.

SWARTWOUT & APPENZELLAR

Members New York Stock Exchange

FORTY-FOUR PINE STREET, NEW YORK

·U-ALL-NO·

·AFTER DINNER MINT·

For an after dinner sweet, for a confection at any time, try this new cream and learn how different a cream mint can be.

The mint flavor is developed to a new degree by our own special process.

Sold in sealed tins by grocers, confectioners and druggists everywhere.

If your dealer does not keep U-All-No we will send a liberal box on receipt of ten cents.

MANUFACTURING CO. OF AMERICA
Sole Makers 445 N. 12th St., Philadelphia

FISHERMEN

THE FREEPORT HOOK is not for mummies. It was evolved for *alive, up-to-date sportsmen.* ¶ You will note that I have been persistently hammering into the fisherman part of your intellectuals, points about the FREEPORT HOOK. ¶I consider it my duty (thru the sacred shades of Isaak Walton transmitted) to put yourself hook-right. ¶I have concentrated on this thing and know all there is to know in the lore and lure of hook-craft. I do nothing else and this I do and superbly well. Others there be who are tackle-mad or reel-crazy, but I am only a "hookist." ¶It has been a long and devious path, but what I have made my own I give to "Anglers" all in the FREEPORT HOOK. ¶Write for "A Little Book About a Hook."—IT'S FREE

LOUIS BIERSACH, "The Dutchman"
Department A-9 Freeport, Illinois

Just a Dollar! A Well Tailored, Perfect Fitting Shirt Waist for $1.00

O'Connor-Whitney Co. pay the mail charges

A PITTSBURGH Customer asked us to explain why her high-priced Waists come from the tub with that sort of unwashed look, when this dollar waist of ours comes up crisp—fresh and snowy white. She showed us two waists—a $3.00 one and ours at $1.00. We said, "Madam, we don't know."

"We know that our dollar waist—all mail charges paid—is made of a specially bleached percale that won't deviate from the clear pure white if you wash it a dozen times a day."

"We know that our dollar waist will pass among those who know—as a $2.00 offering. The other fellow's waist we can't talk about—you'll have to ask him."

THE O'CONNOR-WHITNEY CO. Tailored Waist at Just One Dollar

is made of fine, beautifully bleached percale—launders snowy white. It is a well-tailored waist such as the very particular "elect" will choose to wear. It has laundered Stiff Cuffs and separate Collar. It 's a heap of value for a dollar with mailing charges paid

SEND YOUR DOLLAR TODAY AND DON'T FORGET THE SIZE

O'CONNOR-WHITNEY CO.

JOHN O'CONNOR, President

SPECIALISTS IN WOMEN'S WEAR

City of Pittsburgh, State of Pennsylvania

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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PROF. HENRY DICKSON
Principal Dickson School of Memory, The Largest and Most Successful School of Mental Training in the World.

A Wandering Mind

never arrives at a Supreme Conclusion. There are no terminals for the train of Scattered Thoughts. Frequent stops at Way Stations retard the speed at which Live Ideas must travel in order to Get There. And inviting side-tracks lead only to the insurmountable bumper. ¶ The Great Men of all ages are those who have grasped the Ability to Concentrate. They focused attention upon the *thing* itself, and without Violence of Direction moved straight to Success.

If you wish to Grow and Become, center your Mind on one Splendid Achievement and hold it there.

STOP FORGETTING

It is the constant casting about for a Fact Misplaced in Memory that shatters the Force of Concentration. Train your Memory to retain Knowledge and have it ready when Occasion demands. Try a little System in your Mental Storehouse. ¶ Professor Henry Dickson, Principal of the Dickson School of Memory Training, will send his valuable book, "How to Remember," free to any reader of THE FRA. Prof. Dickson, by his method of instruction, enables you to avoid the oft-recurring vexation of forgetting names, places, dates, faces, quotations, speeches and all other facts and incidents which should be on the tip o' the tongue.

The Dickson System has been heartily recommended by Prof. David Swing, Dr. Latson and thousands of others ☙ Mail postal NOW for his free book.

DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL
963 AUDITORIUM BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.

Rheumatic Wash Ladies

Labor-troubles at the Laundry or "Afternoons" for the Housemaid never trouble the Prudent Woman. Always and ever she has the means at hand wherewith to conjure up cleanliness.

PEARLINE

The great Immaculator, not only cleans fabrics and brightens delicate wares, but its presence in the household clears the mind of apprehension and annoyance ☙ Pearline freshens and improves the Appearance of everything it touches ☙ And it will not Injure.

Millions Now Use Pearline

Alone in Accuracy



1909 Style

THERE is just one speed-indicator—The WARNER AUTO-METER—which is so sensitive, so supremely accurate, that it correctly registers the speed of an Automobile when ***pushed by hand*** on the garage-floor, and every variation of speed up to 100 miles per hour.

All other indicators fail to register ***any speed whatever*** under five to ten miles per hour. After a few months' use, wear of delicate cams, multiplied dozens of times through the indicating-hand, renders them so grossly inaccurate that they are worse than useless. The cheapest alarm-clock is a marvel of accuracy by comparison. Difference in principles is responsible for this difference in results. There are but two principles adapted to speed indication—Magnetic induction and Centrifugal.

The WARNER AUTO-METER alone is made on the Magnetic induction principle, the only principle which permits of absolute accuracy and almost everlasting durability in the same instrument.

THE WARNER
Auto-Meter
Guaranteed Absolutely Accurate

THE AUTO-METER is so sensitive that it registers the ***slightest forward movement*** of the car. The speed-dial is always steady and readable. Speed alone moves it. It is so durably built that practical tests have shown that the AUTO-METER will endure a MILLION MILES of the roughest kind of jolting without showing appreciable wear, and still accurately register speed within ten feet to the mile.

The AUTO-METER is built like an expensive Chronometer. It has but two moving parts. These revolve. There is no sliding friction. The bearings are sapphire jewels and imported Hoffman Balls. Every part must test accurately to 1-1000 of an inch or it is thrown out. Such bearings will practically last a lifetime without wear. ¶ The AUTO-METER, because made on the only correct principle, is unvaryingly accurate year in and year out and so durable that it will outlast a dozen cars. ¶ No centrifugal instrument—though the price may be the same—can be considered in the same class, any more than a $1 watch can be classed with a $200 chronometer.

WE want every automobile owner to know the comparative tests which will enable him to prove the truth of every claim we have made. We have put these in a book which will be sent for the asking to anyone who writes ☙ In your own interest, buy no speed-indicator of any kind until you know. To buy the wrong instrument is to waste your money.

The Warner Instrument Co.

Factory and Main Offices: Five Hundred and Seventy-one Wheeler Avenue, BELOIT, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

New York, 1902 Broadway
Pittsburg, 3432 Forbes St.
Cleveland, 2062 Euclid Ave.
Detroit, 239 Jefferson Ave.
Cincinnati, 122 E. Seventh St.
St. Louis, 3923 Olive St.
Boston, 925 Boylston St.
Buffalo, 722 Main St.
Chicago, 1502 Michigan Ave.
Seattle, 914 E. Pike St.
Indianapolis, 330 1-2 N. Illinois St.
Philadelphia, 302 North Broad St.
San Francisco, 502 Van Ness Ave.
Los Angeles, 1212 S. Main St.

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Prior to Printing

There was a very little difference between Letters & Art. ¶ Nearly all Good Work in either branch was done by Cloistered Monks in quiet courts where Time was indeed an Illusion. ¶ Today, the hand-work of these early Monasteries has attained an almost superstitious value—for such is the result of Infinite Care, Skill and Faithful Application. ¶ We believe there are still many people, perfectly sane, who resent Machine-made Art, who consider the Classic Way the Better. ¶ For these Fra Baldy, a man with the Monastic Impulse, of Simple Ways and Great Patience, does occasional engrossing on Japan Vellum. ¶ If you do not hurry him he will design by hand, as did the Monks of Old, Resolutions, Mottoes, Book-plates, Favorite Poems, Diplomas, Memorial Tablets and such like, conscientiously conforming to any color Conception that is desired. Write if interested

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N.Y.



Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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ROYCROFT FURNITURE

The Antithesis of Chippendale



Poets, like painters thus unskilled to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
—*Pope*

The men who make Roycroft Furniture do not cover their skill with ornamentation. They do not permit Rococo finishes or Rocaille designs to clutter the surface of their work. Beds, Bookcases and Tables made by East Aurora Craftsmen never border on the Baroque, nor do the chairs and benches creak beneath the Seats of the Mighty.

Sturdy and Strong as the Artists who liberate them from the log, products of our Wood Shop please those people who see beauty in utility and service. Roycroft Furniture presages a day when Commonsense shall hold sway in house decoration—when only the things are considered Best, whose Makers dedicated their work to Time.



Catalogue on Application.

THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

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Roycroft Books

CONTEMPLATIONS

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

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by William Shakespeare, or was it Francis Bacon? This book is bound in Alicia and substantial boards with title stamped in Gold. Printed from a sharp new font of Bruce Roman, a very suitable type, on Italian Hand-made Paper, Title-page illumined. A very great Hamlet indeed ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

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On Roycroft Hand-made Paper in large, readable Type. Frontispiece, a dry-point etching of the Author by Otto Schneider. Scolii and Colophon in color. Bound in Boards and Buckram. Title in Gold ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

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GUSTAVE or BARBER OF PARIS, literally translated, bound and illustrated in Roxburghe style *de luxe*, depicting the scenes of gaiety in



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Two years' subscription and BOTH books, only **$3.75.** Only a very limited number of books on hand—all we could get, however. Act quickly.

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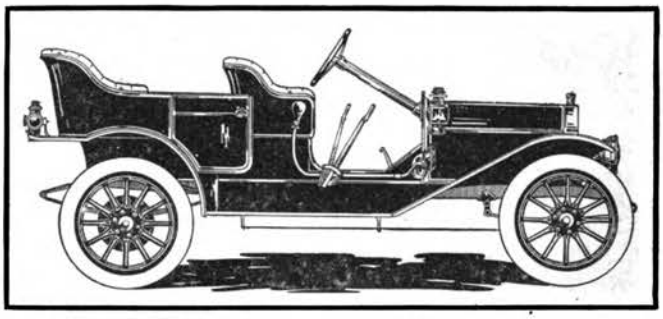
NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

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1910 OAKLAND "40"
THE CAR WITH A RECORD



PRICE, $1,700 (includes magneto and full set of lamps)

The Oakland "40" by its consistent performance is entitled to be called the King of all medium-priced cars. ¶ In numerous strenuous tests and in competition with cars selling from $2,000 to $5,000, the Oakland "40" has not only proven itself the equal but has surpassed the performance of higher-powered, higher-priced machines.

Some of the Important Victories Won by the Oakland "40" During the Season of 1909

Morgan Hill Climb, Logansport, Ind., April 2, Oakland won in 39 seconds, defeating five other cars.

Fort George Hill Climb, New York, April 26, Oakland won in its class, making the climb in 46 1-5 seconds, defeating among others two 60-H.P. cars.

Giant Despair Hill Climb, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., May 31, Oakland won in $2,000 class, time 2:11 4-5 seconds.

Mount Vernon Hill Climb, New York, June 5, Oakland won in 25 1-5 seconds.

Hoopeston, Ill., Climb, June 9, Oakland finished first in both $2,000 and $3,000 classes.

Newport Hill Climb, Cleveland, O., June 9, Oakland won in $2,000 class in 55 4-5 seconds.

Fort Ancient Hill Climb, Cincinnati, O., June 26, Oakland won in free-for-all contest, time 1:17 1-5 seconds, defeating cars selling from $2,000 to $5,000.

SPECIFICATIONS

1910 Oakland "40" will have a wheel-base of 112 inches.
Equipped with a four-cylinder, vertical, water-cooled motor, 4 1-2x5, developing 40 H. P.
Frame will be of pressed steel.
Transmission of sliding-gear type, three speeds forward and reverse.
Multiple-disk clutch.
I-beam front axle.
Brakes—two sets double-acting on rear wheels. Size of brake-drums 14 inches.
Springs—full elliptic in rear and semi-elliptic in front.
Drive is by shaft.
Cooling by centrifugal pump. Vertical-type radiator. Fan in fly-wheel.
Bearings—roller and ball bearings used throughout. Motor bearings especially generous.

We would be pleased to mail our Advance Announcement of 1910 cars.

Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Michigan
Buffalo Representatives: Centaur Motor Company, 59 Franklin St.

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WHEN YOU APPROACH A MAN UPON WHOM YOU WISH TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION YOU DON YOUR "GLAD RAGS"

WHEN YOU WISH A GOOD RECEPTION FOR YOUR PAPER REPRESENTATIVE YOU SHOULD BE AS PARTICULAR ABOUT ITS RAIMENT

THIS MEANS GOOD DESIGNS, GOOD CUTS, GOOD PRINTING, ON GOOD PAPER WITH GOOD INK AND ALL IN GOOD TASTE

WE DO THAT KIND

SCHAUM

ENGRAVING & PRINTING COMPANY

SUCCESSORS TO

CLARK

ENGRAVING & PRINTING CO.

DESIGNS PRINTS
CUTS ADS
ART STATIONERY

MILWAUKEE

A Health Home

THE reaction from gaiety is boredom, and boredom goes hand in hand with impaired digestion, headaches and frazzled nerves. Hotels can offer entertainment and surround a Guest with Service; but when Rest is required, the weary wight hungers for the solace of a Home. ¶ Home may be the place where folks live—or it may not ☙ Home means good cooking, dustless rooms, snowy linen and sleep o'nights. Home means Rest and Quiet and Comfort and Sympathetic Attention without bustling officiousness. ¶ There comes a time when we want this kind of a Home, when we want exemption from business and domestic duties.



Rushingwater

near East Aurora, Erie County, New York, is just such a Castle of Contentment—a Health Home for those who prefer to heed Nature's Forebodings rather than brave her Punishments. ¶ During the Summer of Nineteen Hundred and Nine, it will be conducted to accommodate not more than 12 Patients. This Idea of a Friendly Family grouped in congenial comradeship is rapidly supplanting the archaic notion of huddling invalids and semi-well folks together by wholesale. ¶ Situated on a high promontory above the Romantic Cazenovia River and adjacent to marvelously curative Mineral Springs, Rushingwater supplies the conditions which tend to build tissue and inspirit vitality. For Personal Information Address ☙ ☙ ☙ ☙ ☙ ☙ ☙

Dr. Emma S. Sherman, Willink, N. Y.

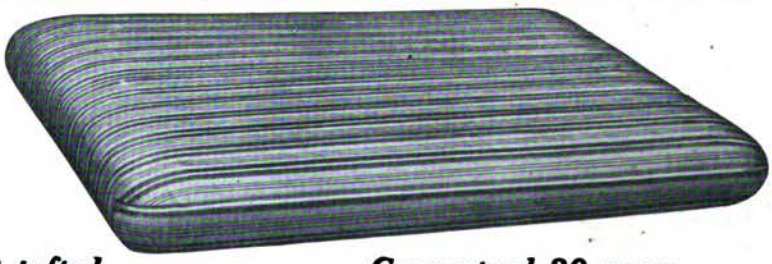
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A buoyant, restful bed, which invites you to repose at night, and sends you forth in the morning refreshed and fit for an active day. The best that materials and experience can make.

SEALY MATTRESS



Not tufted ***Guaranteed 20 years.***

Made in a single bat of finest pure white cotton. The only mattress which does not require *tufting* to hold its shape.

IN USE AT THE ROYCROFT INN.

Ask your dealer, or write to the makers for a bright little book of Mattress facts. Full of interest to lovers of comfort and luxury.

SEALY MATTRESS COMPANY, Dallas, Texas.

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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SOMETHING MORE THAN

A TIMEPIECE

MANY watches are made in "factories," made in quantities—car-load lots, stamped and cut according to patterns, dumbly, without interest, individuality or Art. Their lineage is carved deep in case and works, it speaks from every Outline, and it tells of joyless labor.

Life without Industry is Guilt:
Industry without Art is Brutality

¶ Ruskin knew that to produce truly fine work, man must enter in with his inventive mind; that the heart and head must govern when the hands labored.

The Artistic Elgin

¶ All Elgin Watches are measured by a certain Standard. That is, every watch sold, must be worthy of the Name—Elgin. But right here the restriction ends.

¶ Expert Elgin Watchmakers, the best in the World, are allowed to work out their Ideals, in Buildings where sunshine and cleanliness, Goodfellowship, and perfect co-operation neither stifle nor dwarf. They produce Watches up to "Elgin Standard," and then for the sake of their Art, another little while is given in Love Work; a touch here and a little something extra there, a smoothing and patting, à last general inspection. This perhaps explains why Elgins are so perfect and so beautiful; why they last forever and keep always and only perfect time.

¶ Men of skill, Artists, Craftsmen and Jewelsmiths, who know little or nothing about Timepieces, commend the Elgin for exquisite Workmanship, Proportion and Design.

¶ The Elgin is more than The Best Timepiece. It is an Art Work. Free Literature and Illustrations to FRA Followers.

The Elgin National Watch Co.

ELGIN, ILLINOIS, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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Style and Art



When writing men like Gentile Bellini, William Caxton, Benjamin Franklin, Horace Walpole, William Morris and Thomas De Vinne felt in the mood to exude some particularly hot copy, they hiked for the type-case and worked their energy up into a galley of Good Stuff ❧ They set up the matter as they composed it. Thus we get the words "composing-stick" and "compositor." ¶In those days the printer was always a man of considerable literary ability. People used to doff their hats when they met him on the street and address "Mr. Printer." And as a follow-up custom, it was only the day before yesterday that folks stopped saying "Mr. Editor." ¶These early printer-authors had pronounced preferences for different type faces and families, and the adoption or rejection of these various choices segregated all shops into exponents of certain "styles." ¶Every print-shop now has its particular conception of what constitutes style in typography. No two offices have identical views on this subject, though all of them are evolving towards an Idea which had its first modern impulse in The Roycroft Shop. ¶The beauty and adaptability of this Idea found for it considerable favor, and "Roycroft Style" is now a well-known phrase in commercial printing circles. ¶But the best printers in the country have been unable to successfully reproduce "Roycroft Style." For "Roycroft Style" is more than a style, it's an Art—an Art born of Artistic Environment and developed by boys and girls working under conditions which approach the Ideal. The Roycroft Shop produces both Art and Artists.

If You Want Printing Done Very De Luxe, Let Us Know Your Needs

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The Fra DeLuxe

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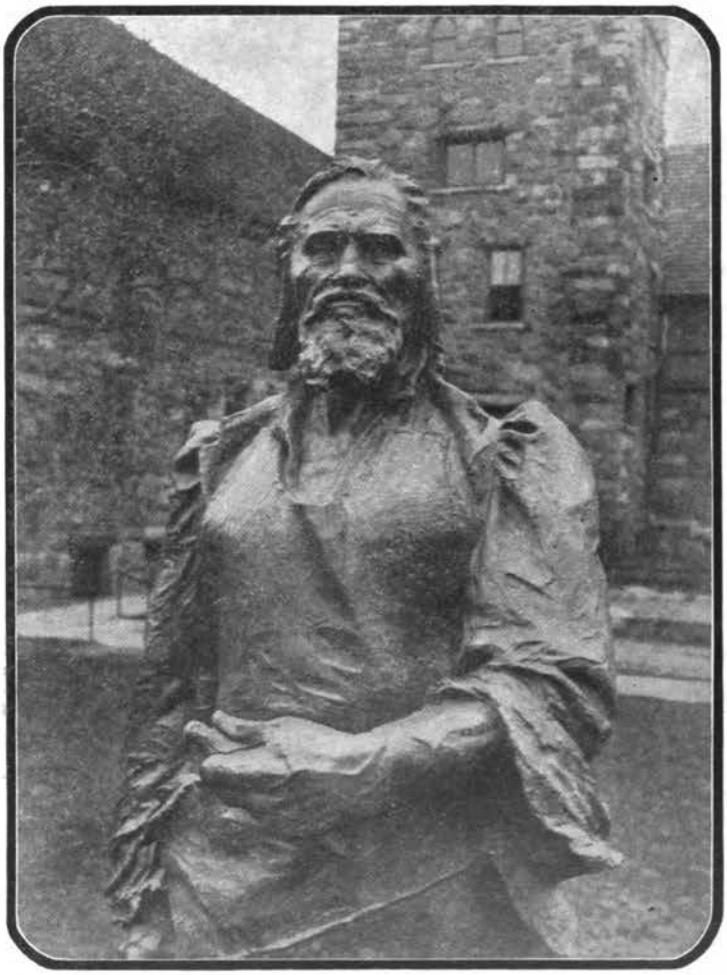
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THE FRA

NOT·FOR·MUMMIES

A·JOURNAL·OF·AFFIRMATION

Vol. III SEPTEMBER, 1909 No. 6



PUBLISHED·MONTHLY·BY·ELBERT·HUBBARD
EAST·AURORA·ERIE·COUNTY·N.Y.
25·CENTS·A·COPY·2·DOLLARS·A·YEAR

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Prior to Printing

There was a very little difference between Letters & Art. ¶ Nearly all Good Work in either branch was done by Cloistered Monks in quiet courts where Time was indeed an Illusion. ¶ Today, the hand-work of these early Monasteries has attained an almost superstitious value—for such is the result of Infinite Care, Skill and Faithful Application. ¶ We believe there are still many people, perfectly sane, who resent Machine-made Art, who consider the Classic Way the Better. ¶ For these Era Bal dy, a man with the Monastic Impulse, of Simple Ways and Great Patience, does occasional engrossing on Japan Vellum. ¶ If you do not hurry him he will design by hand, as did the Monks of Old, Resolutions, Mottoes, Book-plates, Favorite Poems, Diplomas, Memorial Tablets and such like, conscientiously conforming to any color Conception that is desired. Write if interested

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N.Y.



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Are You a Business Man?

Then Ask Yourself—Why?

Every man who reads has at one time or another marked the Story of "The Gillette." Literary, Sporting, Fiction, Religious, Travel, Technical, Outing, Trade—all sorts of Magazines have featured Gillette "copy." Let us then advance another step and say, probably not a Man of Intellect in touch with affairs, but has debated whether or not the Superior Shaving-Tool would suit him. Of these, *two million* decided "Yes," and such are now the life-sworn Missionaries of Gillette Service.

But there are other men who have not tried the Gillette for some unknown reason, who perhaps doubt its efficiency, who smile skeptically at its Arguments: Service, Efficiency, Cleanliness; No Stropping—No Honing, No Disfigurements, No Loss of Temper. For the Doubters, this ad was written:

You who are Unconvinced have but to refer to the continued insertion of Gillette Advertising in the Better Magazines, for proof positive of all its Claims.

Did Gillette propound a single statement or boast a virtue which savored of Untruth, his Advertising would leave the Magazines in the Birth of a Minute.

Yet, you will be kind enough to believe that today, and in the past, Collier's, Everybody's, Harper's, Century and THE FRA are glad (Ah, Yes—Glad!) to have the Gillette Advertising.

And so, the Reputations of these Magazines necessarily reinforce the strength of the Gillette Sales Talk. You read only what is the Truth.

Two Million Men Use The Gillette!

"My Beard is too Heavy"—"My Face is too Tender"—"Only my Old Razor can dig it out of the Creases"—are Negative Reasons Out of Style.

The Gillette will remove the heaviest, most stubborn beard from the tenderest face quicker, cleaner, better than any Razor of Antique Pattern.

A Razor that gives satisfaction to TWO MILLION will give satisfaction to *you*.



ACTUAL SIZE

Compact Case Complete—$5.00 to $7.50

Compact Case, Vest-Pocket Size, is made in gold, silver, or gun-metal. Plain polished or richly engraved. The Razor-Handle and Blade-Box each triple silver-plated or 14-Karat gold-plated—and the blades are fine.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

You should know Gillette Shaving-Brush—a new brush of Gillette Quality—bristles gripped in hard rubber—and Gillette Shaving-Stick, a shaving-soap worthy of the Gillette Safety-Razor.

New York, Times Bldg.
Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.
London, 17 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

Gillette Sales Company
549 Kimball Building, Boston
Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris

Canadian Office
63 St. Alexander St.
Montreal

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING

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Will You Wait Eight Years For Your Player Piano or Select a SOLO APOLLO NOW?



Old-Time Melodies

with their sweet memories of other days are played with an artistic accenting of the melody, by that truly wonderful instrument—the

MELVILLE CLARK SOLO APOLLO PLAYER 88-Note PIANO

The APOLLO ***88-note*** Player Piano has been made and sold for ***eight years*** and was and is the ***only original 88-note*** player—even today there are more APOLLO ***88-note*** Players in use ***than all other 88-note*** instruments ***combined.*** We are the originators of the player piano with an ***88-note*** range covering the entire piano keyboard.

The SOLO APOLLO is ***eight years*** in ***advance*** of the development of all other player pianos.

The SOLO APOLLO makes it possible to ***accent the melody*** and to ***accent individual notes*** in a trill or a run ***without affecting the tempo,*** exactly ***as the greatest pianists accent*** them. No other player made can accent like the SOLO APOLLO. No other player has the ***real human touch*** secured through downward stroke on the keys in front which gives the ***real human expression.***

Music lovers should read our SOLO APOLLO Booklet. Write for it and when sending it we will also give you address of nearest Demonstration Rooms.

NOTE—*The SOLO APOLLO is installed only in the beautiful Melville Clark Piano—recognized by musicians as the highest grade of artistry in piano making. The square cut roll used exclusively in the SOLO APOLLO.*

Melville Clark Piano Company

431 Steinway Building :: :: :: Chicago

THE Pope is said to have come out against woman suffrage. Good. The Popes have come out strong against pretty nearly every idea of value that the world now cherishes, nearly every scientific fact, nearly every enlargement of mental and moral activity. See "Warfare Between Science and Theology," by Andrew D. White. The Pope's declaration will have the same ultimate effect upon woman suffrage that his bull had against the comet and the heliocentric theory of the universe. The Pope is possibly right on some things, but there is one thing he never is and never has been right on, and that is setting the bounds of freedom wider yet. Libertarianly considered, the Supreme Pontiff is an obstruction and not a facility. There's only one way to stop woman suffrage & that is to extinguish the light in the human mind, and the world as it stands today is a beautiful proof that the Papacy, however efficient otherwise, is a stupendous unsuccess as an extinguisher.—William Marion Reedy.

GOVERNMENT extravagance has steadily persisted, broadening and deepening, since Lee's surrender to Grant at Appomattox. We pay twenty-four times as much for government as we paid fewer than fifty years ago. Comparatively, counting noses of a population, we pay over fourteen-fold as much. Government should be like a reaper or a rifle or a coat: the more you pay the better the purchased article ought to prove. Every man can form his own opinion by study and observation of the samples of government existing nearest his own home.—Alfred Henry Lewis.

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RELIGIONS do a useful thing: they narrow God to the limits of man. Philosophy does a necessary thing: it elevates man to the plane of God. ¶ True philosophy turns aside from religions, and pushes forward to religion. ¶ Does not nature furnish you enough of mystery but you must needs make more of it with dogma? ¶ As regards the incomprehensible, content yourself with the necessary. ¶ All direct light, as I have said, bears the form of the medium whence it emanates; in the solar ray there is the image of the sun; in the divine ray there is the mage of God. ¶ The solar ray in traversing the prism is decomposed into three colors: blue, yellow and red. The divine ray in traversing the obscure chamber of the brain is decomposed into three ideas: justice, truth and beauty. ¶ The endeavor of man, the divine function of freedom, the end of life, is to establish on earth in the form of actual works the three ideals, to strive that the true, the beautiful, the just, be made flesh. ¶ There is no genius who has not labored, there is no great man who has not brought his conscience, his soul, his stone, to one of the three pillars of that pediment of the infinite which we name Truth, Beauty, Justice. Certain ones have labored at two. He who should labor at three would approach God. ¶ To place conscience beyond self, slowly, day by day, to transform it into external reality, into action or words; to be born with ideas, to die with works; to upbuild the ideal, to construct it in art and be poet; to construct it in science and be philosopher; to construct it in life and be just—such is the goal of human destiny.—Victor Hugo.



THE COMPLETE WORKS OF

Voltaire

Famous St. Hubert Guild Edition

The Only Complete Edition ever published in English. New translations by William F. Fleming. This edition contains the celebrated ***Tobias Smollett*** notes taken from the famous Eighteenth Century translation, specially edited and revised for this work. It also contains a masterly critique and biography of Voltaire by Rt. Hon. John Morley, M. P.

YOU ALL KNOW VOLTAIRE

Justice Seabury, sitting in the Appellate Term of the Supreme Court, New York, N. Y., in handing down a decision recently, made this statement in connection with the writings of Voltaire: "Differ as men may as to the views of Voltaire on many questions, none can deny the great influence of his work in promoting justice and humanity and the reign of reason in public affairs.

VOLTAIRE was exiled from his country, yet rose again and again on the the crest of popular and fashionable favoritism, and had the leaders of the Courts of France, England and Germany for devoted worshippers.

VOLTAIRE was the foremost of Philosophers, the most eminent of Historians, the most brilliant of Wits, the most subtle of Satirists, a terror to tyranny, a champion of suffering, a lovely and loving and amorous poet, a most perceptive traveler, a very Shakespeare in drama and, as a teller of stories, the drollest and richest that the world has ever known.

So numerous are his subjects, so many his styles, so sound his reasoning, so beautiful his fancy and so gay his humor, that his writings are most instructive, intensely interesting and a pleasure for every mood of the human mind.

VOLTAIRE'S works, one and all, are masterpieces. ¶ Vast, incomprehensive as is human life, every phase of the known and every speculation as to the unknown is to be found in his wonderful writings.

As a man of letters and master of style he is supreme.

VOLTAIRE is commended by all authorities, many placing him above Shakespeare. He is so great, his writings so profound, yet of such deep interest, as to be above discussion.

READ HOW THIS BEAUTIFUL EDITION WAS MADE

This edition is printed from new, large type, very readable, on a special antique finished paper, illustrated from exquisite old French designs, which form in themselves a rare gallery of famous historical characters. The work contains over 160 photogravure illustrations, 45 being colored by hand, forming a collection of gems by the world's most famous artists. These *43 De Luxe Volumes with Index* are handsomely and durably bound in *Red English Buckram*, the volumes are stamped upon the back in gold, with gold tops and silk head-bands, and each volume contains an *Illuminated Title Page*.

The Werner Company
Akron, Ohio

You may send me, all charges prepaid, the complete works of VOLTAIRE, *43 De Luxe Volumes*, size 8½x5¾ inches, beautifully illustrated by over 160 photogravures, 45 being colored by hand — bound in Red English Buckram, with gold backs—head-bands and gold tops. If satisfactory I will remit you $3.00 at once and $3.00 a month for nineteen months.

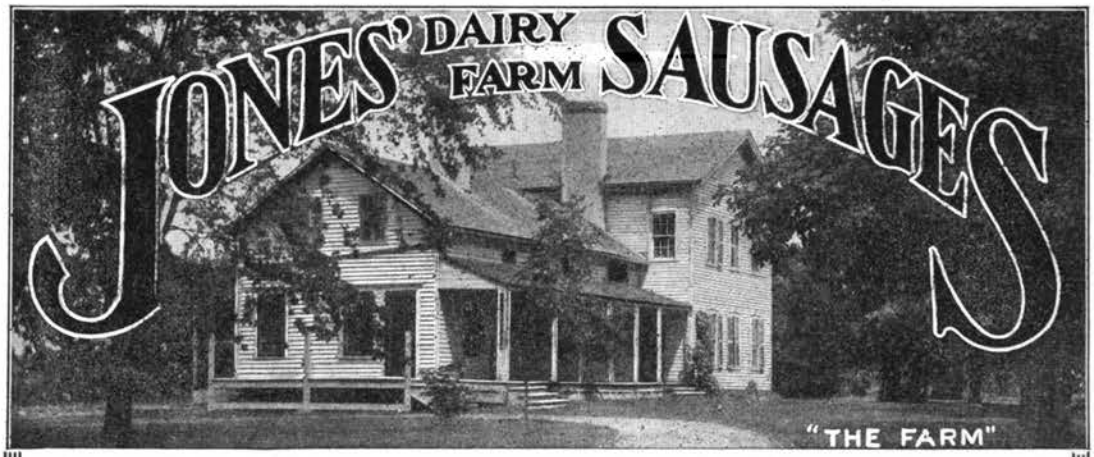
Name .....

Street Address .....

Fra 9-3 *City and State* .....

The WERNER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO

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HISTORY repeats itself. On October First our boys and girls start sausage-making again; right out here in the clean, wholesome country, same as their folks did for over forty years. Get your sausage appetite ready and don't forget the date, *October First.* ¶ Our sausages are made from the most sausageable portions of home-grown, milk-fed little pigs, home-ground spices and salt. Those who know say they have "farm flavor plus"; and they 're as far from suspicion as an armful of daisies. ¶ Our recipe for sausages is such an old one that it might have come over in the "Mayflower" for all we know. We brought it with us from New England long before the war. We never heard of a better one, and so many folks—Immortals and others—say our sausages are the best ever, we just go on making them in the same old-time way, year after year. ¶ Our way may be primitive, but it 's clean; and we know that every particle of everything that goes into our sausage is as pure and wholesome as it 's possible for it to be. We never make more than just enough each day to fill that day's orders, so you see *it 's always fresh.* There 's no "suspicion" about our sausage, but —if your Grocer can not supply you, send me his name and I will send you my

TRIAL OFFER

Four Pounds for One Dollar, Express Prepaid

$1.40 West of Kansas and South of Tennessee

Remit the way easiest for you. ¶ Anyway, send for the Jones Dairy Farm Booklet. It tells about us, and gives a lot of old-time recipes for cooking the things we make.

MILO C. JONES, The Jones Dairy Farm

Post-office Box, Number 622, FORT ATKINSON, WISCONSIN

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HIDE-BOUNDERS

So then, you Advertising Hustlers—I say, don't ever be discouraged by a Hide-Bounder. The Divine Right to Cross Your Fingers is always yours. When a Member of this Family of Fossil looks at you with sightless eyes and listens with sound-proof ears to your living, pulsing talk—Pity him! He is out of It, defunct, and the Requiem is being sung forever in his Sanctuary. You can't afford to asperse the Dead; 't is best to join the Mourners, and lay your sweet forgiveness as a flower upon his bier. For the Living you save your Energy and your Brain Power.

Two Pure-Type Hide-Bounders obtrude themselves ever and anon in the Path of the Advertising Man. Though of different generations, they are performing a like service by rule of Opposite Effect. Any Business Man who chances to circle into their orbit can not help but make some Good Resolutions. Such are the "Horrible Examples":

You 've all met the Superior Gazabe, the Fellow with the Idea-Proof Skull; the Bookkeeper-Type in the Executive Chair. He is so superior it knobs out all over him. He speaks flawless English—English English y' know. And he indulges a soft, lemon-colored falsetto. His Dignity is awesome.

Father died and left him the Business. Unfortunately, Father left him nothing else. So his Blackboard Expression and his Made-in-London Manners must see him through.

He keeps you waiting twenty minutes, does the Superior Gazabe, as an Impressive Bluff. Then he admits you to the sanctified stillness of his Mahogany Morgue. Here, with the Atmosphere suffused with Nothing, you presume to scintillate. It is just like talking into a Well. Everything you say sounds hollow. Your Message, though reduced to the simplest terms, fails to puncture his vacuum.

After twenty minutes of verbal rug-beating, you crush three limp digits and wander out wondering how Cockedoodle & Son can survive such an Incompetent. But 't is easily explained. Behind the Mahogany Throne some self-sacrificing never-to-be-named Bismarck controls that government. He knows that J. Ferdinand is a Son-of-his-Father in only one way, but—he keeps mum.

And J. Ferdinand, the prig, the prude, the parasite, wastes the time of busy men, and because of his presumed position he is permitted to pooh-pooh Ideas and N. G. Schemes which same he never understands.

Again, you 've met Old Mortality, Hibernating Hafter. There is no such thing as Competition for Old Mort. He is sure that Folks would n't think of Buying Other than His Brand. A Sound Citizen is he—and satisfied. Did n't he start in Business before the Flood? Sure!

You show this man his business is full of "leaks," his selling-scheme is out of date—his competitors are winning his markets. You sum up and prove your answer. Does it Win Him? Never!

Every suggested improvement he accepts as a Personal Affront. He brands you bold, presumptuous, goldbrickish; he sears you with his surface disapproval. Young Man, he has run his business for a Half-Century. He has been successful and he wants none of your flub-dub Advertising Guff. B-r-r! B-r-r! He knows! When he needs you he 'll send for you—Good Morning! Good Morning! And he cumbersomely croaks you out.

A Hide-Bounder is on this Balloon "Mother Earth" only as Ballast. It 's an easy ride for him while it lasts. But when the Fellow-Who-Plans-Things would Go Higher, he hoists the Dead Weight by the scuff and the seat over the side. And the Hide-Bounder never knows he 's left the Basket till he hits.

At Best a Hide-Bounder is only a Sand-Bag and he 's on board for a single minute. He should never be confused with the crew. Neither should you nor any Other Advertising Man expect a Sand-Bag to make any individual, personally-conducted tours Across the Channel.— — Selah!

Flint

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The Three Learned Professions

are swamped with aspiring youths tussling for a foothold

MANY young men who believe they are "called to the bar" find themselves at the Free-lunch Counter instead. Divinity Students are seldom exasperated by tire troubles, while most folks who tackle the old-time Esculapian stunt might as well try to accumulate a competence by robbing birds' nests in the Fall. ¶ The Science of medicine is admittedly inexact ⁂ The disciples of Hippocrates must "dress up" with the Progress of the Times ⁂ ⁂

Man still has his various needs, but the mode of ministering to them has changed with the years. The Art of curing with one pill administered three times a day, and restoring health by Ante-mortem Autopsies is being relegated among the rites of Druidism.

The American College of Neuropathy

is instructing young Men and Women into a Practical Profession for reinvigorating the Human Body

Neuropathy can not obliterate the script of the Moving Finger. It can not absolve you from sins against yourself, no matter how much you have to pay. Nor can it set at naught the Laws of Compensation. As an institution, it holds out no gleaming, elusive phantom of hope to the Incurables ⁂ But it can and does correct many of those Physical Evils which are misfortunes of Time and Chance and not Nature's Retribution.

The American College of Neuropathy teaches others how. Here is a Science of Evolution which benefits Humanity—an occupation that offers responsibility, usefulness and independence. If you are intelligent and ambitious and wish to enroll as a Student, write for information to

W. WALLACE FRITZ, M. D., DEAN

212 Pennsylvania Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

THE following letter, now in the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society, was written in Sixteen Hundred Eighty-one, by the Reverend Doctor Cotton Mather, a noted Puritan minister and teacher. Compare it with the teachings of modern Christianity. Christianity moves as the world moves.

"To the Aged and Beloved John Higginson:—

"There be now at sea a shipp (for our friend Elias Holcroft of London did advise me by the last packet that it would be some time in August) called Welcome, which has aboard it a hundred or more of the hereticks and malignants called Quakers, with William Penn the scamp at the head of them. The General Court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malachi Haxett of the brig Porpoise to waylay said Welcome as near the end of Cod as may be and make captives of the Penn and his ungodly crew, so that the Lord may be glorified and not mocked on the soil of this new country with the heathen worshipps of these people. Much spoil may be made by selling the whole lot to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch good prices in rumme and sugar, and we shall not only do the Lord great service by punishing the wicked, but shall make good gayne for His ministers and people ⁂ Yours in bonds of Christ, Cotton Mather."

⁂

I DECLARE it to be my most conscientious opinion that if there were not a single physician, nor surgeon, or apothecary, man-midwife, or chemist, or druggist, or drug in the world, there would be less mortality among mankind than there is now.—Dr. James Johnson.

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You May Wear A Fra Elbertus Hat

With A Broad Sweep of Brim and A Soft Outline

OR you may wear the more conventional Derby, but in either case if you are Sincere, true to your Ideals, you must needs favor a Hat of Honest Workmanship and Worthiness of Materials. ¶ Styles always are modified to the likes of Purchasers, but in Hat Construction there can only be *One Standard*

STYLE KNOX HATS *SERVICE*

are made with the same care today that distinguished them before the War. Knox Standard is *the* Standard. It has not only been Created, it has been Maintained. ¶ You accept a Knox Hat with the same feeling of Value assured that comes with a U. S. Gold Piece. ¶ Knox Hats symbolize *the* Best in Head-Gear. ¶ All Styles — Various Prices — One Standard

Address: Knox Hats, Planet Earth

FOR every million of "don'ts" in this land, more than nine hundred thousand are harmful, and fifty thousand more are useless and merely nagging. Nervous, overworked mothers, irritable, thoughtless fathers are forever plaguing and checking and discouraging their children with the eternal "don't." Don't get dirty, don't fall down, don't run, don't do this, and don't do that, don't, don't, don't—a string of don'ts that would reach almost to Jerusalem.

Fathers, have you ever noticed one particular kind of bad driver and the way he trots his horse? He has the whip in his hand: he is always touching the horse uselessly. And when the horse starts he pulls him back; and by and by he touches him again, then pulls him back again. You know how short a time it takes to spoil a horse in this fashion. Well, it is about the same with children. You can worry, intimidate, and deprive them of confidence in themselves with this eternal, clogging, tiresome "Don't."—Arthur Brisbane.

Sociology is the religious application of economics.

IF you will be yourself, defy conventions, walk over customs, preach new doctrines, go by short cuts, pay the price cheerfully, accept ridicule, calumny, brickbats, poverty, prison, with good nature A savior disappointed because men will not be saved by him, misreads the universe.—Hugh Penticost.

Remember to do your grumbling in a whisper. Save your megaphone for praises—it was invented to advertise good things, anyhow.

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Elbert Hubbard will give his New Lecture UNTAPPED RESERVOIRS as follows:

SPOKANE, WASH.—First Methodist Church, Monday evening, Sept. 27th, eight o'clock.

SEATTLE, WASH.—Arcade Hall, Arcade Block, on Thursday evening, Sept. 30th, eight o'clock. Seats on sale at Raymer's Old Book Store.

CORVALLIS, ORE.—Saturday evening, Oct. 2d., eight o'Clock.

SALEM, ORE.—Monday evening, Oct. 4th., eight o'Clock.

CINCINNATI, O.—Odeon Theater, Sunday evening, Oct. 31st, eight o'clock.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—The Propylaeum, Wednesday evening, Nov. 3rd, eight o'clock. Seats on sale at Bobbs-Merrill's.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Memorial Hall, Friday evening, Nov. 5th, eight o'clock. Seats on sale at Bollman Bros.' Music Store.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Studebaker Theater, Sunday afternoon, Nov. 14th, four o'clock. Seats on sale at Box Office.

NEW YORK CITY.—Cooper Union, Thursday evening, Nov. 18th, eight o'clock. Seats on sale at John Wanamaker's Book Store.

YOUNGSTOWN, O.—Elks Hall, Monday evening, Nov. 22d, eight o'clock.

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Lecture Hall, Carnegie Library Building, East End, Tuesday evening, Nov. 23rd, eight o'clock.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Witherspoon Hall, Thursday evening, Nov. 25th, eight o'clock. Seats on sale at John Wanamaker's.

BOSTON, MASS.—Chickering Hall, Thursday evening, Dec. 9th, eight o'clock. Seats on sale at Box Office.

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Five Dollars For Five Years Of Perfect Watch Service

The "Yankee" Watch proved at least two things for the Ingersolls:

First, it proved that there existed a great Army of Men who wanted a watch with a little more "Class" than a Dollar Watch; with all the lines and ear-marks of a too-expensive timekeeper, at a *Medium Price!* "Make us a Watch for Five or Ten Dollars, backed by an Ingersoll Guarantee," said they, "and we'll buy it."

Second, it proved that to turn out a Good Watch (a Watch so good that it would outlive its *Guarantee*), a Great Deal of attention and study must be given to the Economics of Manufacture.

So through all the years of "Yankee" effort, while reaching out for the Best for It, the Ingersolls evolved practical experience and much valuable data toward the making of the Ideal Timepiece at the Proper Price.

Within the last little time the dream of a decade has become a Reality. The Five-Dollar Watch is here.

In a New Factory at Trenton, New Jersey, fitted with the most modern and complete equipment, governed strictly by economic and business principles, and operated by the pick of all the Ingersoll workmen, is made the

Ingersoll-Trenton $5

The Best Seven-Jewel Watch $7&$9

One grade of movement only $5 in solid nickel case $7 in 10-yr. gold-filled case $9 in 20-yr. gold-filled case



The Dollar's Worth of Watch that you received in the "Yankee" has been magnified. In the "Ingersoll-Trenton" you get *Five Dollars' Worth—plus*



The Ingersoll-Trenton has stood the Ingersoll Test and we brand it a Perfect Timepiece—no more can be said. The Ingersoll Guarantee insures its Service for Five Years. With decent treatment it's good for Twenty.

DISPLAYED AND SOLD BY RESPONSIBLE JEWELERS

You can examine the "I-T" in your own town at any *reputable* jeweler's. You can compare it with all other watches and judge of its value. But insist on seeing it. It is new now and if not sold locally will be sent prepaid by us on receipt of price. The "I-T" Booklet, "How to Judge a Watch," free upon request

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., 333 Frankel Bldg., New York

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At the Bottom o' the Pile

Twenty-Five Assorted Philistines, One Dollar
Twenty-Five Little Journeys, One Dollar
ALL DIFFERENT

STUDENTS of Current Events, also Literary Aspirants, read THE PHILISTINE for Vibes, Vibrations and Volts; for style in diction; for unbiased, intelligent opinions on Things as Things. ¶ Many choice Articles have decorated THE PHILISTINE pages during the past ten years; Articles that attracted a following numbering into the hundred thousands; Articles that gained and earned the sanctified horror of Theological Tea-Drinkers. ¶ *The Philistine* was and is the Advance-Agent of Mental Emancipation. You hear the Voice of Freedom in *The Philistine.* TWENTY-FIVE PHILISTINES ARE A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

The Good Stuff is Perennial

LITTLE JOURNEYS deal with the Great and the Near-Great of History. They tell, in a friendly, confidential way, the hopes and fears, the achievements and the disappointments, the joys and the sorrows of the World's Elect. A life is a wonderful thing, believes the Fra, and not a single scene in the panorama is without its use. ¶ Though preserving identities, he introduces a flesh-and-blood man, whose struggles are your struggles, and whose attainments are your attainments. You meet the Genius on a Basis of Equality. ¶ 'T is easy to tear down, to destroy, to muck-rake — Hubbard upbuilds. ¶ SEND THE DOLLAR TODAY

THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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THE "INN" originally was the Shop, you know, and where now the Hyson brews our early printers once kicked the Gordon and the cat. ¶ People in Maine and California, in Alaska and Patagonia, know all about the "Inn." Many of them have visited us here, and those who have are coming again. ¶ The "Inn" is neither a Hotel, a Tavern, a Boarding-Bizarre, a Summer Resort, a Sanitarium, a Cafe, a Lodging-House nor a Dairy Lunch. It 's merely a place where you "forget it" and act Natural. ¶ Here are some four hundred feet of Peristyle, an Open Library of six thousand volumes, an Art Salon, and Out-of-door Sleeping-Apartments, the whole furnished throughout with hand-carved chattels; likewise the Wood-pile, the Farm and the Open Road

The Roycroft Inn

being situate in East Aurora, Erie County, New York, thereupon and adjacent to the premises of the Roycroft Shops. At this American-Plan Hostel, rooms are two dollars per day, with variations *a tempo*. No extra charge for communing with Famous Guests and filching their autographs and their Ideas Really a most pleasant place to spend a little while any time this year—or next.

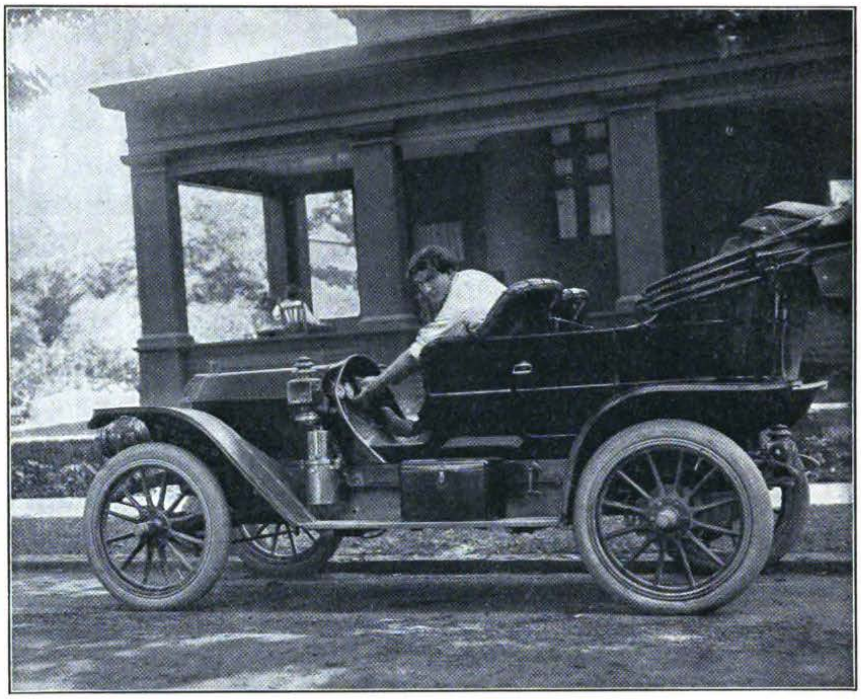
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THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA, ERIE CO., NEW YORK

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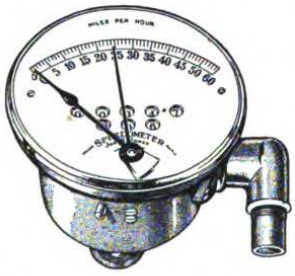


BERT HUBBARD SAYS:

"I Keep Within the Speed Limit

or not as the case may be, but no one may ever charge me with Uncertainty when I look a JONES in the face."

Jones Speedometer



The JONES is THE Speedometer which made the speedometer business. ¶ It 's the Pioneer, with Ten Years of "knowing how" to back it. ¶ UNFAILING RELIABILITY is the rock upon which the JONES reputation stands. ¶ ABSOLUTE ACCURACY—"Accurate to a whisper"—is responsible for its preference by ALL motorists who want to KNOW how fast and how far they are traveling. ¶ When you consider the nicety and care with which the JONES is constructed—when you realize the proven excellence of its principle—you then know why there are FOUR Jones Speedometers in actual use to ONE of any other make.

Jones Speedometer Dept., United Mfgrs., Inc.

BROADWAY AND SEVENTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK

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LITTLE JOURNEYS

WHAT would you not give to have a "Speaking Acquaintance" with all the Great Men of History? Oftentimes people will discuss in your presence some wise or warlike person of whom you have never heard—to your great embarrassment ❧ Elbert Hubbard's *Little Journeys* are written for the busy man—and woman, too—who enjoys a half-hour in the very home of his favorite: where facts and fancy blend in perfect harmony ❧ Another point, *The Little Journeys* interest as well as educate ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Coleridge	Fenelon and	Pythagoras
Addison	Madame Guyon	King Alfred
Disraeli	Lassalle and	Froebel
Chopin	Von Donniges	Washington
Mendelssohn	John Wesley	Arnold
Whistler	Henry George	Erasmus
Pericles	Richard Cobden	Hypatia
Mark Antony	Thomas Paine	St. Benedict
Savonarola	John Knox	Mary Baker Eddy
Godwin and	John Bright	Robert Owen
Wollstonecraft	Bradlaugh	James Oliver
Petrarch and	Theodore Parker	Stephen Girard
Laura	Oliver Cromwell	M. A. Rothschild
Rossetti and	Anne Hutchinson	Philip D. Armour
Siddal	J. J. Rousseau	John Jacob Astor
Balzac and	Moses	Peter Cooper
Madame Hanska	Confucius	Andrew Carnegie

ONE FOR TEN CENTS—TEN FOR ONE DOLLAR

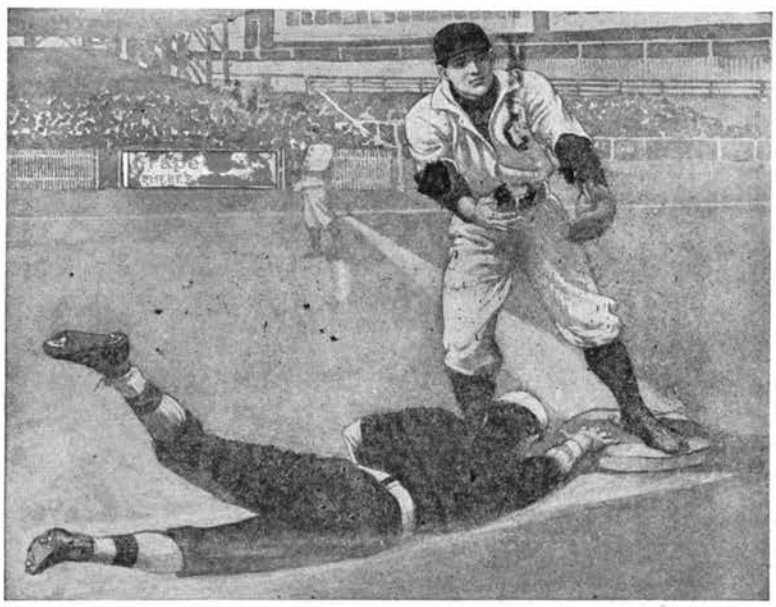
THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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Ball-Players

Need Snap and Judgment

Grape-Nuts

Food

May be found on the tables at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Ann Arbor, West Point, etc., and wherever brain and brawn are essential—

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

THE most prominent preacher in New York has, in a recent sermon, referred at length to the "Roycroft Religion." His definition of Roycroftism was not especially complimentary, but it was meant to be fair. In two respects, at least, the reverend gentleman was right: Roycroftism is here, and it is slowly but surely increasing in influence.

Roycroftism does not claim to be a religion—it is a system of life. This system, plan, method or habit does not seek to separate religion from work, or literature from life, or art from play, any more than it would separate love from sociology, or ethics from finance. It does not desire to destroy the religious emotions or impulses, but it would, if it could, destroy religious institutionalism. To devote one's life to religious emotion is as bad as to devote one's life to sexual emotion. When men forsake the world of work in order to focus on religion they become deformed, and sometimes perverted. Such men can never be trustworthy pilots on life's troubled sea. We want balanced men—sane men who know humanity and who are familiar with the world of work. We want health now, not happiness after death—wealth here, rather than a promise of it hereafter. ¶Postponements are always suspicious. If you would know the kernel of Roycroftism, this new "Religious Movement," you'll find it in "Health and Wealth," a book by Elbert Hubbard. It is issued by The Roycrofters, from their Shop, which is in East Aurora, New York. The price of "Health and Wealth" is Two Dollars. Good Roycrofters can't get sick; they find it very difficult to be poor; and in order to be unhappy they have to take a lay-off.

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THE Church has taken in the past a sad position in regard to the influence of the theater. Some of the finest men I ever met have been actors. There is a rare and infectious loyalty and good fellowship existing among actors which it delights one to see. An actor as a rule has an affectionate, sympathetic nature which overlooks the evils of one's life and hopes and trusts for the best. This was the great characteristic of Saint Barnabas, whose belief in humanity overweighed all else, even past failure and neglect ✍ Phillips Brooks, too, won men to the Church by this great human sympathy. Some churches however, have always opposed the theater. I am glad the Catholic and Episcopal Churches believe in and uphold the theater. I refer, of course, to the theater at its best ✍ We are living in a critical age. Much that we once regarded as holy in our church-life must be thrown overboard, as, for instance, baptism by immersion and the belief that only those who join the Church and "experience an outward conversion" can be saved. All this has gone where it belongs—into the theological rubbish heap. —Rev. George Chalmers Richmond.

Use But Two-Thirds as Much



Please Note the Difference in Labels

One says "Leaf Lard." The other says "Leaf Brand."

Many housewives who think they get leaf lard never do, because of this sameness in labels.

They think a pail labeled "Leaf Brand" contains leaf lard. It never does.

Neither do pails labeled "Pure Lard."

The law won't let a label say "Leaf Lard" unless there is nothing but leaf lard in the pail.

So pails are labeled "Leaf Brand," which isn't saying "Leaf Lard."

The hope is that you are not clever or that you don't know the law.

Now that you know, get the lard you want. Buy a pail labeled "Armour's 'Simon Pure' Leaf Lard."

If you'll look for that label you'll always get leaf lard, and you'll get the results in your cooking that only leaf lard can effect.

You have never tasted such pastry as you can make with *real* leaf lard.

It is made from that flaky bit of fat that surrounds the hog's kidneys. There is only enough leaf fat to supply one-tenth of the people. Those who insist, get it all.

It is even better than butter because it doesn't cook so dry.

Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard

And you need use but two-thirds as much of it, so it's the most economical.

We make leaf lard in an open kettle just as it used to be made on the farm.

But we use open-jacketed kettles, and employ infinite skill.

Each pail is sealed under government inspection. You get this seal unbroken.

No other lard comes to the housewife with such a seal.

So you can *depend* on no other lard to the same extent.

Try Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard —*real* leaf lard. Learn what it means. You'll use it always.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

WHEN the times are ripe for breaking from the present and advancing towards the future, all hesitation is fatal. Rapid movement is the secret of all victories. When the edifice which has sheltered us for centuries threatens to fall, we should shake the dust from our feet and hasten elsewhere. Life is outside. —Mazzini.

✍

¶I am a friend of the toiler—and I would rather be his friend than be one.—Clarence Darrow.

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AN INVITATION

What are you doing this Fall, Friend? Have you a piece of work to finish, a book to write, some illustrations to draw, a course of study to complete, or are you just takin' it easy? Why not do it at Roycroft? ¶ We have a quiet, congenial Company here, a wood-fire in the Big Library, and a Sunset every Autumn afternoon ¶ A few musicians make the evenings tolerably pleasant and sometimes a little talk in the Chapel is mighty enjoyable. ¶ At Roycroft you are away from Grumpy, Garrulous Neighbors and Relatives who can't understand. Peace, Friends and Quiet Harmony await you in East Aurora

THE ROYCROFTERS

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THE FRA

A JOVRNAL OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. 3 SEPTEMBER No. 6

TRUE LIFE LIES IN LAUGHTER, LOVE AND WORK

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign, Two Dollars and Forty Cents

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, EAST AURORA, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

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THE OPEN ROAD

AFOOT WITH THE FRA

THERE was put forth on July Twenty-first at Cambridge, Massachusetts, the most important announcement made since Lincoln issued his Emancipation Proclamation.

I refer to the address of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, given before the Harvard Summer School of Divinity.

The importance of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation was on account of the man who put it forth, and the time at which it was issued. John Brown issued a like Proclamation, and got himself quickly hanged for his pains.

Brown's act was inopportune, and his name did not have sufficient gravity, anyway. The value of a thing depends quite as much upon who says it, as on the words themselves. ¶ Henry Ward Beecher proclaimed the divine right of negroes to freedom, again and again.

The business of Wendell Phillips was to do the same, and although he sounded his tocsin, only a few heard him on account of the noise. ¶ Theodore Parker proclaimed freedom to the men in bonds. His voice carried clear to Virginia, where he was indicted and a price was placed upon his head. He fled to Italy and died there in Eighteen Hundred Sixty.

Lincoln listened not to Greeley's advice, but waited many weary months for the psychologic moment to arrive before he gave forth his Proclamation. He waited until the North had achieved a victory. After the reek and riot, after the tumult and the shouting, there came a calm and then it was that he spoke. He spoke like the practised orator that he was: he did not

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speak until his audience had exhausted itself and was ready to listen.

Dr. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard, is the most conspicuous intellectual figure before the American people today. His position is one of singular dignity.

He resigned his office as active President of Harvard, not on suggestion, request or demand, but of his own free will. No word of reproach has ever been brought against him.

In his presence the quibbler has been quiet and the carper dumb.

Dr. Eliot has ever been alive and alert to the best interests of Society, but in expression he is the prince of diplomats. He has never laid himself open to the charge of being a crank. He is not erratic nor verbose. His appearances are as studied and as carefully timed as were those of Pericles. His utterances are thought out before they are delivered, not afterward.

Dr. Eliot represents high and sane conservatism in pedagogy, finance and the whole social order. He, of all men, knows that organization should precede dissolution. Upon his official toga is no smirch nor stain, nor upon his personal and private 'scutcheon is there a blot. ¶ A million intellectuals in America look to him for guidance. For them he keys the Cosmic Symphony.

Dr. Eliot has always been a conservative in the sense that he has conserved everything which is valuable, never tearing down the scaffolding as long as it was needed. He represents the established order. He keeps step with the procession—in the front rank—but never ahead of it. He is a mouthpiece, not for the bourgeois or the proletariat, but for the many thousand who are teaching the young bourgeois close marksmanship.

He is a teacher of teachers.

His social and intellectual position is secure and unassailable

The Trustees of Harvard University refused to accept Dr. Eliot's resignation, excepting as working manager, so he is now President Emeritus by official appointment.

The President of the United States desired to send Dr. Eliot to the Court of St. James, feeling that no man in America could so well honor the position, but Dr. Eliot declined, giving his poverty as one of the reasons why he could not accept.

Then come forward alumni of Harvard and make up a purse of five hundred thousand dollars and present this money to their beloved President

Dr. Eliot is seventy-five years old, and declares he has no use for so much money. Finally, however, he is prevailed upon to accept it in order that he may be free to teach as the spirit moves, without thought of food, clothing and shelter

And this is the man that now speaks.

Dr. Eliot has always had a "genius for conduct," to use the phrase of Phillips Brooks. He has loyalty, devotion, personal disinterestedness, high emprise and a conscience as true as the magnetic needle. He has had the handling of millions for two score of years, yet you find him in his old age practically without funds, and living in a house to which he does not hold the deed

That such unflinching purity of purpose is a paying policy is shown by the gift of half a million dollars made to Dr. Eliot within a few weeks. I admit that the argument could be made that virtue is not sure to bring its own reward, since no one in America but Dr. Eliot has ever tried it on so high a plane, and his case might prove exceptional.

This much, though, can be said: his experience need not discourage us. The position of Dr. Eliot is commanding. He is popular—he is respected—and by those who have the good fortune to know him closely, he is beloved.

So much for the man.

As for the audience to whom he delivered his pronunciamento, it was, please bear in mind, a Divinity School made up of preachers, old and young, representing various Protestant denominations—that is, a school conducted for the study of Theology. ¶This school was founded in Sixteen Hundred Thirty-six, and its business and intent has always been to prepare men to go out into the world and explain the Supernatural

The students of a Divinity School are supposed to know the plans and purposes of Deity, and to make these plans and purposes plain to the people is their profession.

To this end they have "a call."

And now comes a man who has been at the head of Harvard College for just forty years, and explains to the students of this Divinity School that its teaching of the Supernatural has been founded on a fallacy, and that God is the Great Unconscious, working toward the Conscious, with man as His chiefest instrument

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Moreover, man should be the highest object of man's solicitude, and not God; since, if anything is divine, it is man. God does not so much need man, as man needs man.

The value of Dr. Eliot's Proclamation means this, that from now on you can be intellectually free if you choose to be, and yet be acceptable in the Best Society. Heretofore, the free-thinker has been tabu. He has been pigeon-holed with the Ebrew Jew, as one who deliberately rejected "the Savior."

Charles Bradlaugh fought the House of Commons for nine years, and was forcibly ejected from that body, because he refused to take the prescribed oath of office and swear by things which have no existence outside of the brain of one who believes in witches and the benign influence of black cats.

Now, however, the affirmation of a man who does not believe in the "Holy Evangel" is just as valuable as the oath of one who does. Also, since Dr. Eliot's Edict we can invite such a one to our Four-o'clock without being socially smirched.

So here then is printed the principal points in the Proclamation by Dr. Eliot. The title of the address is "The New Religion."

THE New Religion will not be based upon authority. The future generation is ready to be led, not driven.

In the New Religion there will be no personification of natural objects, there will be no deification of remarkable human beings, and the faith will not be racial or tribal.

The New Religion will not teach that character can be changed quickly; it will admit neither a sudden conversion in this world nor a sudden paradise in the next.

The Christian Church has substituted for human sacrifices the burning of incense. The New Religion will get rid of these things, for they give a wrong conception of God.

The New Religion will not think of God as a large and glorified man, or a king, or a patriarch. It will not deal chiefly with sorrow and death, but with joy and life. It will believe in no malignant powers.

God will be so imminent that no intermediary will be needed. For every man, God will be a multiplication of infinities. This religion rejects the idea that man is an alien or fallen being who is hopelessly wicked.

It will be a religion of "All Saints." It will respect all lovely human beings. It will have no place for obscure dogmas or mystery. It will include and comprehend all persons of good will, for, after all, they alone are civilized.

In past times, to the sick and downtrodden, death has been held out as compensation. The New Religion will not make such promises. In the New Religion there will be no supernatural element; it will place no reliance on anything but the laws of nature.

It will admit no sacraments, except natural, hallowed customs, and it will deal with natural interpretations of such rites. Its priests will strive to improve social and industrial conditions. The New Religion will not attempt to reconcile people to present ills by the promise of future compensations. The advent of just freedom for mankind has been delayed for centuries by such promises.

Prevention will be the watchword of the New Religion. It can not supply consolation as offered by old religions, but it will reduce the need of consolation.

Pain formerly was considered a just punishment, but now human suffering will be attacked surely and quickly. The New Religion will not even imagine the justice of God.

Based on the two great commandments of loving God and one's neighbor, the New Religion will teach that he is best who loves best and serves best, and the greatest service will be to increase the stock of good will.

One of the greatest evils of today is that people work with hearts full of ill will to the work and the employer.

The New Religion will foster the new virtue—the love of truth. The true end of all religions and philosophy is to teach man to serve his fellow man, and this religion will do this increasingly. It will not be bound by dogmas or creeds; its workings will be simple, but its field limitless. Its discipline will be the training in the development of co-operation, kindness and good will.

IN Eighteen Hundred Forty, Ralph Waldo Emerson, an alumnus of Harvard Divinity School, gave an address before this same institution, in which he very mildly expressed a few of the thoughts now so frankly put forth by Dr. Eliot. For his temerity, all Harvard visited upon Emerson its indignation. ¶ Twenty-eight years went by before the author of Self-Reliance was again invited to enter Harvard Yard.

The thoughts expressed by President Eliot are those of avowed and open Rationalism. And his prophecy that the religion of the future must be a religion of this world is fast coming true. Dr. Eliot is not a prophet, he merely announces that which is at hand. He issues to his student body, to his teachers and professors, and to the vast Harvard Alumni, a Proc-

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lamation to the effect that henceforth they may be mentally free.

This does not make them free, because freedom is not a gift, it is an achievement.

Dr. Eliot merely supplies the opportunity to be rational and yet be respectable.

Robert Ingersoll once said to the Rev. Minot Savage, "You should be grateful to me, for my radicalism has made yours respectable."

Every item in the creed of what Dr. Eliot calls "The New Religion," I have been proclaiming for twenty-five years. Many of the people who now accept Dr. Eliot's New Religion have dented my shield, and on my corduroys are the stains of their rheum. Across my nose is the mark of Torrigiano's hammer.

I have been a scout of civilization—and I have been on the picket-line. The main army has often mistaken me for the enemy. But now the main column has come up, Dr. Eliot riding ten paces to the front. And at the head of his Legion he reads the address which I have been twenty-five years in preparing.

Do I then say that Dr. Eliot has been taught at the feet of a farmer in East Aurora?

Not at all, although he reads the Warm Stuff. He probably believed twenty years ago all that he now states. The truths that Dr. Eliot now expresses, and which I have been trying to express by my pen, on the public platform, and in my life, were first uttered by Pythagoras six hundred years before Christ; by Socrates; by Jesus of Nazareth; by Seneca the Aristocrat; by Epictetus the Slave; by Marcus Aurelius the Roman Emperor; by Hypatia the first Martyr to the New Thought—torn limb from limb in a Christian Church; in degree by Cassiodorus, by St. Benedict, and Francis of Assisi; by Bruno and Galileo; by David Hume; by Thomas Paine, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson; by Voltaire and Jean Jacques Rousseau; by that courier of civilization, Robert G. Ingersoll.

All these stood for the grandeur of the human intellect, and the sweet reasonableness of allowing men to use their brains. And against them, the Church, the Army and the State were in league. For them the hemlock was brewed, the cross erected, the scaffold built; dungeons, fetters, gyves, hunger, disgrace, were their portion, and for them the fagot-fires lighted the heavens

The few who escaped torture did so only by veiling their thoughts and saying things in a language which the many could not understand. All this down to the days of Robert Ingersoll, who sacrificed nothing but the Governorship of Illinois

So to conclude: The marvel is not in what Dr. Eliot says, but in the fact that he says it, and that the people listen without resentment—millions of them having themselves come to the same conclusions.

As for the rest, if they still hug to their hearts a savage fetich, a legacy from the brutal and bloody past, they have the privilege, but they can not longer apply to us the cheerful thumb-screw if we fail to do goose-step when their theological bagpipe plays.

When Lincoln issued his Emancipation Proclamation, only one per cent of the colored population could read or write. Now, fifty-eight per cent can read and write. But not all colored people are yet free. Many are in bonds to ignorance, superstition, laziness, brute appetites and incompetence.

In these respects the colored contingent is just like the white population. In other words, the colored brother is a black, yellow or liver-colored imitation of a white man.

Dr. Eliot's Proclamation is a right brave and manly document. The time was ripe for its issuance; for freedom stands a-tiptoe, like jocund day, upon the mountain-top. Will we as a people receive her?

From the time of Balaam, every ass that is asked to progress has seen the supernatural blocking its pathway.



THE futility of the "Higher Education" is shown in that the supremely great orators, writers, poets, musicians, inventors, artists and scientists have not been college graduates—save in a few such cases as, say, Darwin, who said, "I owe nothing to my Alma Mater save the stimulus derived from her disapproval." The colleges produce a fine mediocrity. The trail-makers, like Shakespeare, Columbus, Michelangelo, Humboldt, Benjamin Franklin, Rodin, Herbert Spencer, Robert Burns, Robert Owen, Richard Wagner, Abraham Lincoln, or Robert Ingersoll, were never subjected to the smothering influences of the University.

The influence of the Super-Cad, as you find him

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embodied in the average college professor, does not tend to evolve the Super-Man.

In great art there is always one element which no scheme or plan has ever been able to evolve, much less foster, and this is the element of imagination. Indeed, most of our teaching has tended to kill imagination.

Froebel, whose offense was that he never had a university training, was the first man who endeavored to work out a scheme for developing the imagination. Until we realize that manual training is essentially mental training, the Super-Man will be one of the accidents of Pedagogy

Here is a list of the animals that Tudor Hercules Roosevelt has already killed, according to Saint Ambrose Bierce, who is simply fierce: One Flabbergaster; four Jeewhillakers; ten Civis Undesirabilis; one ring-tailed Mollycoddle: two standard Oleo-Octopi; one Rebatorius Railroadum



R. FRANCIS J. HENEY is an Assistant United States Prosecuting Attorney.

He is a forceful, resourceful, earnest, sincere and honest man.

In April, Nineteen Hundred Eight, while prosecuting one Abe Ruef in San Francisco, there was drawn upon the jury a man by the name of Haas

Haas begged to be let off, but the man who does not wish to be on a jury is the very one who is wanted Haas was a clean-looking, fairly intelligent man—a hotel-proprietor. He has been described in the newspapers as a "saloon-keeper," which is misleading, although in one sense it is true, since there was a bar in his hostelry, just as there is in most other hotels in California. ¶ So Mr. Heney questioned Haas at length and insisted that he should serve. The defense accepted him.

Haas took a place in the jury-box, and the difficult work of securing a jury to try the alleged arch-grafter continued.

In the morning of the second day after Haas had been accepted, Heney approached the jury-box and handed Haas a photograph There was an interval of silence, and Heney in a hoarse and wrathful voice shouted, "Is that a photograph of you?"

Haas turned scarlet, hesitated and stammered. ¶ Again came the question in a still more savage tone, "Is that your photograph?" "Yes," gasped Haas.

The lawyer snatched the photograph from his hands and roared, "Stand up!"

Haas stood up.

Heney passed the picture up to the judge. ¶ It was the photograph of a man in prison stripes, and on the back was a record of his sentence to San Quentin It was evident that the picture was a part of the prison records

"An ex-convict—a convicted felon," cried Heney, pointing his long, bony forefinger at the trembling man.

Haas tried to explain. It was true that he had served a year in prison for embezzlement, but he had been pardoned by the Governor.

"Why didn't you tell who you were?" demanded Heney.

"It was twenty years ago—" pleaded Haas. "I was only a boy then—I am married now and I have four children—I thought no one knew of this—why should I tell of that which I was trying to forget?"

"He is an ex-convict—a convicted felon," shouted Heney.

The judge here quietly explained that a man who had been pardoned for an offense was not legally incapacitated from serving on a jury, even though he had done time.

"He is an ex-convict and he is a Jew, and this defendant Ruef is a Jew," insisted Heney in dramatic tones.

The judge looked at the attorneys for the defense. One of them arose and said, "Your Honor, after this man had been accepted, a quiet explanation would have been sufficient to excuse him. We do not insist that he shall serve."

The judge replied, "This is all most regrettable—a whispered word from you, Mr. Heney, to me would have saved all this!"

The picture by this time was circulating and fell into the hands of an enterprising reporter, who took the photograph, tiptoed out and made a bee-line for his office. In half an hour the newsboys were crying, "Extry! Extry!"

The judge turned to Haas and said, "You are excused."

Haas burst into tears and left the court-room

An old court-crier had remembered Haas

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and given Heney the clue, of which he had made such terrible use.

Heney's endeavor was, of course, to show that the defense had smuggled into the jury-box a man who was a Jew and a convicted felon. There was not a particle of evidence to show that the defense knew Haas ❧ In fact the defense might have claimed that Heney got the man on the jury, only to explode the incident in a pyrotechnic style and create a prejudice against the prisoner at bar.

SEVEN months went by, and Ruef was again being tried.

Haas sat among the spectators unnoticed ❧ There came a recess ❧ The lawyers were sitting around in the space before the judge's bench, chatting quietly. Haas moved forward from his seat, slipped through the little swinging gate, one hand in his overcoat pocket, the other carrying his hat. No one paid any attention to him. His appearance was not such as to excite suspicion—he looked like a lawyer.

Haas stepped up to Heney and, drawing a revolver, pushed the muzzle of the weapon against Heney's face and fired.

Haas then tried to turn the weapon upon himself, but was overpowered.

Heney lay weltering in his blood there on the floor of the court-room, shot through the head ❧ ❧

"He disgraced me before the world—he ruined my business—he exposed me to my wife, my children, my neighbors!" cried Haas.

The prisoner was removed to the jail.

The next day he sent a bullet through his brain with a derringer, slipped into his hands by his faithful wife.

When Heney took advantage of his official position to drag into the light an unfortunate offense for which the man had atoned, he invited the bullet that so nearly found his brain. ¶ To affront the fallen is horrible

To insult the defenseless is unforgivable.

Had Haas been a witness, and if it had been necessary to impeach his testimony, Heney then might have been justified in holding his record up to the light ❧ As it was, Heney resorted to the cheap trick of "springing a surprise," in order to disconcert, annoy and if possible prejudice the case of the defense. ¶ A lawyer is supposed to be an attache of the court, and his business is to assist the judge and jury in arriving at the truth ❧ But when he stoops to a subterfuge and does not hesitate to irreparably injure a man who is not on trial, he does a despicable and unworthy thing which pollutes his entire profession ❧ ❧

The business of the law is not to blast, blight and destroy, but to conserve and protect ❧ The strong arm of the law is supposed to be thrown around the defenseless.

Heney went out of his way to injure an innocent man—to sacrifice him for the sake of a personal advantage.

And yet Heney had a legal right to expose Haas, and Haas had no legal or moral right to retaliate. The act of Haas was inexcusable. But the man was not wholly bad, otherwise his reason would not have reeled and his mind tottered under Heney's insults.

The business of man is to suffer injustice and forget. Especially has it been the business of the Jew to accept slight, insult, contumely and ignominy as his portion. The Jews should be used to it by this time.

Heney hates wrong more than he loves right. He has the defect of his qualities. He is so honest that he would break the hearts of men in the interests of morality. He walks so straight that he leans back. He does not know that virtue carried to an extreme is vice. He should read Ecclesiastes and note how Koheleth cautions us thus, "Be not righteous overmuch."

Heney is a fighter—he is a gun-man. Before this, he had one notch cut in the butt of his revolver. Now he has two.

One man he killed in fair fight with a revolver; the other was done to his death by a murderous tongue. ¶ Haas is dead.

Heney still lives.

The wife of Haas also lives, and so do his four children and his father and mother.

❧

IT was a two-dollar-a-day hotel. The rooms with bath were three dollars a day. Laylander took a three-dollar room ❧ The water was shut off on account of repairs, and Laylander really shared his room with a plumber, a plumber's monkey, a boss plumber and the Business Agent of the Union. The landlord gave Laylander a rebate of fifty cents; and yet he kicked—kicked like a coryphee impersonating the Goddess of Liberty, with one foot on the earth and the other pointed toward the stars. Some folks are never satisfied.

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HAT is a Business Man? ¶Listen, Terese: A Business Man is one who gets the business and completes the transaction. ¶Bookkeepers, correspondents, system men, janitors, scrub-ladies, stenographers, electricians, elevator-boys, cash-girls, are all good people and necessary and worthy of sincere respect, but they are not Business Men, because they are on the side of expense and not income.

When H. H. Rogers coupled the coal-mines of West Virginia with tide-water, he proved himself a Business Man.

When James J. Hill created an Empire in the Northwest, he proved his right to the title.

The Business Man is a Salesman.

And no matter how great your invention, how sweet your song, how sublime your picture, how perfect your card-system, until you are able to convince the world that it needs the thing which you have to offer, and you get the money for it, you are not a Business Man.

The Business Man is one who supplies something great and good to the world, and collects from the world for the goods. Taffy, guff and oxaline are all excellent in their way, but they have the disadvantage of not being legal tender

With Torrey, Sunday, Chapman and Beiderwolf the Golden Rule is yet an experiment. Their object is to stampede the human herd, willy-nilly



HEN strong men want to do a thing they legalize it; and the things they do not want to do they place a penalty on. We do not refrain from doing a thing because it is against the law, but we pass a law against the thing which most of us refrain from doing

In England, during the reign of the barons, it was a crime for a lawyer to accept a fee. The lawyer was a clerk or interpreter for the court. His business was to assist the claimant in presenting his case to the judge in an expeditious and intelligible form, it having been discovered that most claimants were louts and lubbers with no definite idea as to what they wanted, or what they were entitled to. To save the time of the court, clerks were employed, called barristers, to examine each case and see if the man had any real grounds for grievance, and if he had, to help him explain it to the court.

A bar ran across the room to separate the claimants from the judge or judges, for the judge often called in friends to sit with him on the woolsack.

The late Irving Browne, in a paper called "The Curiosities of the Law," tells how at close of court the English Magistrate in the Twelfth Century ordered a portion of grog to be given to every person present, this being passed over the bar by the barristers, the desire being to send every one away happy, and to prove to all parties that the judge acted without prejudice.

It will thus be seen that the barroom and the bar of justice are nearly related. In fact, the first barroom was a court-room. When a young man was admitted to the bar, it meant that he could approach the bar and say things to the man who sat behind it.

The fact that the claimants were all tenants of the judge had perhaps something to do with his desire to placate and please; hence the pleasant practise of passing refreshments—unfortunately, now temporarily in abeyance.

At this early time, if a barrister tried to influence the court by holding back evidence or emphasizing certain facts to the exclusion of others, it was considered a misdemeanor. And for a barrister to take money from a claimant who was yammering at the bar for justice, was regarded exactly as we now regard a juryman who accepts a bribe.

The lawyer was simply assistant to the court, and his business was to lubricate the judicial wheels, so as to grind out that peculiar, unique and rare commodity—justice.

Finally, so many barristers were accused of accepting bribes or taking fees that it was arranged that each barrister should have a pocket on the back of his gown, a kind of portable poor-box between his shoulders where he could not reach it. So if a claimant (or client, the same thing) wished to drop something in the pocket, he could; but as the barrister was not supposed to know anything about this until court adjourned and he had removed his gown, his services could not be said to be prostituted for hire

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In English courts, where barristers yet wear gowns, this pocket, in rudimentary form, still exists, like the buttons on the back of a man's coat that were once needed to support his sword-belt, or the buttons on his sleeves that were required to hold his gauntlets secure.

Things we can't help we legalize; and so did the lawyers itch for fees, that finally in despair the English courts said, "Clients are as bad as barristers, as they usually want something for nothing, and so as a matter of justice a client's punishment can safely be left to his own attorney." ¶ And so now the business of the lawyer is to trim the client properly, and to bamboozle the judge, at the same time. But this must be done deftly, for the fiction still prevails that the lawyer is filled with a holy zeal to make the matter clear to the court and arrive at the truth. But every judge, unofficially, understands that the work of the lawyer is to hoodwink the court, for the judges are now selected from among the lawyers, whereas once it was thought that no barrister had brains enough to be a judge, he being merely a servant to a great man. ¶ The business of the judge is now to administer law; with the dispensation of justice he really has nothing to do. The only place you can get pure justice is in the court of a truly rural Justice of the Peace, who usually being ignorant of law arrives at justice by the right oblique, thus giving the higher courts work in undoing his crudities.

IMMORTALITY IS RESERVED ALONE FOR THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN DESPISED AND REJECTED OF MEN

As a sop to the agrarians, in the Appellate Courts we now, in most states, have two or more farmers sit with the Chief Judge, the idea being that their ignorance of law is an aid and help to the court in meting out truth and right

About the first of the Fourteenth Century, it was found that lawyers sometimes stirred up strife or set men on to bring suit against others without cause. To stop this a law against "barretry" was passed—barretry being the offense of persecuting through prosecution; that is, using the instrument of law for annoying and groundless suits. Barretry still continues, but as it is a condition of mind and not an entity, it is difficult to prove its presence. In a book called "Wolfville Days," I see that barretry has been stopped in the Far West at times by the use of the lariat. In most courts, however, barretry has been bundled into the rag-bag of disuse, along with blasphemy, sedition and contravention, the idea being that the lawyer who commits barretry needs the money

Constructively, the King in England is the one judge and magistrate—he it is who tries every cause and administers justice. But as it is impossible for him personally to be in several places at one time, he appoints judges to act for him. ¶ In America we substitute the word "People" for "King"; but here, as in England, the legal fiction still obtains that lawyers are men who assist the judge in arriving at truth.

In England and America, every citizen with a grievance has the legal right to prosecute or defend his own case before the courts. If he can not do this in an intelligible manner, the judge, as in the Age of the Barons, will tell him he must have the services of a lawyer. Now, if the man has come into court of his own accord, he can go and hire a lawyer, or else it's "back to the woods." If he has been brought into court against his will, and has no money to hire a barrister, the court is obliged to name a lawyer to assist him, exactly as in olden times. I state the fact for the benefit of any of my friends who may be brought before a Sunrise Court.

"The idea of justice, excepting as a legal fiction," says that eminent lawyer, Clarence Darrow, "has been long abandoned by people of intelligence. We do the thing we want to do, if not thwarted by our neighbors, and hire men to get the courts to help us. A lawyer's business is to evade the law, quite as much as to comply with it."

Thus, by befogging judge and jury, and reading into the law new interpretations, are we arriving at peaceful anarchy by indirection The danger of this process lies in the fact that while judges are not for sale, lawyers certainly are. Just note how the late Judge Parker convinced an honorable court that an election was not held to ascertain the will of the people! I forget the reasons, but the judge was convinced, all right, all right.

And so you see how the will of the many is yet at times overridden; the idea of the judiciary being that the Common People, as in the Mid-

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dle Ages, have no rights, merely privileges graciously vouchsafed to them by our law-makers. The "Rule of the People" is as yet a legal fiction, pleasing of course, but as rudimentary as that pocket on the back of an English barrister, you know.

Independence in men or nations is an achievement, not a bequest.



ANSAS—a land of smiling sunshine, of winding streams, and waving corn, and happy homes, where you have but to tickle the soil to make it laugh a harvest;

¶ A land dotted with schoolhouses, and growing towns and villages that call themselves "cities"—this by divine right, for they have the prophetic outlook and tomorrow will be what they today think they are;

A land of sensitive souls, where nothing is good enough, but must be better, where nothing ever is, but all things are becoming;

A land of ideas and ideals and themes and white-light thought, caused by ozone in excess and Kosmic Kilowatts to spare;

A land so rich in wealth that one should reach it direct from Massachusetts in order to know by contrast its marvelous possibilities;

A land of pigs given to adipose, of sleek cattle, of strong horses, of handsome women, of bouncing babies, of homely, rugged men with individuality plus, who feel deeply and write vividly—say men like William Allen White, Ewing Herbert, Ed Howe and Walt Mason—men who dip their pens in honey or gall or muriatic acid, whichever is handiest;

A land whose hens lay lavishly and cackle in proportion, where mules gambol on the green and are not ashamed of their pedigree;

A land where no one dies except through accident or overeating—the geographical center of the United States, the center of the Thought Zone;

Generous, live, alert, happy, prosperous Kansas—where I once left my pocketbook under my pillow in an Atchison Hotel, and did not miss it until I got on board the train, when I asked the first man I met—a stranger—to loan me five dollars—"Make it ten," said he, and handed me out a sawbuck with the gratuitous advice, "If there is any change get your hair cut;"

¶ A land whose finest products are its young men and women, with their superb physical health, their proud ambition, their high appreciation, their capacity for useful work and their right intent;

A land where there is so much that is noble and pure and true and beautiful and good that if male Kansans occasionally lapse, God in love and pity engages Gabriel in conversation, points to the Pleiades, looks the other way and forgets it; happy, prosperous, smiling Kansas!

For the first time in the history of the world, it is the general feeling that free speech is a good thing, and that the masses can safely be trusted with it.



AITH in your own opinions is a good thing, but—

Were you ever absolutely certain of the result of an election—prophesying a tidal wave for "our party"—honestly advising your friends to put up all their loose change, and then the next morning awake to know that your basis for belief was built on East Wind?

Did you ever size up a young fellow who wanted work, or who was in your employ, and foretell that there was nothing in him, that he would always be a counter-jumper, and then in a few years have to eat your words?

Did you ever go to a horse-race and lay your money on Sure Thing and never see the hard-earned again?

Were you ever an editor, and turn down a Manuscript as rot, rubbish, drivel and diluted idiocy, and then see this same MS. published by your rival and accepted by the public, and the author whom you declared could n't write for shucks, setting you a pace you could not follow?

¶ Have you ever as a business man had a certain scheme presented and did you reject it as foolish and fanciful, and later behold it make a million dollars for your enemy?

Have you ever fought valiantly for a creed, or a platform, and then in a few years, conclude, of your own accord, that you were on the wrong track, and turn around and denounce the thing you once upheld?

Were you ever plaintiff in a lawsuit and on

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the case going to the jury, say with a chuckle, "The opposition has n't a leg upon which to stand," and a little later hear the foreman calmly remark, "We, the jury, find for the defendant?"

Well, if so, and you have thus learned to dilute faith in your own infallibility with a little doubt, you have not lived in vain.

Humanity enjoys more freedom today than ever before since the world began.

Roycroft Sunday School Lessons for Month of September

By Alice Hubbard

MICHELANGELO

Lesson LXVI—Sunday, September 5, 1909

She whom I love could not be called my king;
There is no lordship in equality.



MAN was not discovered until Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six," says an eminent writer of this time. "Before that everything was done for the glory of God ✍ Woman was not discovered until Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six."

Until Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six man had been the servant of God, and woman the servant of man. But when, in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, the typewriter came into use, woman began to serve herself. This was her start toward economic freedom. She bought a bicycle with her earnings, then went and came as she willed, not as she was allowed. Soon she evolved the woman's club, and her freedom in life began.

She dressed for her work, and worked. She put her shoulder to the locked doors of professions and business, and the locks creaked, cracked and opened.

But all along through the ages there have been women who have received a recognition that has kept alive a suspicion that there is a being called woman, more or less necessary, at least convenient for the joy of man. She has been called the inspirer of great deeds, she has been the subject of poetry and song, something to admire, love and blame. Woman has been supposed to be, not the doer of great deeds, but the instigator of them.

And forever and forever women are supposed to make up one vast, shining, white chorus, singing, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto man be the power and the glory and the honor of the deed, forever and ever. Amen."

Woman's work, whatever that may be, never has been considered as serious. It has been rated as second-class, or lower. Woman has had the standing of a minor always. Now she is almost twenty-one, and will celebrate the Birthday of her Majority sometime soon—possibly when she is twenty-one.

In the year Fourteen Hundred Eighty-nine there was born a woman who became famed for more than grace and beauty ✍ To be sure she had these charms, but she was appreciated most for her brain and ability to think. And she did think, far beyond the authority of the church of which she was a religious recluse part of the time. She was considered dangerous, and was placed under the surveillance of the Holy Office.

Vittoria Colonna was married at nineteen to the Marquis of Pescara, who became a famous general of the imperial forces, won the battle of Pavia and captured Francis I. Later he was accused of treachery and he died under the cloud of this accusation in Fifteen Hundred Twenty-five ✍ ✍

Vittoria Colonna was of the very noble house of the Colonna. Her father was Fabrizio Colonna, Grand Constable of Naples, and her mother Agnesina di Montefeltro, daughter of the Duke of Urbino. Vittoria was cosmopolitan for her time, and had traveled more than most men.

¶ She was an idealist, sensitive, beautiful in spirit, artistic in thought and expression.

When the Marquis died she held steadfastly to the idea of the royal, loyal and brave man who had been her dream in her youth. During the first months of her widowhood she spent much time in prayer and fasting, and entered a convent to mourn for her dead,—and for the illusions that life had shattered. She had not yet the courage to look facts squarely in the face and say, "I accept you. You are what you are, and if only understood would be more beautiful than I had even fancied you were. This man was human. Possibly his weaknesses and faults are more divine than my dreams of a perfect man. My life is mine, and I must use it for my highest development."

Vittoria Colonna was a widow at thirty-five.

¶ She had the best blood that was in Italy. She had brain, money, position, power, charm of manner, beauty. She had not known her husband well. Since their marriage he had been most of the time away, occupied by war and politics. He was so ambitious that he wanted power at any cost.

Vittoria could not share this man's life.

So she had a life of her own.

She had the advantage of the culture, the learning, of Italy.

As she knew the character of the men who controlled the Church, her soul longed for a purification such as the reformers preached—the purification for which Savonarola died. She identified herself with those whose lives were a

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rebuke to those who lived in the Vatican and the Monasteries of Italy.

Michelangelo knew Vittoria Colonna as a poet, as a scholar, as a reformer. Their love for Savonarola was a bond between them.

How or where they first met we do not know, but they were friends in Fifteen Hundred Thirty-eight, when Vittoria was forty-eight and Michelangelo sixty-three. Theirs was as sweet a friendship as man and woman can know.

Mutuality was the word; they were drawn together because they loved the same things. They had the same thoughts.

The friendship of David and Jonathan, of Castor and Pollux, must give place to the love that this man and woman had for each other. Ideal friendship lives best between man and woman ❧ ❧

Michelangelo and Vittoria Colonna each stimulated the other to do the best work. How better can love be used? It was a new life for them both that came with this love.

The Lady Marchioness was known throughout Italy as a woman of high ideals in life, religion and art, and she influenced the times for good. ¶ The mention of her name was a reproof to the so-called best society in that brutal and coarse age. She stood to all who knew her as the possible woman.

Michelangelo painted three wonderful pictures for Vittoria Colonna and she wrote sonnets to him. Then he wrote sonnets to her, thus reviving his love for verse-making. He could and did plan his work with her, and found ever an appreciative friend and a wise listener. He understood this woman, and she understood him ❧ ❧

Vittoria Colonna seems to have been the only woman who influenced Michelangelo's life in any way. There is no history of his having an amorous love at any time. He was a solitary man ❧ ❧

When the Marchioness died, aged fifty-seven, the Master wept and suffered deep sorrow. She felt the warmest affection for me and I not less for her. Death has robbed me of a great friend, wrote the aged man ❧ Here is one of the sonnets that he wrote of her:

When she who was the source of all my sighs
Fled from the world, herself, my straining sight,
Nature, who gave us that unique delight,
Was sunk in shame, and we had weeping eyes.
Yet shall not vauntful death enjoy the prize,
This sun of suns which then he veiled in night;
For Love hath triumphed, lifting up her light
On earth, and 'mid the saints in Paradise.

What though remorseless and impiteous doom
Deemed that the music of her deeds would die,
And that her splendour would be sunk in gloom?
The poet's page exalts her to the sky
With life more living in the lifeless tomb,
And Death translates her soul to reign on high.

❧

Lesson LXVII—Sunday, September 12, 1909

One who walks after another man never goes in front of him; and one who is not able to do well by his own wit, will not be able to profit by the works of others.



MICHELANGELO was the son of Signor Lodovico di Leonardo Buonarroti Simoni and Francesca, daughter of Veri di Miniato del Sera and Bonda Rucellai. ¶ He was born on Sunday "at eight of the night," March Sixth, Fourteen Hundred Seventy-four, and his full name as recorded at the church of San Giovanni at Caprese was Michelangelo do Lodovico di Leonardo Buonarroti Simoni.

Lodovico, at the time of Michelangelo's birth, was Mayor of Caprese, Tuscany, Italy, but at the expiration of his term of office he moved to the Villa of Settignano, about three miles from Florence, where he had a farm, inherited from his father. ¶ This place is rich in quarries, and in the year Fourteen Hundred Seventy-four many stonecutters and sculptors were working there.

The chisel and hammer were Michel's playthings, and he learned to cut stone as he learned to walk, both of which, tradition says, were done early in life.

Vasari says that the boy's father, perceiving somewhat of the divine nature of his child, named him Michel Agnolo, that is, Michel the Angel. Vasari, like Cellini and others, may have had the prophetic vision, just as that army of I-told-you-so's, prophesying after the history is made.

The Buonarroti family was not rich, and there were four children. The father apprenticed the boys when they grew to the proper age.

Michel, the second child, showed a decided desire to draw and paint and took every opportunity to work in form and color ❧ Lodovico thought the weaving of wool and silk a more profitable and honorable occupation than painting or sculpture, and he discouraged Michel in his drawings, even with beatings.

But Michel worked by stealth and found an ally in his young friend, Francesco Granacci, who had apprenticed himself with Domenico Ghirlandajo, painter.

The boy's will was stronger than his father's, and so Lodovico accepted the inevitable, and apprenticed Michel, at fourteen for three years

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to Domenico for a sum of money, making an income—not great enough, however, to interest the tax-gatherers.

In writing of this student period, the overzealous state that Michelangelo never did apprentice-work, that even the paintings he did at fourteen were the work of a master.

But still Vasari, who is superlative when he writes of Angelo, says somewhere that Minerva did not spring full grown from the head of Jupiter without some good, sharp blows from Vulcan's hammer.

Michelangelo was a genius, one of the few very great geniuses, but his was a genius for work first of all. He was a marvel of industry, a zealot for untiring labor. This coupled with his gift from the gods made him the Michel Agnolo the world knows.

Emerson says, "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinions; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the Great Man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude." Michelangelo worked in Florence in the center of Art, untrammeled by its fashions, precedents or criticisms. He learned his trades, and then he put his own individuality and personality into his work. He had many imitators, but he imitated no one.

IF artists have patron saints, Lorenzo the Magnificent should be their chiefest, for he was the power that made Florence an art center, and he left to all time the glory that he made possible. Lorenzo had constantly in his employ sculptors and painters, and hoped to found a good School of Painters and Sculptors. At the end of the Fifteenth Century, painting had taken precedence in popularity over sculpture, and Lorenzo wanted to give a new impulse to the latter

So, in the year Fourteen Hundred Eighty-nine, he told Domenico Ghirlandajo to send to his garden any youths whom he wished. The purpose was that they should study sculpture, and Lorenzo would provide for their progress. ¶ And Domenico sent among others Michelangelo and his friend, Francesco Granacci.

Here at the garden was another youth, Torrigiano by name. He was working on some figures in full relief. Michelangelo set to work at once to emulate Torrigiano and thus attracted the attention of Lorenzo, who encouraged him to such an extent that the boy took a piece of marble and began to copy the head of an old Faun, which was much injured.

Lorenzo was amazed and rejoiced at the result. He sent for Lodovico and asked him to entrust his genius-boy to him and said he would treat him as his own son.

Lorenzo took Michelangelo into his own house, to eat at his own table; this when the lad was but fifteen years old, and in this place of honor did he remain for four years—until the death of Lorenzo in Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two. The Duke also gave to Lodovico Buonarroti a public position because of his artist-son. At fifteen the boy had justified his name.

It was here that Torrigiano in a fit of jealous anger struck Angelo so fearful a blow that the nose was flattened to the face, so crushed that it never recovered For this the Duke banished Torrigiano from Florence.

During his stay with Lorenzo, Angelo was surely being educated. Here he met and talked with the greatest thinkers and workers of his time. Here he met Savonarola, who had a marked influence upon the religious thought of his entire life.

Angelo went to his father's house, when Lorenzo died, and tried to forget in sculpture his sorrow at the loss of his friend Politically, Florence was in revolution. The Medici family was tabu, and any one connected with it, unsafe. Angelo left the city and went first to Bologna, and then to Venice, where he studied and worked. After a year he returned, and from that time during his long life, his travels were the journeys between Florence and Rome. In these two cities he left the results of eighty-nine years of the life of a genius.

The tombs of the Medici at Florence would be monument enough for any sculptor; add to this the Moses and the David and you have a colossal work.

I have only too much of a wife in this art of mine. She has always kept me struggling on. My children will be the works I leave behind me. ¶ Even though they are worth naught, yet I shall live awhile in them. Woe to Lorenzo Ghiberti if he had not made the gates of S. Giovanni! His children and grandchildren have sold and squandered the substance that he left. The gates are still in their places.

Lesson LXVIII—Sunday, September 19, 1909

We see, but can not climb to clasp a star.
Too much good luck no less than misery may
kill a man condemned to mortal pain.



IT is not the Almighty alone who deals with chaos, and out of it must make a universe and worlds, to be peopled by those made in His own image.

Each one of us has a chaos. Out of this we select the materials from which we make all that is really ours. The chaos is alike for us all.

We are known as individuals by what we select from this mass and by the way we present it to others. ¶ Out in your garden, side by side, the lily dips its roots deep into the same soil as does the peony. The

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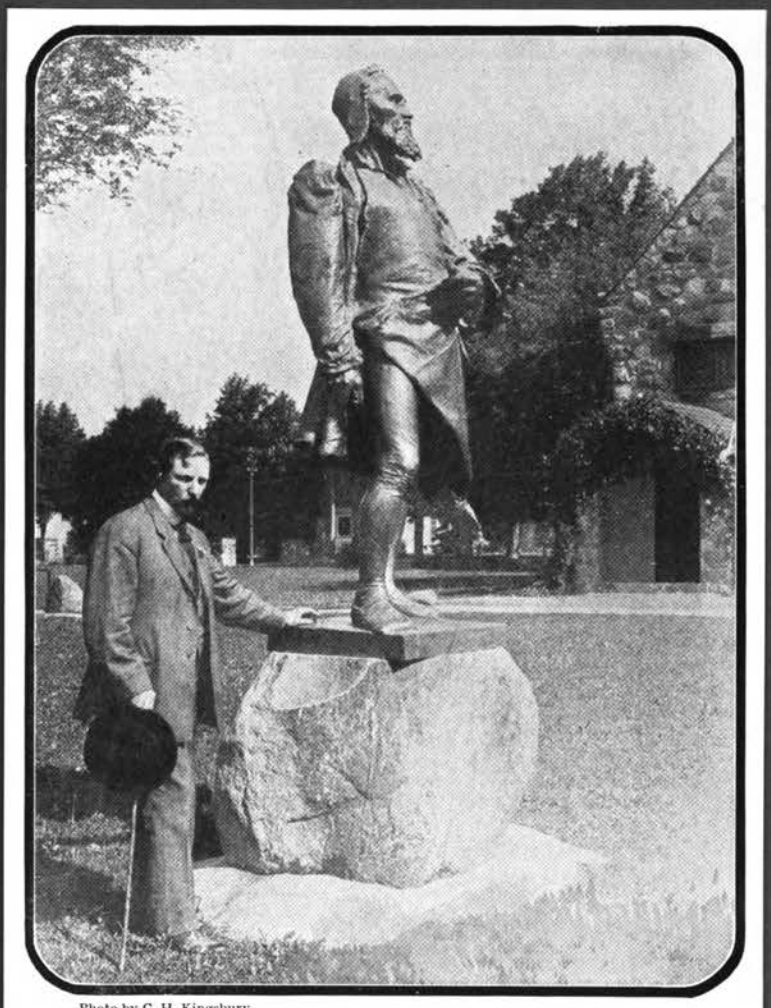


Photo by C. H. Kingsbury

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MEN WHO FIGHT WITH FOLKS OF LITTLE WORTH WIN NOTHING

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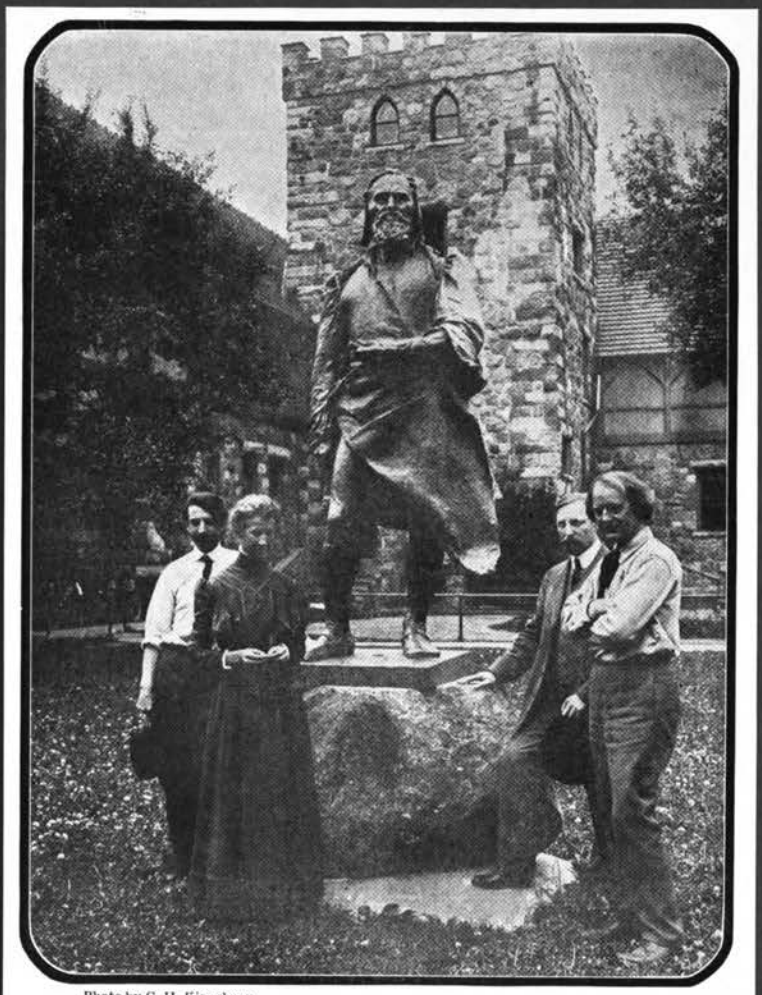


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ONE WHO WALKS
AFTER ANOTHER
NEVER GOES IN
FRONT OF HIM;
AND ONE WHO IS
NOT ABLE TO DO
WELL BY HIS OWN
WIT, WILL NOT BE
ABLE TO PROFIT
BY THE WORKS
OF OTHER MEN

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lily is the lily on account of what it selects from this soil. Texture, color, perfume, all come from that mystery which we may call the desire of the plant. The desire of the peony is to appropriate to itself from the earth its own individuality. On the peony's stalk a lily never bloomed

Michelangelo differed from all the artists and men of Florence and Rome—from all the world. They differed as one star differs from another in glory. He was always distinctively himself. Out of the chaos he selected the strong and the powerful, that which showed the native strength of men and things.

His cartoon of the bathers shows the strength of manhood manifested in every conceivable attitude and position of the body. The picture portrays the strength, ability and power of man—a perfect physical being.

He broke away from tradition and he became authority. He was greeted by that classic chorus, "We never did it that way before!"

¶ "Be sure you are right, then go ahead" is a beautiful Polonius saw. When you are sure you are right you do go ahead, and no power can stop you.

Critics did not influence Michelangelo's work except to accentuate his mannerisms and his peculiarities

He believed in himself and he believed in the divinity of his art.

Agnolo Doni, a Florentine citizen, wished the artist to make a picture for him. So Angelo painted "Our Lady" and the child with Joseph, and numerous undraped figures in the background

Vasari says that of all of Michelangelo's pictures this one is best. The artist knew he had done well and that his picture was of great value

He sent it to Agnolo Doni with a note demanding a payment of sixty ducats, or about one hundred fifty dollars.

Agnolo Doni sent the messenger back with forty ducats, saying that was enough, keeping the picture.

Michelangelo sent the messenger back with the forty ducats and demanded one hundred ducats or his picture.

Then the interested Doni offered the sixty first demanded

Back came the messenger from the great artist with a demand for one hundred forty ducats or the picture.

Citizen Doni sent the one hundred forty ducats. He was a wiser man.

Michelangelo lived during the reign of seven popes, working for each one of them, and no one doubted, not even their Holinesses, that a greater man was working for a lesser. Soliman, Emperor of the Turks, Francis, King of France, Emperor Charles Fifth, The Signoria of Venice, Duke Cosimo de Medici, all offered him whatever their power could bestow of honors and reward for his work. But he preferred to serve his own two cities, Florence, the city of his birth, Rome, the city of his work.

He knew the value of his time. Once he needed to confer with the Pope concerning a commission. The haughty groom of the chambers refused to admit the Master.

Tell His Holiness, said Angelo, when next he shall inquire for Michelangelo that he has gone elsewhere.

The Master returned to his home, told his servants to sell all his movables to the Jews and then to follow him to Florence

That very night the artist took post-horses and left Rome, nor did he stop until he was in Florentine territory, which meant safety.

Michelangelo knew what it meant to displease His Holiness, and he had said that he did not wish Rome to bury him before she did the Pope.

¶ In quick succession five couriers followed Angelo with letters from the Vatican ordering him to return to Rome. But no entreaty could induce him then to go.

After working three months in Florence, Michelangelo, to stop the importuning of His Holiness, met Pope Julius at Bologna and was received with all honors and kindness.

A Bishop, thinking to please the Pope, berated Angelo, calling him ignorant and worthless, whereupon the Pope fell upon the Bishop in a holy rage, beating him soundly with a stick, exclaiming, "'T is thou who art the ignoramus, with the impertinences thou art pouring forth, and which are such as we ourselves should not think of uttering," and with more blows the Bishop was driven from his presence. Angelo then knelt and received the blessing and also a commission for a statue in bronze, a portrait of the Pontiff himself.

When Angelo was painting "The Last Judgment" on the wall of the Chapel of Sixtus, Messer Biagio da Cesena was with Pope Paul on one of his visits there.

The picture was nearing completion, and Messer Biagio criticized the nude forms, as W. C. T. U. ladies should. He said that such pictures were better suited to a bathroom or roadside wine-shop than to the Chapel of a Pope

The Master listened but said no word. However, no sooner was Messer Biagio gone than Michelangelo drew into his picture from memory a portrait of his critic He placed him in Hell under the figure of Minos, with a great serpent wound around his limbs, standing in the midst of a troop of devils.

Messer Biagio prayed to the Pope, he entreated, he threatened Michelangelo, but to this day Biagio is still in Hell in company with snakes and devils and the nude forms as the Master placed them there four hundred years ago.

They say Michelangelo was hard to live with,

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hard to work for, unreasonable and harsh in many ways.

I have no doubt that this is all true.

Any man highly organized, keenly developed, knowing the value of time, longing to get the Great Work done, is hard to live with. Have you ever seen a thoroughbred hitched up with a dunghill? Neither was having a good time.

Michelangelo was hard to work for; he himself could never realize his ideals; how could common men?

And he was unreasonable. He dealt with unreasonable people in a cruel age and among wicked men.

Ask Cellini!

Ask Savonarola!

They say that Michelangelo had feet of clay ❧ I think he had. For those whose feet are not of clay are of a worse material.

"Wings are for angels, feet are for men." And unless men use their feet to walk the earth their heads can never pierce the clouds.

Above and beyond all criticisms is the fact that Michelangelo did for art more than any other man of his time. He left, beyond every man of any time, an inspiration to all people for all time ❧ ❧

This is monument enough.

Men who fight with folks of little worth win nothing ❧ ❧

❧

Lesson LXIX—Sunday, September 26, 1909

When that which is divine in us doth try
To shape a face, both brain and hand unite
To give, from a mere model frail and slight,
Life to the stone by Art's free energy.



THE age of Michelangelo! It was the time that Columbus turned the prow of his caravel to the west ❧ ❧

Unrest and discontent were general throughout the world. Martin Luther, John Calvin, John Knox and Savonarola were agitating the religious world. Explorers, inventors—the entire creative world was rousing from its comatose condition. The imagination was stimulated. Divine fire was brought to the earth. The east was all aglow

This was a time when the democrat met the autocrat face to face, and there was an internecine combat for first place. The pulse beat fast and the very air was full of thought.

At this period lived a writing man who was a working man and a man of affairs, Giorgio Vasari, who wrote the lives of seventy men, painters, sculptors and architects. He was born in Florence in Fifteen Hundred Eleven, was a pupil and friend of Michelangelo, and was present at his burial.

No one has written of this time as has Vasari in his Lives.

What an age, when seventy men with creative genius could be found in two cities!

The age of Michelangelo is the richest in art since the days of Phideas. It is a culmination of the art of all time, and by it Florence and Rome are glorified.

In this golden age lived Leonardo de Vinci, born in Florence in Fourteen Hundred Fifty-two, and he died in that city in Fifteen Hundred Nineteen.

There, also, was born Botticelli in Fourteen Hundred Forty-seven, and he died there in Fifteen Hundred Fifteen.

In the same year as Leonardo, Savonarola was born ❧ He died there in Fourteen Hundred Ninety-eight.

And on that fearful day when Savonarola gave his life for what was truth to him, Botticelli watched him at a distance, tempted to join him in his death.

There, also, was born that most fascinating autobiographer, Benvenuto Cellini, in the year Fifteen Hundred. And for seventy-one years this man had what might conservatively be called a career.

It was in Florence, too, that Andrea del Sarto was born in the year Fourteen Hundred Eighty-six ❧ ❧

Only a few miles away Raphael was born in Fourteen Hundred Eighty-three ❧ He died in Rome in Fifteen Hundred Twenty. In the year Fourteen Hundred Seventy-seven, at Cadore, was born Titian, who lived and worked for almost a century.

Read Vasari.

ONE great benefit of an autocrat to his country is that, in glorifying himself in works of art, he benefits the people willy-nilly. Democrats work directly for the people—are supposed to do so. The autocrat does so indirectly. The architecture, sculpture and paintings which the popes, dukes and kings have left to all time, have shown us that all things work together for the people.

The men who employed the artists of whom Vasari writes, patronized these men to glorify themselves. Popes and dukes died and were forgotten, but the palaces, churches, statues and paintings remain. Dukes and dynasties have passed away; the works of art remain and the artists live in our hearts and lives, made better by their influence.

Pope Julius believed that the Master could decorate the Chapel of the Sixtus so well that it would be a monument to himself ❧ Michelangelo's work justified the belief. But the monument was to Michelangelo ❧ All Italy went wild over it when after four years of awful labor the scaffolding was removed and the wonder of the ceiling was shown. Now all the world goes

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to Rome to see this chapel. ¶ In the same church is that marvelous product of drawing, grouping and color, "The Last Judgment," the despair of all painters of all time.

The story of St. Peter's at Rome would make a volume ✍ It would involve the history of the merging of the Pagan religion into the Christian, which latter is rooted in the religion of Moses. No cathedral on earth has united more interest and more art. See St. Peter's and die, has been the thought of holy pilgrims for many ages.

In the year Three Hundred Six, Constantine the Great built a magnificent basilica, rich and gorgeous in every way. For ten centuries it stood as the glory of Rome, then it began to fall into ruin ✍ ✍

Nicholas the Fifth, made pope in Fourteen Hundred Forty-seven, determined to rebuild the basilica, restoring all of its glory and adding to what it once had been. But on account of poor architects and divided interests, the work progressed slowly through the reign of the seven popes who followed him.

Julius the Second, in Fifteen Hundred Six, decided on an entirely new cathedral, and on the Eighteenth of April announced that Bramante was to be the architect. Bramante died and with him the hope of the people ✍ For forty-six years the work went on under indifferent direction. But when Pope Paul the Third appointed Michelangelo architect, all Italy said there would be the greatest cathedral in the world ✍ ✍

The idea was prevalent that a painter could also be a sculptor and a sculptor could be an architect. Angelo had excelled as painter and sculptor. At seventy-two he began the herculean labor of the cathedral. He would accept neither fee nor present, saying that he performed his office for the love of God. The Pope gave him entire control, not only of the building of St. Peter's, but also of the buildings connected with the Vatican.

For seventeen years Michelangelo was architect and builder, decorator, supervisor, and counselor for St. Peter's. He made a complete model of the dome. And all of the work done upon that building since has been influenced by this Master Mind.

When at last all his strength was gone and his energy spent, he passed out from this life. His wish was to be buried in his native city. Rome wanted the honor for herself.

By stealth the body was moved, the coffin rolled in a bale of merchandise and shipped to Florence. Loving hearts were in attendance for all Florence expected the body and did honor to their most renowned citizen.

The tomb is in the church of Santa Croce, the church of his ancestors. All the artists of Florence vied with one another to glorify him. ¶ Vasari was the architect for the tomb, and all the ceremonies were planned with skill and care. Sculptors, painters, orators, architects brought their best.

Michelangelo died a little before five o'clock on the afternoon of February Eighteenth, Fifteen Hundred Sixty-four.

We may well say of him what he wrote of the divine Dante:

From heaven his spirit came, and robed in clay,
The realms of justice and of mercy trod:
Then rose a living man to gaze on God,
That he might make the truth as clear as day.

✍

In the Desert

By C. H. Luther



GAUNT and ragged man stood at the edge of the Coconino Forest, peering out upon the desert. He was bareheaded, barefoot, unkempt. His limbs were scarred; his arm showed where a centipede had crawled. His cracked lips were drawn back in the horrible grimace that tells of hunger or thirst or both.

Beneath him lay that part of the great Painted Desert known to the Spaniards as Mesa de Malpais—a terribly significant name! ✍ ✍

IT is an immense basin, roughly circular, confined by sterile mountains; in the whole expanse not grazing enough for a single horse; no running water,—only bitter pools, or faint trickles deep hidden in arroyos. It is everywhere wildly broken, vividly colored.

The Plain of the Bad Country is a sea of sand—an ocean petrified, immovable. Billows of amber and opal sweep in from the sky-line, breaking in strange confusion of form at the foot of red cliffs, surging along parched shores, dying in yellow ripples on the slopes. The wave-crests are light, the troughs are of purple and blue. Gray islets hold cactus and greasewood forever marooned; sage and yucca struggle in the hollows—ashen seaweeds that feel no tide. Above this sand ocean, beating upon it, permeating every inch of it, is another flood—the sunlight. It is not a shining, merely, but the outpouring of yellow metal from an exhaustless crucible. The sunlight seems tangible, possessed of weight, splashes upward from the sands again, and curls in hot eddies about the precipices. The sharp outlines are lost in the tremble of it, the high colors of the foreground are blurred and mottled with quivering. It beats down the sage, browns the thorns of the cactus, scorches the yucca-stalks, blasts the shingle at the bottom of primeval river-beds, blackens the cliffs. There is no shade—no escape from the

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light—between the rising and the setting of the implacable sun.

The shores of the gulf are most irregular, reaching in and out of the underwoods which mark the edge of the basin. It is evident that forest and desert contest along this ragged front. Higher up are reaches of strong pines; but as the forest descends the slope, it kneels, grappling with the sand, prostrated by the sun. Pines shrink to scrubs; ragged cedar and pinon droop lower—are finally submerged, overcome ❧ Sage, yucca and cactus—these venture farthest, survive longest. From the last of these upward to the wall of the forest is the beach of the gulf. The high and low tide levels are distinctly marked, though often miles apart.

KNOWLEDGE CONSISTS IN A SENSE OF VALUES—A FINE DISCERNMENT FOR TROUBLE LIES IN THE MASS ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

The center of the basin is a vortex into which is constantly drawn the cooler air of the mountains ❧ An unwavering breeze crackles the parched growths of the shore, rushing out upon the desert accompanied by sand-whirls and long banners of dust. But there is no refreshment in it. In the pines it is already warm; in the central basin it is scorching hot.

In all the length and breadth of forest and desert and shore there is no habitation, no boundary-mark, no scar of ax or plow, not even a scrap of paper to rustle in the wind. There is no game worthy of the Navajo, no water for the melons of the Hopi, neither wood nor mineral of value to the prospector. The land stretches from nowhere to nowhere, and has no trails. The pines belong to the mountain-lion; the beaches are held by the coyote; but the desert belongs to the sun!

SHADING his inflamed eyes, the man peered down upon the desert. He had wandered for many days in the aisles of a suffocating forest, and the sight of open country intoxicated him with hope, so that he trembled and was shaken by sobs. And the desert smiled up at him, luxuriously soft, wearing a thousand gentle hues, filled with alluring forms.

After a little he arose and commenced a painful descent through the wilderness of underwood which covered the shores. Impatient as he was, he proceeded weakly, with many stumbles, many pauses for breath. The heat dazed him, the sunlight blinded him so that he held a hand before his eyes, peering through the fingers. He gasped with thirst.

A saner man, less blinded, would have traveled with far more caution, for here all things were malignant. Cacti lay in wait for his feet, lizards darted everywhere, malevolent eyes watched his progress, portentous rustlings sounded about him. In an hour the soil became mottled with yellow sand, the growths became more sparse and of more ashen hue. He stood at length upon the very shore-line of the desert. ¶ But the prospect no longer invited him. Opal, amber and purple were gone; before him stretched gray and yellow sand-surges, enormous billows, rising to bleak hills not far away. From where he stood not a trace of vegetation could be seen, not the suggestion of an arroyo or a spring, not a sign of animal life, not the vestige of a trail. Again and again he rubbed his eyes, the grimace deepening about his mouth ❧ Then, groaning, he sank to his knees on the ground and buried his face in his arms. ¶ Meantime the hot wind subsided; the sun descended to the horizon and abruptly sank, in a sky where all the desert colors were reflected. Immediately a cool wind came down from the north, growing constantly cooler. The stars appeared, strangely brilliant. ¶ The man relaxed and slept.

He awoke with a cry; sat for a moment confused; then stumbled out upon the sands, talking to himself, reassuring himself with dry laughter. A coyote laughed back at him from the brush;—he stopped, shouting to it to be still! A night-bird rushed by him; he tried to imitate its whistle, but could not—because of his thirst. His tongue was swollen; he made constant efforts to swallow, but could not. ¶ Terrible pains flashed through him. Yet he continued talking and laughing hoarsely, to put heart into himself.

He held his mark constantly in view—a cleft between low hills, black against the horizon. He kept his thumb in his mouth—an expedient against hunger and thirst sometimes taught to soldiers. His feet were terribly lacerated, his limbs trembled with weakness, mind and body cried out for water. But he dared not yield to suffering or fatigue, for he did not know how much of the night was left to him. Only he knew that sunrise must not find him abroad upon the naked desert—only he knew that he must drink.

As he advanced to the crest of the first great billow, his voice sank—he began to mumble prayers. The ascent of the second brought him to utter silence. He no longer held to a straight course; he began to travel in curves, up and down along the crest, seeking the easiest way, against his will. Then he saw that the sky was growing pale in the east. Summoning all his strength, he shambled down into the trough, moaning with every step.

Here the sage and squawbush increased, became surprisingly plentiful. He reeled to the deepest part of the hollow, dropped to the ground and began to dig, slowly, feebly, but desperately—

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as a rat gnaws at his cage. At the depth of his elbow the sand became moist; in a moment his fingers reached the water. He tore a scrap from his shirt, pressed it into the hole, carried it to his mouth, and tossed it weakly aside. Alkali!

As morning broke, he dragged himself up the third crest. His hands had failed; he was using his elbows. His head was bowed nearly to the sands, so that he did not see where he was going. Suddenly he was halted by the roughness of the ground. He raised his head and dimly saw that he lay in a choked arroyo at the base of a cliff. At the same instant he heard the metallic tinkle of dripping water!

The man gave a cry—a fearful cry—and sank back to the sands, covering his face with his hands, distrusting his senses, expecting insanity or death. Then, shaken with harsh sobs, he crawled in the direction of the sound and tore at the pebbles. He could not move the larger fragments, and so was unable to come directly upon the water. Again he tore a strip from his shirt, securing but a few drops at a time. This was his salvation.

The water was cool and sweet. Till far in the morning he drank of it, refreshed himself in it. He drenched his hair and beard, bathed his eyes over and over again, wrung out the cloth over his body. The fire in his veins subsided a little; strength came back to his limbs; his vision cleared. Finally he took off the remnant of his shirt, saturated it, covered his head and shoulders, and lay down in a sheltered spot close by. Already the desert was ablaze.

In a few moments he rose up again, gasping. The arroyo had become a furnace. He drank once more—drank to his fill, and climbed out to the broken surface of the talus. By this he effected an exchange of tortures only. The heat was less, but the glare was intolerable. Not his eyes alone, but his whole body, shrank before the assaults of the sunlight. He was bathed as in a vitriol. The hand he placed before his eyes seemed blistering. Wherever he looked were clouds of blood! He turned his back upon the plain and stumbled slowly along the base of the cliff, desperate for shade, but tethered to the water of the arroyo.

Suddenly he realized that he stood upon a trail, narrow, tortuous, but sharply defined. It led him to a seam in the cliff, up which it mounted in short zig-zags. Far above he saw the green of a pinon. He returned to the arroyo, drank his fill again, saturated his shirt, and began the ascent of the cliff.

Against him, the only living creature abroad in the desert, all the savagery of the sun seemed directed. The rocks seared his hands as he grasped them; they scorched his naked feet. Every crystal grain of the sandstone, every smoothness of the precipice, darted back at him the fierce shafts of the ruthless morning.

Tortured thus, but steadily mounting, he followed the trail from one shelf to another, high up the rock. At length he was confronted by a small promontory of chalk, filled with pieces of flint, resting upon a narrow ledge. He hesitated, distrusting his strength, but he could not turn back, the ledge being no wider than his two hands. At last he sprang forward desperately. As he drew up his feet, he felt that the mass was trembling. He caught at the root of a pinon and scrambled to the edge of the mesa—just in time.

With a slight grating noise, bursting suddenly into a roar, the rock toppled, disintegrated, and fell to the base of the cliff in a white avalanche and a great cloud of dust. Shaken with the narrowness of his escape, and almost overcome by heat and exhaustion, the man crawled from the edge and rested beneath a scrub, his black hair groveling in the brown of the needles.

The millennium will come only through the scientific acceptance of piety.

Let Women Be Free

By Benjamin Fay Mills



WHEN that matchless leader, Frances Willard, had delivered a statesmanlike address in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Mr. Beecher arose and with a majestic gesture said, "And yet she can't vote!"

In the ecclesiastical realm almost all the worshiping is done by women and the governing by men. The first Congregational church in New Jersey would not allow women to sing in the choir, because Paul said: "Let your women keep silence in the churches!'

Still the whole tendency in the churches is almost wholly toward larger opportunities and responsibilities for women, and in many of the more enlightened denominations, woman is accorded equal privileges with man.

Turning now to the future, if I were asked what I should like to see, in behalf of woman, I should answer in one sentence, LET WOMAN BE FREE.

I do not plead that women shall be merchants or manufacturers or legislators or governors or lawyers or preachers, but I do say they should be free to be any or all of these or anything else that they are meant to be. Let life and not tradition determine woman's calling. If her real life be or be not this or that, let it be determined by the Spirit of Life acting freely through her, and not by superstitious customs and artificial restrictions

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imposed by men of the past or present. Away with prejudice and artificiality!
It is almost pitiful that there should be a "woman question." It is caused by our treatment of women as though they were less than human. Why do we not have a "man question"? Women do differ from men, but not in the way, nor so much as some men think. What virtues ought not women to share or what vices ought they not to shun?
I do not wish women to become men, but I do want them to be regarded as human beings—free, equal, human beings.

When you can not answer your opponent's logic do not be discouraged—you can still call him vile names.

In Re Villon

By John D. Swain



FRANCOIS VILLON, being about to die, a worthy friar would fain have shriven him, and did earnestly exhort him that he would confess him at this time, of those acts of his life which he did regret. Villon bade him return yet again when he might have had time to bethink him of his sins. Upon the good father's return, Villon was dead; but by his side were the following verses, his last, wherein he set forth those things which he did regret. Whereat the friar was sore grieved, and hid them away among the manuscripts of his abbey, showing them to no man; yet were they found in some wise by THE FRA. The name of the friar, and the very place where stood the abbey are forgot; but the verses remain. These then be the lines:

I, Francois Villon, ta'en at last
To the rude bed where all must lie,
Fain would forget the turbid past
And lay me down in peace to die.
Would I be shrived? Ah—can I tell?
My sins but trifles seem to be,
Nor worth the dignity of Hell;
If not, then ill avails it me
To count them one and all,—and yet—
There be some things which I regret!

The sack of abbeys, many a brawl,
A score of knife-thrusts in the dark,
Forced oft by Fate against the wall,
And years in prison, cold and stark,—
These crimes and pains seem far away
Now that I come at length to die;
'T is idle for the Past to pray,
'T is hopeless for the Past to sigh;
These are a troubled dream—and yet
For them I have but scant regret!

The toil my mother had to know
What years I lay in gyves for debt;
A pretty song heard years ago,
When, I know not; where, I forget;
The crust I once kept for my own
(Tho all too scant for my poor use);
The friend I left to die alone,
(Perdie! The watchmen pressed us close!)
Trifles against my crimes to set!
Yet these are all which I regret.

Captains and cutthroats not a few,
And maidens fair of many a clime
Have named me friend in the wild past
Whenas we wallowed in the slime;
Gamblers and rogues and clever thieves,
And unfrocked priests, a sorry crew,—
(How stubbornly the memory cleaves
To all who have befriended you!)
I drain a cup to them, and yet—
Not these the friends whom I regret!

My foundered horse, who died for me
(Nor whip nor spur were his, I ween!)
That day the hangman looked to see
Poor Villon earth and sky between!
A mongrel cur who shared my lot
Three bitter winters on the Isle:
He held the rabble off, God wot,
One time I cheated in the deal.
'T was but an instant, but I fled
Down a vile alley known to me,—
There in the garbage he lay dead;
The gamblers raged—but I was free!
Humble, poor brutes at best; and yet—
They are the friends whom I regret!

And once the lilies were ablow
Thru all the sunny fields of France;
I marked one whiter than the snow,
And would have gathered it, perchance,
Had not some trifle I forget,
A Bishop's loot, a cask of wine
Purloined from some auberge—a bet—
Distracted this wild head of mine;
A childish fancy this, and yet—
It is this thing which I regret!

Again, I rode thru Picardy
What time the vine was in the bud;
A little maiden smiled on me,
I might have kissed her, an' I would!
I 've known a thousand maidens since,
And many have been kind to me—
I 've never seen one quite so fair
As she, that day in Picardy;
Ashes of roses these, and yet—
They are the things which I regret!

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One perfect lily grew for me,
And blossomed on another's breast;
Others have clasped the little hands
Whose rosy palms I might have pressed:
So as I die, my wasted youth
Mocks my dim eyes and fading breath,—
Still, I have lived! And having lived
That much is mine—I mock at Death.
I should confess, you say. But yet—
Only for Life have I regret!

L' Envoi

O bubbles of the vanished wine
To which my lips were never set!
O lips that dimpled close to mine,
Whose ruddy warmth I never met!
Father, poor trifles these, and yet—
They are the things which I regret!

Individuality is a departure from a complete type, and so is never perfect.

Niagara Falls

By William Johnson



THERE is agitation to save Niagara Falls as a national spectacle. The intent is to maintain it as a piece of national bric-a-brac to which spooning couples can make excursions and say, "Ah!" This would mean it would be on a par with grottos, puzzle-gardens, electric fountains and catch-penny shows, erected by street-car companies at the end of their lines to attract fares.

A thing no more beneficent than the interest of primitive minds in idly gazing upon the useless strength of a professional strong man lifting a ton, is merely an evidence of misapplied human will and growth. Screw-jacks, whisky-jacks, pneumatic lifts, motors and gasoline-engines are of more use, and are safe, sure and economical for lifting purposes.

This agitation, it is reasonable to suppose, originates in the fear of some railroad stockholder that summer excursions would fall off were the Falls utilized fully.

I would send every pound of water in the Niagara River through turbines, distributing the energy to possibly a radius of two hundred miles, making this territory hum with beneficent activity and making it one of the most desirable places of residence in the world. Make it do away with the dirt and soot of thousands of fires; make it wash the clothes and dishes, do the sewing and churning, sweeping and scrubbing, in addition to transportation, digging, manufacturing, liberating the women, and through them all of us; so they may have time and interest to realize that the sun shines, the winds blow, vegetation grows, and leisure to delve into and absorb the mental wealth stored up in books; so that nothing human shall be alien to them; and that they may be competent, masterful women, able to produce in numbers, competent, masterful, originating men.

Whatever of good and beautiful buildings, bridges, engines, books, we have, are originated and planned by a few, and executed by tobacco-squirting, cursing, groveling males, who are blind, deaf and dumb—insensate—to the significance of what they do beyond the bribes they get for doing it. Unintelligent as this state of affairs is, reducing the possible result immensely, it is infinitely more unintelligent to leave the race built by accident under constraint, by ignorant, feeble, bungling, enslaved, child minds—kept so by an endless round of petty tasks now no longer necessary.

Of course, this result could not be expected if the water-right were given to individuals or corporations for dividend-coining purposes; the control, development and operation would have to be a national affair, or in the hands of the people of the State of New York and the Canadians, who would see that the used water was returned to the river-bed in a sightly manner

Which to you is the more beautiful use?

Only the exiled can sympathize with the exile—only the down-trodden and sore-oppressed understand the outcast.

Work and Wages



UNDER the practise of stove-foundries in San Francisco, an average worker in tin or sheet iron makes eighteen joints of pipe in a working day of eight hours. Under the practise of twenty years ago, the same workman made forty-eight to sixty joints of pipe in a working day of ten hours. Twenty years ago, wages were on an average of about two dollars and a half to three dollars a day; today, wages average three dollars and a half to four dollars a day. With a reduction of twenty per cent at the point of time and with an increase of approximately thirty per cent at the point of wages, there has been a decline of approximately forty per cent at the point of working efficiency.

¶ If only the shortening of hours and the advance of wages were to be considered, the

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increase would be considerable, because things will cost more under an eight-hour scheme and a four-dollar wage than under a ten-hour scheme and a two or three dollar wage; still, people would bear this sort of thing with a large measure of patience, since everybody of decent human feeling wants to see the working man have reasonable hours and reasonable pay, to the end of promoting more humane conditions of life. But the greater part of the increased cost of things must be charged not to shorter hours, nor to higher rates of wages, but to a downright deterioration of the efficiency of labor. The average workman in these days of labor-unionism does not put into his work the same full measure of cheerful productive effort that he did twenty years ago. This is the most serious fact; this is a fact which determines not merely the increased cost of things, but marks a positive moral deterioration of the working class.

¶In the days which preceded unionism, the American workman deemed himself a practical partner in whatever shop he was employed. His effort, conscious or otherwise, was to contribute his mite to the productive energy of the establishment or the particular job upon which he was engaged. Today the average working man is at enmity with his work. He has little or no sympathy with his employer; he works without the stimulus of personal interest, with a feeling, indeed, of enmity against his employer

In great industrial establishments where every detail of mechanical labor is subject to accurate measurement, it has been discovered that, with certain large classes of work done in unionized shops on the Pacific Coast, the average performance per man is only sixty per cent of that in certain open shops in the East ❧ The union idea as it has been developed here under the Caseys and the McCarthys, establishing as it does ill will, malice, and resentment between employer and employed, has to this tremendous extent cut down the working efficiency of labor. Of course, this sort of thing can not continue without readjustment, such a readjustment as will strike hard at both ends of the scale. It will first limit our industries by reducing their power of competition; second, it will work distress to the working man by destroying the ability of industry to pay wages. We are suffering under it now very consciously, to be sure, but in forms which perhaps the bulk of people do not recognize because they do not stop to analyze the conditions. We pay more for everything, so much more that the higher wages which the system has temporarily produced yield nothing of real advantage. A mechanic who now gets four dollars a day is no better off than the man whose wages twenty years ago were three dollars a day. The increased cost of everything entering into domestic consumption has more than wiped out the margin of increased pay.

Then there is to be considered the moral effect upon the individual of the later as distinct from the earlier attitude of the workman. The man who twenty years ago, working with a will and in cheerful co-operation with his employer, made between fifty and sixty joints of pipe a day was a self-respecting man, in harmony with his work and at peace with the world. He was a type of the American workman who was as good as a king because he had more than a king's independence and self-reliance. He was one who in the phrase of Longfellow, "looks the whole world in the face." How does this type of workman whom we all remember—a type, indeed, to which many of us belonged—compare with the modern unionist workman whose effort is not to do his utmost but his leastmost, not his best but his worst? Those familiar with the two types of men will grieve at the reflection which this question brings. For who has not observed that the condition of ill will toward work and employer, the wish to slight rather than promote the particular job in hand, the fixed determination to do as little as possible for the highest possible wage, the attitude of resentment as against the attitude of cheerfulness—who has not observed that these things are rotting the mind, the heart and the character of every man of whose mind and spirit, under the schooling of extreme unionism, they have possessed themselves?

These matters are worth thinking about.

—San Francisco "Argonaut."

❧

The wise hold all earthly ties lightly—they are stripping for eternity.

❧

Self-Reliance

By Aaron D. States



NO man is fitted to do for others who fails to do for himself. No man can rise above his fellows unless he tills his own fields. He can not help others unless he first helps himself. The master man is his own builder; others may, in a measure, bring him materials to enter the construction of his building, yet he must choose for himself what materials he shall use. The divine gift to man is the desire and purpose of caring for himself. All others may flee to him with trophies from the foreign shores of time or the gifts of past eternities, and unless he has been a true lover of his own life, how can he appreciate the gifts? What is the use to place pearls before swine! No man can appreciate life unless he first appreciates himself. His own personal being, his life and his purpose should

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be so near to him. Some people stay at one place and live at another. Man should live with himself in the line of self-investigation, self-decision and self-building; he alone is responsible for the building of his own house. In order to command respect man must first respect himself; the respectful is fitted to extend to others a help in time of need. The world is not so much in need of bread for the physical life as it is in need of viands for the mental and the divine. No man need go hungry in either relationship; if he first feeds himself he will be more in readiness to render to the dependent their due. The strong man, the manly man, the fully equipped man, the man who does things, is the man who has been made strong by the use of his own powers. Such a man receives good from every way of truth. A man must possess before he can give. Why ask the cripple to walk, or the weak to carry the load, or the dead live man to stand in the front of battle! The cripple would fall, the weak would faint, while the dead live man would be several paces in the rear. The master builders in all the world's current history have first built for themselves.

There is a sweet recompense in mutual deprivations, where trials and difficulties only serve to cement affection.

An Hour With Mæcenas

By G. W. Stevens



ONE, two, three—five men that call themselves my friends, all wishful to borrow money! Statilius!—where is that damn Statilius—Statilius, you will please to make a note of these five gentlemen, and give orders that on no account are they to pass my vestibule again. The settlement of society under our Prince has done much to stamp out the dangerous classes, but we have not yet got rid of the borrowers. I think it a little hard that after I have neglected my estate for half my life to expel roguery by the front door it should creep in at the back. Did you inquire, Statilius, why my cook served white sauce with quails last night? Very well; I have made it a rule to deal with my people in person: send for him. It is not possible to maintain a household well-regulated, unless the servants come personally into touch with the master.

Plato, you served me last night a dish which, had any of my friends been present, would have shamed me forever. As it was, my dinner was ruined. It is incompetence such as yours whose ill effects Rome has struggled these eight lustrums to efface. You will be sold in the market tomorrow. Go!

You see now, Statilius, the wisdom of my rule to permit no freedman in my household: all my servants are my personal property. You will buy me the best cook in Rome in three hours. What, Sir? You are a free man, and I employed you only to work at my pedigree and my books? True: I am satisfied with you. But understand that if I bid you litter my horses you will do it, or I sell you up tomorrow. Now, Sir, the best cook in Rome is Iulus Antonius's Dama: buy him. Antonius is a rich man? Very true, but I think we need not be afraid of that. We can tempt him, I imagine, Statilius. At any price whatever: do you understand? And not a penny more than he will sell at: understand that also. If he is stubborn, hint at my influence with the Prince; that will be sufficient. Go!

Iulus knows that he is whispered against, and he looks to me to prop him up. I shall not do so. Again and again I have urged on Octavian the necessity of putting these malcontents out of the way. His father's son can not but be a danger to a settled State, however soundly disposed himself. It appears to me that Octavian is losing his aptitude for politics, and Agrippa exercises the worst possible influence upon him. This stupid expensive system of banishment: it should never have had my voice had I remained in politics.

Thucydides, I have told you once already I am not to be disturbed in meditation. The poet Horace is in attendance? Horatius, I think you mean; avoid these vulgarisms, Thucydides. Bid Horatius wait. Indeed I doubt not whether Octavian had at any time any real grasp of the principles of government. I was deceived by the facility with which he lent himself to my views. He is a man incapable of understanding any system between militarism and license. Of the finer arts of statecraft I am afraid he knows very little. How often have I explained to that man how the law of treason might be developed into an infallible engine of sound government! Yes: I was wise to leave politics, though Octavian is ungrateful to his Mentor. Well, I will see Horace. He at least, with all his faults, is a faithful soul. A man I have made.

Good-day, Horatius. I hope you are well and keeping sober. Have you brought the work I commissioned? Very well; let me see it. There has been a very great improvement in your manner of writing, Horatius, since I took you up: the large P's are very much bolder than they were. But what is this? This is not the Epistle Dedicatory which I ordered. That comes second? Ah! yes, here it is; you should have given it to me first:

Mæcenas, born of grandsire kings—

Quite right: "grandsire kings" is very good.

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It is not, of course, literally correct, but one may in poetry fairly write the particular term "grandsire" for the general "ancestor"—

O my defense and proud delight!

"Proud delight." Now I think I shall correct that to "dear delight." I think the alliteration is well worth securing, and you may allow yourself a familiarity in literature, Horatius, where all men are equal, which, as I have no doubt you felt in writing, would be highly unbecoming in society. "Proud delight" does you credit as a man, my good Horatius; as a poet I permit—nay, I invite you to write it "dear."

To hug the post with wheels afire

.....the piece gets a little tame in the middle, Horatius,.....ah! what is this?

But deign me so to canonize,
O'er highest heaven my fame will rise.

Yes, very happy. A very good ode, Horatius. You have distinctly added to your reputation. I am very glad to note that you disavow that most dangerous tendency, which I am sorry to see is growing among some of my poets, to defer to the popular judgment. Even poor Virgil is tainted by it in this last epic, as he calls it, published in one of those measly magazinelets. I am afraid Virgil is coming to think more of the so-called glories of Rome than of his truest friends. Such defection on your part, I warn you candidly, I should feel very deeply. Now what is this other?—I hope none of that Epicurean stuff which is such a handicap, if I may so phrase it, upon your best powers for good.....

Ah, Postumus, how fleet, how fleet,
The years slip by no prayers may stay
Since beldame Age knows not delay,
Since Death pursues with ruthless feet—

I think you might have found a fitter name than Postumus; but it is very passable. I suppose you have verified all these mythological allusions in the Greek; it is not your industry I need ever distrust.

Your land, your house, your yielding wife
Renounce; and of these trees you trim;
None follows, save the cypress grim,
The lordling of the little life.

Yes, the tone of the work is quite good..... And then—really, Horatius, you are too annoying—then you must spoil all again in the last stanza. I have warned you a thousand times against that, Horatius. Listen, Sir, to what you say here—

He breaks your seals, the worthier heir,
He sweeps your bins, the worthier lord,
Dashing imperial winds abroad,
While Pontiffs envy and despair.

Now, understand once and for all, Horatius, that I will not have such pernicious and disloyal trash as this put out to pollute the State. You say you meant nothing impious? Well, then I shall ask you, Horatius, who is Chief Pontiff? The Prince; so I had thought. And then you say you had no intention of disloyalty? In that case I shall merely answer that you have expressed yourself very badly. You will agree, I suppose—even you who were out with Brutus, when I understand you threw away your shield—that what we must all work for in Rome, is a settled social order? And I suppose that you are not incapable of perceiving that this is impossible without the maintenance of religion? And perhaps you may have heard that His Highness is supreme head of our religion? And then do you tell me, Sir, that you did not see that this last stanza—this Pontiff's ambition, or whatever it is—is pernicious in the highest degree? Now this is what I will do. I will make you, Horatius, write an ode of fourteen stanzas in praise of His Highness as Chief Pontiff. Take your tablets and write down the heads of the poem, as I dictate them. First, the deplorable desuetude

I beg your pardon: I think I was asking you to take down the heads of the ode. What, I? You say that I gave you the subjects of this one? Very possibly, though I do not remember: with the ode as a whole I am very well satisfied. You say I gave the hint of the Pontiff? Very true; I recollect it quite well, but it was not to be used or wasted in the spirit in which you have used it here. Perhaps, however, you meant it to refer to the Pontiffs of the old regime, whose unworthy excesses I may have doubtless mentioned to you at some time? I could wish, Horatius, that your execution were on a level with your intention: you lay yourself open to a great deal of misconstruction. I think we must substitute "late" for "while." ¶ What is that you are sputtering about Minucius? I told you to glance at Minucius? Well, in one respect you are quite right. I do not remember that I ever spoke of him to you, but the extravagance of Minucius not only makes him a man impossible to be seen abroad with, but constitutes a great scandal on the pontificate. And I tell you, I tell you that that man's insolence to his betters is more than any well-ordered State could endure. He has got the Prince's ear, and presumes upon it. Yes, you may jab at Minucius whenever you can, and as hard as you can. I am very glad I suggested that, and you have taken up the hint very cleverly. Sit down, my good Horatius; you must be tired of standing, and we men of letters are all equal, whatever our social position. I shall read you a chapter of my own history that I threw off last night. You will remember, of course, what happened while I was Urban Prefect.

The alternating current gives power; only an obstructed current gives either heat or light; all good things require difficulty.

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A Great Mistake

By Stephen Crane



AN Italian kept a fruit-stand on a corner where he had good aim at the people who came from the elevated station, and at those who went along two thronged streets. He sat most of the day in a backless chair that was placed strategically.

There was a babe living hard by, up five flights of stairs, who regarded this Italian as a tremendous being. The babe had investigated this fruit-stand. It had thrilled him as few things he had met with in his travels had thrilled him. The sweets of the world lay there in dazzling rows, tumbled in luxurious heaps. ¶ When he gazed at the Italian seated amid such splendid treasure, his lower lip hung low and his eyes raised to the vendor's face were filled with deep respect, worship, as if he saw omnipotence.

The babe came often to this corner. He hovered about the stand and watched each detail of the business. He was fascinated by the tranquility of the vendor, the majesty of power and possession. At times he was so engrossed in his contemplation that people hurrying had to use care to avoid bumping him down.

He had never ventured very near to the stand. It was his habit to hang warily about the curb. Even there, he resembled a babe who looks unbidden at a feast of the gods.

One day, however, as the babe was thus staring, the vendor arose and going along the front of the stand, began to polish oranges with a red pocket-handkerchief. The breathless spectator moved across the sidewalk until his small face almost touched the vendor's sleeve. His fingers were gripped in a fold of his dress.

At last, the Italian finished with the oranges and returned to his chair. He drew a newspaper printed in his language, from behind a bunch of bananas. He settled himself in a comfortable position and began to glare savagely at the print. The babe was left face to face with the massed joys of the world.

For a time he was a simple worshiper at this golden shrine. Then tumultuous desires began to shake him. His dreams were of conquest. His lips moved. Presently into his head there came a little plan.

He sidled nearer, throwing swift and cunning glances at the Italian. He strove to maintain his conventional manner, but the whole plot was written upon his countenance.

At last he had come near enough to touch the fruit. From the tattered skirt came slowly his small dirty hand. His eyes were still fixed upon the vendor. His features were set, save for the under lip, which had a faint fluttering movement. The hand went forward.

Elevated trains thundered to the station and the stairway poured people upon the sidewalks. There was a deep-sea roar from feet and wheels going ceaselessly. None seemed to perceive the babe engaged in the great venture The Italian turned his paper. Sudden panic smote the babe. His hand dropped and he gave vent to a cry of dismay. He remained for a moment staring at the vendor. There was evidently a great debate in his mind. His infant intellect had defined the Italian The latter was undoubtedly a man who would eat babes that provoked him. And the alarm in him when the vendor had turned his newspaper brought vividly before him the consequence if he were detected

But at this moment, the vendor gave a blissful grunt and tilting his chair against a wall, closed his eyes. His paper dropped unheeded.

The babe ceased his scrutiny and again raised his hand. It was moved with supreme caution toward the fruit. The fingers were bent, claw-like, in the manner of great heart-shaking greed

Once he stopped and chattered convulsively because the vendor moved in his sleep. The babe with his eyes still upon the Italian again put forth his hand and the rapacious fingers closed over a round bulb.

And it was written that the Italian should at this moment open his eyes. He glared at the babe a fierce question. Thereupon the babe thrust the round bulb behind him and with a face expressive of the deepest guilt, began a wild but elaborate series of gestures declaring his innocence. ¶The Italian howled. He sprang to his feet, and with three steps overtook the babe. He whirled him fiercely and took from the little fingers a lemon.

Science stands for the head, religion for the heart.

What Do You Think?

By Charles Sandburg



WHAT do you think about these things?

To get into the game of life, take chances, make decisions, and keep moving; to cultivate dispatch; eliminate waste, introduce system;

To acquire friends with whom you can babble of stars, roses, coffee and the weather; to head for the open country, hills and the free, fresh sun and wind;

¶ To use every possible tool and situation for the advancement of The Great Cause; to distin-

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guish between intelligent discussion and futile rag-chewing: to make a slight effort every day or so at inaugurating a civilization that lays emphasis on the soul as the best in man;
To pity the respectable and satisfied, and see in the heart of the jailbird your own impulses; to be patient with the stupid and incompetent, and chat reverently with the town fool about his religion; to give and take no job that involves human degradation; to realize that the grafter, the scarlet woman, Rockefeller, Thaw and the one-legged man on the corner selling lead-pencils, are each the result of conditions for which all of us are in part responsible;
To spell Art with a capital A and enjoy paintings, poems, stories, statues and the silent benedictions of architecture; to love expression; to know when to behave and when to get reckless and forget that you 're a gentleman; to hoe in the garden, split wood, carry out ashes, get dirty and be actually useful every once in a while if not twice; to pray and aspire and build and when you build, build strong;
¶ To live in a bungalow, with bathrooms, music, flowers, a beautiful woman and children healthy as little savages; to be proud that you 're human and aware that it 's grand to be human; to help make life a chord of music wherein are blended the notes of companionship, love, and ability—how about these things, Brother?

Through the desire and effort to express, we will reach the highest good.

Speculation and Business

By Andrew Carnegie



ALL pure coins have their counterfeits; the counterfeit of business is speculation. A man in business always gives value in return for his revenue, and thus performs a useful function. His services are necessary, and benefit the community; besides, he labors steadily in developing the resources of the country, and thus contributes to the advancement of the race. This is genuine coin

Speculation, on the contrary, is a parasite fastened upon the labor of business men. It creates nothing and supplies no want. When the speculator wins, he takes money without rendering service, or giving value therefor, and when he loses, his fellow speculator takes the money from him. It is a pure gambling operation between them, degrading to both. You can never be an honest man of business and a speculator. The modes and aims of the one career are fatal to the other. No business man can honestly speculate, for those who trust him have a right to expect strict adherence to business methods. The creditor takes the usual risks of business, but not those of speculation. The genuine and the counterfeit have nothing in common.
I have learned that the artistic career is most narrowing, and produces such petty jealousies, unbound vanities and spitefulness, as to furnish me with a great contrast to that which I have found in men of affairs. Music, painting, sculpture, one would think, should prove most powerful in their beneficent effects upon those who labor with them as their daily vocation.
¶ Experience, however, is against this. Perhaps, because the work, or the performance, of artists is so highly personal, so clearly seen, being brought directly before the public, that petty passions are stimulated; however that may be, I believe it will not be controverted that the artistic mind becomes prejudiced and narrow. But, understand, I speak only of classes, and of the general effect; everywhere we find exceptions which render the average still more unsatisfactory. In regard to what are called the "learned professions," we find the effect produced by specialization in a very marked degree.
In the ministerial class this is not so marked in our day, because leaders in that great function permit themselves a wider range of subjects than ever before, and are dealing less with creeds and formulas and more and more with the practical evils and shortcomings of human life in its various phases. This naturally broadens the mind. It has been held that the legal profession must tend to make clear, but narrow intellects, and it is pointed out that great lawyers have seldom arisen to commanding position and power over their fellows. This does not mean that men who study law become unsatisfactory legislators or statesmen and rulers. If it did, our country, of all others, should be in a bad way, because we are governed by lawyers. But the most famous Americans who have been great men, were not great lawyers; that is, they have seldom attained the foremost rank in the profession, but have availed themselves of the inestimable advantage which the study of law confers upon a statesman, and developed beyond the bounds of the profession.
¶ We are reminded that the great lawyer and the great judge must deal with rules and precedents already established; the lawyer follows precedents, but the rules of men make precedents.

Mankind is moving toward the light, and such is our faith now in the Divine Intelligence, that we do not believe that in our hearts were planted aspirations and desires that are to work our undoing.

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A Little Journey To Elgin



THE word "clock" is the French word for bell. Bells were first used as musical instruments. A bell is a variation of the drum. A dried skin drawn over a hoop was the grandfather of the bell. Such instruments have been used by priests in religious observances since the days of our old friend, Rameses II. ¶ To strike a piece of metal with a hammer in a church-tower was the innovation of a monk, in the Sixth Century. This transferred a religious observance from the inside of the church to the outside, and made the whole vicinity take part in the religious rites—or listen, at least. When the bell struck, the faithful crossed themselves in prayer.

The word "watch" signified a machine that took the place of the man who watched the sun-dial, sand-glass or clepsydia ❧ As the Irishman said of the pigs, "Begorrah, they are rightly named," so might we say of the watch. It watches the hours for us while we sleep or work.

The first watches were made by the Swiss in the early part of the Seventeenth Century. It was a household industry, the parts being made by piece from patterns that were furnished. All that was done at the factory was to assemble the parts.

When Voltaire was exiled to Switzerland he started a watch-factory and built up the town of Ferney ❧ The watches he made were about the size of a soup-plate, then they were reduced to the size of tea-saucers. They were worn suspended around the neck by a ribbon or chain, and hung upon the proud breast of the owner, like a hero medal. ¶ Any man who wore such a watch was supposed to be absolutely on time. At first the only men who wore watches were judges, rulers and priests ❧ The watch symboled order, system, regularity—authority.

As the watch grew smaller it seemed to improve in quality. By the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, watches had gotten down to a size so you could carry one in your pocket without being conspicuous. But so the common herd would know you had a watch, you wore a long gold chain about your neck, and gave the hoi polloi the stony stare of non-recognition. ¶ Time has always been a puzzle to philosophers. They could never explain, account for or trace its beginning and end. And they can not yet. ¶ While we prognosticate the end of worlds and solar systems, time stretches away illimitable, unfettered and uncontrolled. ¶ The principal thing that differentiates man from animals is his cognizance of time ❧ Animals know when they are hungry, but they never look at the sun or make any sign that they are speculating about time.

Birds and fowls go to roost when it grows dark, and get busy when light returns.

When a total eclipse happens, chickens accept it as a matter of course, and hunt their roosts; while we foretell the coming eclipse by the use of a watch and a calendar.

And what of the eyeless fish in caves and in the depths of the sea that see no light?

Time must pass as it does to a prisoner in darkness, who soon loses the power to measure time even approximately.

Prince Peter Kropotkin, in describing the horrors of solitary confinement, says the kind jailer who allowed him to keep his watch, thereby saved him from insanity.

You lend a man money and in a year he pays you back with something additional—or he does n't. Anyway, he should. Where did the extra money come from?

Time produced half of it. For, if you double the amount lent, you double the income; and if you double the time, you double the income. ¶ Such is the power of time. Time mitigates all grief, cures all sickness, satisfies revenge ❧ And Shakespeare says, "Fear him not, an immortal man! What is time but the shadow of earth on the background of eternity?"

The Bible contains nine hundred and sixty-seven references to Time, and one reference to a sun-dial. For instance:

"I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.

"For man also knoweth not his time: as the fishes that are taken in an evil net, and as the birds that are caught in the snare; so are the sons of men snared in an evil time, when it falleth suddenly upon them."

In order to picture endless time, or eternity, a good old preacher I used to hear put the matter this way: "If once in a thousand years a tiny bird came from a far-distant planet and carried away in his bill a single grain of sand, the time would come when this entire earth would be gone—but it would n't then be sun-up in hell."

In the year Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight, Aaron Dennison, a jeweler of Boston, conceived the idea that if the Swiss could make the parts of watches all alike by cheap labor

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it would be better to invent machines and make the parts with absolute mechanical accuracy. ¶Dennison, it seems, was a Yankee. All of the New England factories have evolved from a time when people made the same things in their homes. Then these homes sometimes being near a stream where there was a water-power, the ingenious worker rigged up a machine to do his work.

Dennison went over to Switzerland to get patterns for making the parts of a watch. But to his dismay he found that the government had made it a crime for any citizen to sell or give away any pattern of any part of a watch.

The trip was not in vain though, for Dennison came back full of determination to make watches by machinery. But he would first have to make the machines. His first shop was at Roxbury; but he soon moved over to Waltham, so as to take advantage of the water-power on the Charles River.

Dennison began to make his tools in Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight, but it was Eighteen Hundred Fifty-three before he turned out a watch. The only way he could compete with the cheap labor of Europe was to make a machine that would turn out a truer piece of metal than could be made by hand, and fashion it much faster.

At this time, Illinois was the Far West. Settlers from New England were pouring into the country just west of Chicago. The town of Elgin was laid out on the Fox River by an Englishman who loved the memory of Lord Elgin, the good man who appropriated the broken marbles of Athens and installed the "Lord Elgin Room," in the British Museum. ¶Then some folks from Massachusetts discovered the beautiful little village of Elgin, Illinois, there on the Fox River, surrounded by its gently undulating hills. It looked so much like the Charles River country around Waltham that a watchmaker who had worked for Dennison wrote back telling a couple of his fellow workmen about it. They came on and started a watch-factory.

They, too, had to make their machinery, but they were Yankees with the inventive mind. By Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one, Lake Captains and Railroad Engineers were carrying Elgin Watches.

The factory grew, and the men who managed it grew with it. They sent back East for more men. Workmen came from Switzerland, and the ideas of each and all went into a common fund. The determination was to make the best and finest watches ever made, and sell them at a minimum of profit. It was discovered that a machine could be made that would turn out a product much more uniform and true than could be made by the human hand. ¶I was born in Illinois, and my earliest recollections include a visit with my father to the Elgin National Watch Factory, about the year Eighteen Hundred Sixty-eight.

The building was a narrow, long, brick structure, two stories high. There must have been nearly a hundred people employed. ¶A few weeks ago, I spent a day at Elgin, and again visited the Watch-Factory. Some of the same men and women I saw before are still there. The one building I saw has given place to a dozen model structures, of a type and kind as fine and complete as money married to science can construct or invent. The capital invested is, say, oh, five million dollars; and over three thousand people are employed. ¶Here are thousands of intelligent, happy, prosperous people, making watches for the folks who want their money's worth, and who get it when they buy an Elgin. ¶The folks who buy Elgins are even as you and I—they have money to pay for what they want, but they have no money to waste on fads or frills. A watch of unknown make is a gamble. It is like marriage—you have to try it before you can tell whether it is a success or not. ¶There is one disadvantage about an Elgin and that is that it does not give the dealer as large a profit as most other makes. However, the dealers seem very glad to sell Elgins, because there is no kick of the gun. The man does not come back and want a divorce. He is satisfied; and well has it been said that there is no advertisement equal to a well-pleased customer. It does not take a salesman to sell the Elgin—it is a staple article. Another thing, in case of repairs, the work can be done quickly and at a trifling expense. ¶As for watch repairs, however, I've carried my Elgin—the one Uncle George gave me—for four years at a stretch without a single cent paid out for repairs. ¶And with it I've never missed a train or a meal. ¶Once after a lecture at Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, I drove to Whitewater to catch a train. The night was dark and stormy, and on the way the sleigh got into a gully, and the gifted author of the Message to Garcia was tumbled head-first into the drift. ¶I crawled out and helped catch the horses that had broken loose and gone on for a mile.

We patched up the harness, and I got to Whitewater just in time to catch the flyer. ¶When I reached Milwaukee, I found I had lost my watch. ¶I telegraphed back to Jones, of Fort Atkinson, and he stopped making Little Pig Sausages long enough to drive seven miles and dig in the snow for my Elgin.

It's a cold day when Jonesy gets left.

He found my watch all right, and it was running merrily, evidently "watching" for me to come back. ¶A fool and his Elgin are soon parted—but I'm no fool. And neither are you, the proof of which lies in the fact that you carry an Elgin and read THE FRA. Shake!

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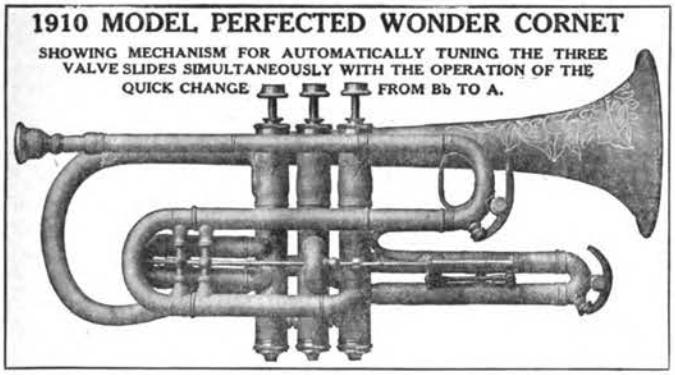
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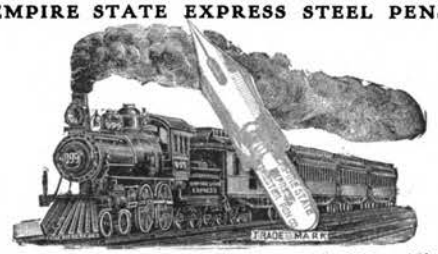


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TOWER'S PATENT ROUND END

Aromatic ANTISEPTIC TOOTHPICKS Highly Flavored

Physicians and dentists recommend toothpicks as protection against dental decay. Our patent aromatic antiseptic picks are the best made. They preserve the teeth, sweeten the breath and increase the flow of saliva. Flavors are **cinnamon, sassafras** and **peppermint. Full size box sent for** 15c. postage and coupon below. We are the largest manufacturers of toothpicks in the country.

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Correspondence invited with dealers, hotel men, dentists and physicians.

We want dealers and agents everywhere. Agents are making from $3 to $10 a day.

CUTTER TOWER CO., 298 Hathaway Bldg., Boston, Mass.
Enclosed find 15c. for which please send me one box of 300 Aromatic Antiseptic Toothpicks.....flavor.
My grocer's name is.....
My druggist's name is.....
Yours truly (Name).....
(Address)

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THE BEAUTIFUL

DO you know the place? If not, your pleasure has suffered. Take a free trip, a mental little journey, through Muskoka by asking for that handsome Muskoka Folder issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System. It contains a large map, lots of views, and a fund of facts. Take the journey some evening after supper with your wife and children. Then slam the door on the doctor for 1909 by taking your family on a real journey through the Muskoka District this summer. Less than a day's journey from principal American cities. For all particulars and handsome illustrated publication free, apply to any of the company's agents

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FISHERMEN

THROUGH the medium of THE FRA in its March, April, May, June, July and August issues I tried to convince you that the FREEPORT HOOK is RIGHT. You know that Taft, Knox, Roosevelt, "Felix" and "Elbertus" are right—I mention Elbertus last, but he is not the least. Now, I want you to know that the FREEPORT HOOK is as good in its line—and probably better—than those mentioned above are in their way. But how much more to the point it is to prove to you that the FREEPORT HOOK is RIGHT, that it is a REAL fish-hook. Write for "A Little Book About A Hook"—it's free—and be convinced that the FREEPORT HOOK is RIGHT, that it is scientifically constructed, that it will catch fish anywhere that fish are. Address

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FREEPORT, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

RUGS AMERICAN VS. ORIENTAL

A booklet designed to show the great advance made by the American Manufacturer in rug-making, and the superiority of the American product over foreign, under conditions of today. We invite requests for this booklet, a copy of which will be sent to any address without cost.

FRA SAXONY, FORTY-ONE UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK



Honest Men

are the kind who have faith in Humanity. The crook always complains that the World hasn't given him a square deal. But fair, faithful, frank and genuine folks look upon Life and find it good.

The manufacturer or dealer who makes or sells trustworthy stuff never troubles about "outstanding accounts." The majority of people are sincere and reliable. They will pay for the things that please them.

The Mead Cycle Company

sell on a Policy of Confidence. Since they believe in their wheel they have faith in its buyer. A Ten Days' Free Trial with freight paid by the factory, is their offer to you—if you read THE FRA. A postcard does the business.

Just get their Catalogue and select what you want. And if you need Tires, Coaster-brakes, Chains, Pedals, Single Wheels or any repairs or accessories, GET THE FACTORY PRICES. The Catalogue is a Work of Art—and is Free. Send for it this minute

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY
Department C-255, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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GOOD WRITERS guard well their sanctums, for they know the costly outcome of an ill-timed interruption. The breaking of a train of thoughts works as much fatality to a Classy Letter or Article as a wrecked train of cars does to traffic. ¶ Folks write the best letters, the best "Copy," the most intelligent notes when the crannies of their brain are swept by a passing Inspiration. ¶ Nothing can be more disconcerting to the absorbed and "full-steamed" writer than to unexpectedly blot his work with an oozy pen, or have a splintering point fling a sputter of ink all over his paper and his face

The Geo. S. Parker Fountain Pen



nullifies every writing difficulty. This is the pen of the "*Lucky Curve*," the simple device which absolutely precludes leakage. Smudged manuscript, balky feed and inky fingers never ground the Think Wire of the Parker Wielder. ¶ A steady, even flow of ink prompts a strong unwavering stream of Ideas People who use the Parker need not excoriate their heads to find words to express what they are trying to say. ¶ Made in many sizes, finishes and styles. Price Two Dollars and upward. Sold most everywhere. Educational Booklet to FRA Followers on request

PARKER PEN COMPANY, 10 Mill Street, Janesville, Wisconsin

The Balance of Body and Mind

EDUCATION should not tip to t' other side nor be so straight as to lean back. ¶ Knowledge does not lie within four walls. Lessons should be blended with fresh air and sunlight. ¶ Educate the boy, by all means; but why swamp his intellect with disproved theories and stunt his Moral Growth by inculcating the Notion that learning means Immunity from work? ¶ The better Education trains by Broader Precepts. Men or Boys, we learn by discovering Truths for ourselves. And the Impetus comes by *Living*—by preserving the mental and physical unities

AT INTERLAKEN SCHOOL

the boys associate with Life. The Restless Spirit of Youth, which is merely blind energy seeking an Outlet, is here trained into the Channels of Character-Building. ¶ Dr. Rumely knows boys. He is one himself. And he loves them, for men love the things they understand. ¶ This year at Interlaken School the quota of young fellows is about filled. But there 's always room for a FRA Follower's Boy. If you write for Particulars today, it may mean the future Greatness of your Son. Address

DR. RUMELY, INTERLAKEN SCHOOL
LA PORTE, INDIANA

which he makes the work of his life

Permanent success is not obtainable except by fair and honorable dealing, by irreproachable habits and correct living, by the display of good sense and rare judgment in all the relations of human life; for credit and confidence fly from the business man, foolish in word and deed, or irregular in habits, or even suspected of sharp practise.

It is to business men following business careers that we chiefly owe our universities, colleges, libraries and educational institutions, as witness, Girard, Lehigh, Chicago, Harvard, Yale, Cornell and many others.—Carnegie.

AFFAIRS are now too great to breed petty jealousies, and there is now allied with the desire for gain the desire for progress, improved methods, scientific development, and pride of success in these important matters, so that the dividend which the business man seeks and receives today is not alone in dollars. He receives with the dollar something better—a dividend in the shape of satisfaction in being instrumental in carrying forward to higher stages of development the business

JUSTICE is itself the great standing policy of civil society; and any departure from it, under any circumstance, lies under the suspicion of being no policy at all.—Burke.

THINK of the other fellow—put yourself in his place, be the place high or low, and you 'll find that you will be more charitable. If he tries to "do" you, think: you probably are trying to "do" him or some one else. —William Marion Reedy.

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WHEN YOU APPROACH A MAN UPON WHOM YOU WISH TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION YOU DON YOUR "GLAD RAGS"

WHEN YOU WISH A GOOD RECEPTION FOR YOUR PAPER REPRESENTATIVE YOU SHOULD BE AS PARTICULAR ABOUT ITS RAIMENT

THIS MEANS GOOD DESIGNS, GOOD CUTS, GOOD PRINTING, ON GOOD PAPER WITH GOOD INK AND ALL IN GOOD TASTE

WE DO THAT KIND

SCHAUM

ENGRAVING & PRINTING COMPANY

SUCCESSORS TO

CLARK

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DESIGNS | PRINTS
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ART STATIONERY

MILWAUKEE

A Health Home

THE reaction from gaiety is boredom, and boredom goes hand in hand with impaired digestion, headaches and frazzled nerves. Hotels can offer entertainment and surround a Guest with Service; but when Rest is required, the weary wight hungers for the solace of a Home. ¶ Home may be the place where folks live—or it may not ℘ Home means good cooking, dustless rooms, snowy linen and sleep o'nights. Home means Rest and Quiet and Comfort and Sympathetic Attention without bustling officiousness. ¶ There comes a time when we want this kind of a Home, when we want exemption from business and domestic duties.



Rushingwater

near East Aurora, Erie County, New York, is just such a Castle of Contentment—a Health Home for those who prefer to heed Nature's Forebodings rather than brave her Punishments. ¶ During the Summer of Nineteen Hundred Nine, it will be conducted to accommodate not more than 12 Patients. This Idea of a Friendly Family grouped in congenial comradeship is rapidly supplanting the archaic notion of huddling invalids and semi-well folks together by wholesale. ¶ Situated on a high promontory above the Romantic Cazenovia River and adjacent to marvelously curative Mineral Springs, Rushingwater supplies the conditions which tend to build tissue and inspirit vitality. For Personal Information Address ℘ ℘ ℘ ℘ ℘ ℘ ℘

Dr. Emma S. Sherman, Willink, N. Y.

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The First True Gentleman

With Important Foreword by Edward Everett Hale, D. D.

The dictionaries and the students of words have a great deal to say—perhaps more than is worth while—of the origin of the word Gentleman,—whether a gentleman in England and a gentilhomme in France mean the same thing, and so on. The really interesting thing is that, in a republic where a man's a man, the gentleman is not created by dictionaries or by law. No man, perhaps, was better fitted to define "gentleman" than the late Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Chaplain of the U. S. Senate, who was the most loved man of his time. We have printed this masterpiece in an edition de luxe, on white antique paper, in red and black, bound in brown boards with white vellum back, stamped in gold. This is a choice piece of bookmaking, and the price is sixty cents per copy.

Caxton Brochures

If you are not acquainted with the Caxton Brochures, you should send for a copy. They are little masterpieces of the world's best classics in a most pleasing form. The last number contains, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," with a fine pen-drawing of Washington Irving. You may have a copy for fourteen cents. Send us One Dollar and we will send you six numbers: "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," "Will o' the Mill," by Stevenson, "Self-Reliance," by Emerson, "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," "Love Letters of Henry VIII," and "Wisdom of Franklin." We will also include a copy of "The First True Gentleman," as mentioned above.

The Caxton Society, Pittsfield, Massachusetts



"THE SQUARE GUY"

Is a Long-Filler 5-inch Habana Segar $5.00 per One Hundred

Bulldog Segars

ARE REAL HABANA FINE AND MILD

Our New and Pleasing Shape

After-Dinner - - - $6.00
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Panetelas - - - - $4.00
per box of Fifty

"Fra" Perfectos - - $3.00
per box of Twenty-five

If Your Dealer Does n't Handle Them Order Direct From Us

JOHN W. MERRIAM & CO.

THE ROYCROFT SEGAR SHOP, 139 Maiden Lane, New York City

IN the college of life there is one lesson which every right-spirited and docile student ought to learn. It is the mystery of living, and the supremacy of some great power on which life depends, and the need of obedience to God. That lesson is the purpose for which the college of life exists. Its professors are the solemn events which come to every man. Its text-books are the histories of men, whose leaves and chapters are passing years. Its halls are the several businesses and relationships in which men are engaged. In that great college, sacred with the accumulations of generations of learned men, the great lesson must be learned that humanity is not its own, but God's; and that to glorify and enjoy Him forever is the chief end of man. —Brooks.

BECAUSE Jesus gave up entirely, apparently, on a few crude, provincial-minded millionaires in a little side-country of the world, before a single church had been founded, it does not follow that he would give up entirely on millionaires now, after two thousand years of Christianity has had a chance at them.—Gerald Stanley Lee.

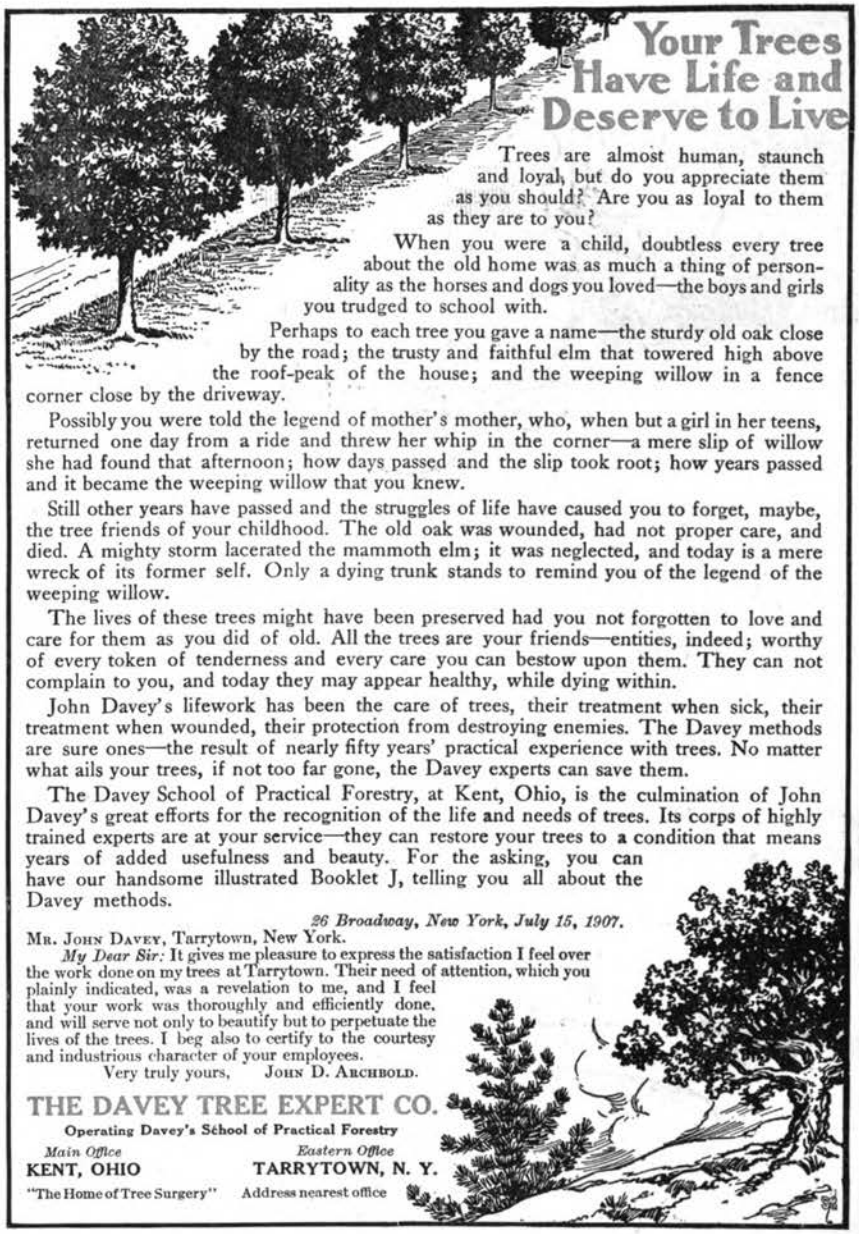
LET us hope that the age of fear has passed; that the age of faith has come; that the age of love is dawning. We have thrown aside the nettles. We have gathered the roses. We fain would hold in willing hands the white lilies of God's peace. —Rev. W. D. Simonds.

WHEN a man stops working Nature is through with him, and when Nature is through with him he ought to go, and usually does.—George Meredith.

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THE essentials of achievement are self-denial and self-control. Great endurance is impossible where there is great indulgence. Cold water, temperate habits and exercise give firm fiber and a clear brain. The appetites give no inspiration and kindle no fires, and their free gratification weakens the body and chokes the soul. Stimulants do not feed, they do not build; they simply borrow of the future; and what they borrow must be paid back with usury. Oratory demands the greatest possible service by the higher faculties. Where these are stupefied by indulgence, or the body is weakened by dissipation, no great height can be reached. ¶ All things considered, I should say, let liquor alone. Under no circumstances touch it just before speaking. Speaking is itself a stimulant; and if a man is master of his subject, the mere act of talking will soon make his soul glow. —John P. Altgeld.



Your Trees Have Life and Deserve to Live

Trees are almost human, staunch and loyal, but do you appreciate them as you should? Are you as loyal to them as they are to you?

When you were a child, doubtless every tree about the old home was as much a thing of personality as the horses and dogs you loved—the boys and girls you trudged to school with.

Perhaps to each tree you gave a name—the sturdy old oak close by the road; the trusty and faithful elm that towered high above the roof-peak of the house; and the weeping willow in a fence corner close by the driveway.

Possibly you were told the legend of mother's mother, who, when but a girl in her teens, returned one day from a ride and threw her whip in the corner—a mere slip of willow she had found that afternoon; how days passed and the slip took root; how years passed and it became the weeping willow that you knew.

Still other years have passed and the struggles of life have caused you to forget, maybe, the tree friends of your childhood. The old oak was wounded, had not proper care, and died. A mighty storm lacerated the mammoth elm; it was neglected, and today is a mere wreck of its former self. Only a dying trunk stands to remind you of the legend of the weeping willow.

The lives of these trees might have been preserved had you not forgotten to love and care for them as you did of old. All the trees are your friends—entities, indeed; worthy of every token of tenderness and every care you can bestow upon them. They can not complain to you, and today they may appear healthy, while dying within.

John Davey's lifework has been the care of trees, their treatment when sick, their treatment when wounded, their protection from destroying enemies. The Davey methods are sure ones—the result of nearly fifty years' practical experience with trees. No matter what ails your trees, if not too far gone, the Davey experts can save them.

The Davey School of Practical Forestry, at Kent, Ohio, is the culmination of John Davey's great efforts for the recognition of the life and needs of trees. Its corps of highly trained experts are at your service—they can restore your trees to a condition that means years of added usefulness and beauty. For the asking, you can have our handsome illustrated Booklet J, telling you all about the Davey methods.

26 Broadway, New York, July 15, 1907.

MR. JOHN DAVEY, Tarrytown, New York.

My Dear Sir: It gives me pleasure to express the satisfaction I feel over the work done on my trees at Tarrytown. Their need of attention, which you plainly indicated, was a revelation to me, and I feel that your work was thoroughly and efficiently done, and will serve not only to beautify but to perpetuate the lives of the trees. I beg also to certify to the courtesy and industrious character of your employees.

Very truly yours, JOHN D. ARCHBOLD.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO.

Operating Davey's School of Practical Forestry

Main Office KENT, OHIO

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"The Home of Tree Surgery" Address nearest office

WHEN a man is left with a lot of motherless children on his hands, he usually scatters them among his relatives. If it is the woman who is left with fatherless little ones, she keeps them together and earns a living besides. Women develop a great energy when left without a man. In fact, all the widows we know are getting along a great deal better than the married women.—Ed. Howe.

THE old-time punishment of washing out the boy's mouth who told a lie was founded on science. The clean mouth makes it easy to be truthful.—Dr. E. E. Cady.

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Here is a mattress that is NOT TUFTED. Every other mattress IS tufted, and MUST be tufted to hold its shape and keep it from bunching, matting, becoming lumpy. But the tufting ties down and limits its elasticity. The S E A L Y mattress is so made that tufting is not needed. It holds its shape without tufting. It is far more elastic, buoyant, restful, than any tufted mattress.

SEALY

The Only Mattress That Is Not Tufted



The Only Mattress Guaranteed 20 Years

MATTRESS

In use at The Roycroft Inn.

The SEALY mattress is made of pure white long-fiber cotton, the finest that grows. It is luxuriously comfortable and restful, could not be made better at any price, yet is sold within the easy reach of everybody. Ask your dealer or write us for an interesting book on mattress comfort.

SEALY MATTRESS COMPANY, Dallas, Texas, U. S. A.

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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Krell-French Piano Co.
Krell-French Piano Co.
Krell-French Piano Co.



RECENTLY we've been smothered in a miasmic simoom of quite another source, though of the same sort—abuse of each other—a tirade not of individual sin but of national shame. We have blackguarded ourselves until the world stands aghast. Pothouse prophets compare us with Sodom and a whole passel of Gomorrahs asleep at the switch. Gifted writers have damned enterprise and industry and likened the whole to a festival of thieves. President, priest and political patriot preached nothing but calamity for a twelvemonth, and day after day gorged on Prometheus in public. The yellow press has confessed for us to every conceivable crime. To rob and steal was popular and permissible, apparently, and they who were still tainted with the virus of honesty were the puzzling exception. In this wholesale denunciation of everybody, the malefactor who got off with nothing more libelous than liar was mighty lucky. Sensational disclosures were literary features—books written on slime from the sewer and its gruesome and disgusting sediments were hysterically paraded in lectures and sermons. And when the last doubter on earth was convinced—when our education had attained a diplomaed onus of universal rascality—presto! a panic the which put a crimp in the buzzard business. That every man with eleven dollars ahead of the game is a brazen wench of predatory wealth, we have n't heard for quite a while. Unscrupulous greed and vulpine cunning are off on a vacation—the financial world is striving to find out where it is at—and that soulless corpora-

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tion fellow who has the eleven toadskins is trying to make it twelve. As concerns business and opportunity, it is hoped the storm is over. But there is always the poison-peddler. With common honesty again a possibility and robbery discredited, these guardians of ours whose authority to speak for us is invariably copyrighted have gotten their mudhooks into society—the which, as maybe you have noticed, is getting it good and proper.
—Bill Barlow.

I AM not only an ardent admirer of but a believer in Japan and the Japanese. I regard the Japanese as a serious people and the nation as having a serious future. Japan now stands out prominently among the nations; her political future seems to be secure, and it is none the less secure because of the difficulties she has encountered and overcome in attaining her present position. I look upon Japan as a great civilizing factor in the future of the human race, because strong though she is and stronger though she will become, I am positive that her strength will never be put forward for any selfish aims or from any improper motives.—N. B. Montgomery.

HOW FOODS CURE



MAILED FREE

¶ If you have any kind of stomach or intestinal trouble I CAN TELL YOU POSITIVELY how to cure yourself. My knowledge of the Chemistry of Food and the Chemistry of the Body will reveal your trouble with ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY. There is no guessing, no experimenting, no trying this, that or the other "to see how it works."

¶ You don't need drugs, change of scenery or rest. What you *do* need is to know how to *select and combine your food* so as to produce Chemical Harmony in the stomach. *This is what I teach*—it makes healthier people—better and brainier people

¶ When you learn how to *select*, *combine* and *proportion* your food all stomach and intestinal trouble will disappear, as will also nearly every other disorder, for every part of the body will share in the general improvement.

¶ Obeying the natural laws of nutrition means perfect health—you can't obey these laws if you don't know them—I TEACH THEM. Why not try nature's way, which, after all, is only Commonsense?

¶ Write for my book, "HOW FOODS CURE," a Revised Edition of which has just been published. Sent Free Upon Request. It will be a revelation to you

Eugene Christian FOOD SCIENTIST

Dept. 45 7 East 41st Street, New York

MAN today possesses in his conscious mind this power which Jesus called "The Kingdom of Heaven." It is the very God in man. Jesus again expressed its truth when he exclaimed, "I am in the Father and the Father in me." So we know, in very truth, that man is even now inherently possessed of all the knowledge and power that mankind has ever, or will ever, possess or use. It is a soul-inspiring and pregnant thought.—Professor S. A. Weltmer.

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Ask For An "Elgin"

Your Jeweler Knows

A WATCH is an instrument used for measuring time. What time is we do not yet know. When time began and when it will end we can not guess.

Does time exist outside of our consciousness? ¶ It certainly does.

It goes on just the same when we sleep, and if we failed to awake, it would still go on ✍ It will go on, when watches cease to tick, when all animal life ceases to breathe, when stars cease to shine, when suns have set.

Time is the one thing without beginning, and which will never end. How can time cease? By no leap of mind can one imagine.

Orators, young folks in love, people asleep, and dead people comprise four classes who know nothing of the flight of time.

The word "Watch" comes to us from a time when men were employed to watch for us, and call the hours. The word "Watch" is now fast falling into disuse. Yesterday, I was in a Jeweler's and I heard a man ask for an ELGIN.

He got it without explanation or parley. Every dealer in Watches in America, every railroad man in America—in fact, every live and sane man or woman in America—understands what you mean when you refer to your E L G I N. ¶ The word E L G I N is synonymous with "Watch," only it implies a certain kind of watch, and a watch that can be bought for what it is worth ✍ ✍

THE ELGIN is made for men and women who want their money's worth, and who want the best.

A man is known by the watch he carries ✍ Be a Commonsense Man and carry an E L G I N.

THE ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.

ELGIN, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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Style and Art



When writing men like Gentile Bellini, William Caxton, Benjamin Franklin, Horace Walpole, William Morris and Thomas De Vinne felt in the mood to exude some particularly hot copy, they hiked for the type-case and worked their energy up into a galley of Good Stuff ❧ They set up the matter as they composed it. Thus we get the words "composing-stick" and "compositor." ¶In those days the printer was always a man of considerable literary ability. People used to doff their hats when they met him on the street and address "Mr. Printer." And as a follow-up custom, it was only the day before yesterday that folks stopped saying "Mr. Editor." ¶These early printer-authors had pronounced preferences for different type faces and families, and the adoption or rejection of these various choices segregated all shops into exponents of certain "styles." ¶Every print-shop now has its particular conception of what constitutes style in typography. No two offices have identical views on this subject, though all of them are evolving towards an Idea which had its first modern impulse in The Roycroft Shop. ¶The beauty and adaptability of this Idea found for it considerable favor, and "Roycroft Style" is now a well-known phrase in commercial printing circles. ¶But the best printers in the country have been unable to successfully reproduce "Roycroft Style." For "Roycroft Style" is more than a style, it's an Art—an Art born of Artistic Environment and developed by boys and girls working under conditions which approach the Ideal. The Roycroft Shop produces both Art and Artists

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If You Want Printing Done Very De Luxe, Let Us Know Your Needs

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The White Man's Burden

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